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**T H E**

**INSPECTOR.**

**VOLUME THE FIRST.**

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**L O N D O N :**

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, in St. Paul's Church-yard;  
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J. WARD, in Cornhill.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE INSPECTORS began to be published in the month of March 1751, in the London Daily Advertiser; and they have been continued without intermission.

In the course of this time many have been written on occasional subjects, and are not now to be understood: such are omitted here; as are also a number of others, for reasons not less obvious. The Collection which these Volumes contain reaches, under those restrictions, down to last Spring. What can be said in its favour is, that, such as they have been, these are the best of them; and that they are something more correct. The nature of the original publication rendered it impossible for their Author to amend the errors of the Press.

A great deal ought to be said in apology for their imperfections; but when they are considered as the Works of one Person; demanded every day; and on so great a variety of subjects; the wonder will appear rather that they

## ADVERTISEMENT.

are not more, than that they are not less faulty. All the merit the *Writer* of them claims is, to have intended well. *Whatsoever* errors inexperience may have led him into in the earlier Papers, he hopes he has, in some degree, avoided them in the later, and he will endeavour to do it more.

*What* farther attention a life of which this is not the immediate business, can allow, he will pay to them: and having thus far pursued a design of making himself, in some degree, useful to the world, he will not now desist; being convinced, for he has found it so, that however great may be his deficiencies, the candour of the Public is greater.

A great deal might be said in apology for their imperfections; but when they are considered as the Works of one I fear, unacquainted with the world, and a writer of the first rank, it is impossible for their Author to avoid the errors of the Press.

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# THE INSPECTOR.

THE INSPECTOR. NUMB. I.

*Valet huc sub luce videri.*

HORACE.



HERE never was an age in which the business of title-pages was so accurately reduced to a science as in the present: The proprietor of the copy judiciously remarks, that this is a part of the book which five hundred people see, for one who looks any farther; and that it is in general from something striking, or promising in this that he is tempted to read, or at least to purchase (which sufficiently answers his purpose) the whole. It is from this suggestion that we continually see pompous titles prefixed to contemptible performances, magnificent porticos to mean edifices. While the multitude are drawn in by this false appearance, the design of the publisher is answered; and

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it is of no great consequence to him, that the discerning few hold the artifice in contempt, or are even deterred from buying the work, by the very circumstance that induces the rest of the world to the purchase.

Nothing is more certain, than that the best books, in general, are those which have the shortest and plainest titles: Where there is intrinsic merit, there needs none of this external invitation; and where there is not, it is hardly honest to employ it.

One of the best poems the present age has produced, has been lately introduced to us with so plain and modest a name as that of, *An Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard*: This is a title as little promising, or as little tending to excite the curiosity of the public as could well have been devised; yet the piece has made its way thro' several editions, while many a sounding name serves but to decorate a pile of waste paper.

The author of this poem was so diffident in his own judgment of it, that he not only declined the hazarding his name with it, but the very printing it was without his knowledge; and the carrying it into succeeding editions has been done without his permission. We are happy to have had so good a poem on any conditions; but we should have seen it in much greater perfection, if two or three errors, continued to this latter impression, had been avoided by a more correct copy, or amended from his inspection.

The subject is an evening's meditation in the church-yard of an obscure village. The author introduces himself walking over the graves of the deceased humble villagers, in a melancholly and contemplative humour: He cloaths in words elegantly appropriated and expressive, a series of thoughts naturally arising from the scene, and succeeding to one another: From the recollection of what the peaceful inhabitants of the earth under his feet once were, and of what they might have been, had

had opportunities offered, he proceeds to a just examination, and a consequent contempt of that pomp and splendor which distinguishes the Great. He falls into a reverie in the conclusion, in which he gives what he imagines will be the account of himself, when dead, from the mouth of some humble cottager; and concludes with an epitaph on the occasion, truly of a spirit with the rest of the poem.

It is not too much to say, that this piece comes nearer the manner of Milton than any thing that has been published since the time of that poet: Whoever will look into his *Lycidas*, one of the best poems he ever wrote, will not fail to see a striking likeness, and to own that this elegy does not suffer in the comparison.

The poem is full of imagination, and as full of sentiment; the imagery is striking, and just; the descriptive part elegantly simple; the expression concise yet clear, nervous yet smooth, and majestic without pomp. Let us recollect the situation of the poet, in a still evening, contemplating, from an elevated spot, the country round him, while there is scarce light for the prospect, and we shall acknowledge an uncommon propriety and beauty in the following passage.

*Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:  
Or that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of those who, wand'ring near her sacred bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.*

When the subject is familiar, with what an easy elegance, with what a beautiful simplicity, does he adapt his language!

*For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn.  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,  
Not children run to lift their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees, the envy'd kiss to share.*

On the contrary, when he has occasion to lament the peasants loss of the advantages of education, what can be more lofty than

*— Knowledge to their eyes, her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll?*

Or what can be more beautifully adapted to the subject, than his description of the rude monuments and inscriptions over the graves of the humble dead he is there meditating on.

*Yet even these bones, from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh:  
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.*

The imaginary rustic's description of himself, in his walks of poetic rapture, is full of beauty :

*Hard by yon wood, now frowning as in scorn,  
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies would he rove.*

The variation of the expression, in the account of his being missed at his usual places of resort, is very masterly.

*One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
Along the beath, and near his fav'rite tree;  
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.*

In

In fine, his character of himself, his expectations, and his content, are at once justly, greatly, and pleasingly expressed :

*Large was his bounty, and his love sincere ;  
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :  
He gave to woe ('twas all he had) a tear ;  
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

This stanza is unluckily robbed of a great part of its beauty in the printed copies ; and in some of the other passages which we have quoted, we have amended errors of the same kind, though of less consequence.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 2.

*Nec lachrymis crudelis amor, nec gramina rivis,  
Nec Cytiso saturantur apes, nec fronde capellæ.*

VIRGIL.

**T**HYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train, as Waller phrases it, a cadet of family, a gay good-natured, sensible, amiable fellow of six and twenty, three years ago lost his heart to the haughty Saccharissa. It was not a rosy cheek, a dimple, or the arch of an eye-brow, that did the execution. Saccharissa, though she is far from disagreeable, will never be called a beauty : He admired her as a woman of sprightliness and gaiety, a daughter of the muses, and mistress of forty thousand pounds. He had begun his attacks upon her by distant respect, and silent adoration ; he had

toasted her, with all the reverence due to a divinity, in fifty places where he knew she would hear of it, and he had a thousand times whispered, *agreeable Creature*, to one or other of his companions as he passed by her.

Scarce any passion is naturally a greater favourite with the sex than pride; and nothing soothes that passion like this distant adoration: Thyrfis had soon the joy to find the lady had added him to her list of slaves, and that she was not displeased with his avowing himself such. He attacked her in rhyme: He pleased her: He had the infinite satisfaction of hearing her declare the verses good ones, and acknowledged she was greatly obliged to the person who wrote them: This declaration was made at the playhouse: The beau, with a trembling hand, conducted her out, and when he was telling her, with faltering accents, that he was the author of the poem that had been honoured with her approbation, she bantered him upon his supposing she needed to be told of it, and added that it was not the first instance she had of his good opinion.

Two or three civil things of this kind fixed the lover in his chains for ever, and the Lady, who had no farther design upon him, very prudently never gave him any afterwards. He visited her in the modern form; that is, he knocked at her door twice in a twelvemonth, and heard she was abroad; he haunted her at all public places; and when no lover of superior merit in embroidery was present, he had sometimes the great honour of walking by her side half a turn.

Thyrfis was a man of spirit: After a year and a half's dangling in this way, he grew tired of it. He determined that it was better to know the worst than live in continual dread of it: He took the opportunity of a soft evening at Vauxhall, and under the shadowing sycamores that had heard so many thousand perjuries, declared his boundless, his hopeless passion. He told her it was impossible to bear the

torture

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torture of suspense any longer, and begged her to give him, in the place of it, despair. The Lady very good-naturedly complied with his request: she dropped him a short curtsey; and, turning about, gave her hand to the immortal, the titled Clody.

Thyrsis, unable to bear any more the very sight of places in which he had been used to indulge his fond, his foolish heart with hope, banished himself the kingdom. He would not think so meanly of himself as to suppose the Lady had any other ground for her refusal than the disparity of his circumstances: he threw himself into a desperate road of making a fortune at once, or of perishing in the attempt: he was absent more than a year, but fortune denied him both the intentions of his voyage; and he returned as much in love, and as much out of pocket as he went.

His happy rival Clody had, soon after his embark- ing on this enterprize, set out upon the tour of Europe: they both arrived in England about the same time, and found the Lady just as handsome, just as rich, and just as good-natured as they had left her. Clody had only to recommence his acquaintance on the same good footing; Thyrsis dreaded to approach even within the reach of a glance from her. Clody handed her to her coach, bantered her companions, talked ribaldry to her mother, and fought with her for her nosegay. Thyrsis who saw, who heard it all, despaired in silence.

He had seen her at two of the three masquerades this season, without even a thought of approaching her; at last he resolved to compleat the certain knowledge of his doom, by hearing from her own mouth her sentiments of his rival: his habit was that of a woman; he soon singled out his Saccharissa; he beckoned her into a corner, and telling her with an air of the utmost seriousness, that he was a near relation of her lover Clody, begged her to consider his pretensions, his person, his quality, and his fortune, and bring the tedious courtship to a conclusion.

Saccharissa could not but answer seriously to so serious a proposal: she told the pretended aunt she did not know that Clody ever meant more than to banter with her; that he never had told her he was serious; and that she hoped he was not; that her heart, her soul; and all her inclinations, were fixed upon another; a man who more than deserved her in every thing but fortune, and who had gloriously attempted that, though he had not succeeded in it.

Thyrsis might have heard more, but he found his heart so full, that an abrupt departure was the only possible means of preventing a discovery. He left the room; he eyed her at every public place for a fortnight afterwards, and flattered himself that he read in her looks a thousand confirmations of what he had heard. He laid out the small remainder of his fortune in a genteel suit for the ridotto; he watched her till he thought he saw love sparkle toward him from her eyes: he went up to her; confessed the trick he had put upon her at the masquerade, and spoke in rapture of his present fortune.

The Lady replied with a good-natured smile, 'You have been so very generous, Sir, in confessing one deceit on that occasion, that I think I ought not to hide another: you seem not to know that I saw Thyrsis under the character of Clody's careful aunt, and was in luck enough to *hum* you unsuspected.'

A dagger through the heart of Thyrsis had been infinitely less agony than this declaration; his despair was too great for expression; he left her in silence, and wished for some sudden destruction: the Lady, with great cheerfulness of countenance, joined Clody; and the unhappy Thyrsis had the mortification to convince himself that he perceived she was telling him the story.

They met on Monday-morning at Ranelagh. Thyrsis saw her engaged with his rival in a scene of great gallantry and cheerfulness: he could not stand it; he slunk out at one of the doors under the orchestra, and throwing himself into the walk on the

left.

left-hand of the canal, was, with arms a-cross, sighing out,

*Virtue now nor noble blood,*

*Nor wit, by love is understood !*

*Gold alone does passion move :*

*Gold monopolizes love.*

*Curses on her, and on the man,*

*Who this vile traffic first began :*

*A curse, all curses else above*

*On him who us'd it first in love !*

*Gold begets in brethren hate,*

*Gold in families debate,*

*Gold does friendship separate.*

*These the smallest harms of it,*

*Gold, alas ! does love beget.*

The Lady, who had observed her melancholly lover drop out in an odd manner, took occasion to leave Clody a minute or two afterwards, courting his greyhound on one of the benches. She was just turning the corner from another walk into that where the musing, the despairing Thyrsis was, as he had repeated the last lines, and added with an honest hearty sigh, ' Ah ! poor Anacreon, thou art too much in the right ! ' ' He would be so, replied the Lady, ' if he had said gold was necessary to being happy in love : if I had not some of it I could not be happy with Thyrsis ; nor should dare to accept him for my ———. ' The last word was too hard to be pronounced : the Lady gulped it down, as Lady Townly does her oaths, and so ended the morning's adventure.

We could not deny ourselves the pleasure of giving the worthy Thyrsis this public congratulation, and hope to see the news of a treaty of marriage speedily to be concluded, from his own hand, in a day or two.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 3.

*Artes parit solertia, nutriat usus.*

CLAUDIAN.

A PLAY performed on the common stage, by persons of distinction, is an incident that our age has, perhaps, the honour of having first produced to the world.

Some Gentlemen, long celebrated for their taste, and spirit in gallantry, were determined to give their friends and acquaintance an uncommon entertainment, and to do it in an uncommon manner : Theatrical performances have often been exhibited by persons of the first fashion, and with success ; but the apparatus of a regular theatre has been wanting in all these representations, and the whole has been greatly hurt by that deficiency. The just sense which the persons at the head of this scheme have of things, could not suffer them to think, that if the action itself were not blameable, the place, on this occasion, could make it so ; nor could their spirit submit to the doing any thing imperfectly, either for want of the necessary expence, or of the courage to do what was really no way exceptionable, though out of the common road. They hired the theatre at Drury-lane for the night ; they gave among their friends as many tickets as would fill it ; and exhibited their performance with all the pomp and decoration of the most regularly concerted entertainment of the kind.

It is greatly to the honour of these gentlemen, that the tickets were so carefully disposed of, that the women of the town, who can very seldom be kept out of any place of entertainment ; who find their way into the boxes at the opera, the pit at the oratorio, and the

the private masquerades of the first nobility ; and who had, at least, ten times as much mind to this, as they ever could have to any of those entertainments, yet found no possibility of admittance. The conductors of the plan knew that every part of the house would be full of persons of the first fashion ; and they paid them the just and sensible compliment of keeping all improper people from among them.

The tickets expressed no particular place, so that those only who came first, had the advantage of the best seats : by this means the whole house was filled with equally good company ; and half a dozen stars glittered for the first, and probably for the last, time in the upper-gallery. Part of the Royal Family did them the honour of filling the stage-boxes, and every corner of the house beside glittered with diamonds and embroidery.

The accommodations were fit for the company : the band of music was a very fine one ; and the house was, in every part, illuminated with wax lights ; the scenes were proper as well as pretty ones ; and the dresses not only magnificent, but well fancied, and much better adapted to the characters than any we have seen before. Othello's was a robe in the fashion of his country ; Roderigo's an elegantly tawdry modern suit ; and Cassio's and Iago's very rich uniforms. The character of Othello was performed by the elder Mr. D—, Iago and Cassio by the second Mr. D—, and a younger brother ; Desdemona by Mrs. Q—, Roderigo by Captain S—, and Emilia by that Gentleman's Lady.

The terrors of an audience, to persons not accustomed to speak in public, are not to be got absolutely over by all the resolution in the world. It was easy to see that every one of the performers was affected by them ; but it is amazing that they were not all of them much more so. The management of the voice, in adapting it to the space it is to fill, is another circumstance of vast consequence to the player, and is another circumstance also, to which these per-

formers must have been perfect strangers. A public rehearsal on the stage would have done nothing toward informing them in this point, since the same house empty, and filled with an audience is, in this respect, a perfectly different place. The general prejudice of an audience, that nothing is right but what is like that which they have been used to; and the contempt in which persons of their rank in judgment must hold an imitation of players, was also a thing of no little importance against them. If we weigh these several circumstances together, we shall see the infinite disadvantages with which these Gentlemen set out, in comparison of those whose nightly task it is to act; and shall be able to form some judgment of what were their talents and abilities, when it is asserted that the greater part of the play was much better performed than it ever was on any stage before.

In the whole, there was a face of nature that no theatrical piece, acted by common players, ever came up to. It was evident that the performers felt every sentiment they were to express, and that they were not reduced to labour at an imitation of what would be done in real life on the occasion, but were inspired by the sentiment to be the thing the author expected them to represent.

The figure of Othello was, doubtless, the finest ever produced on a stage; his deportment in the whole was majestic, and his sense of the passions, the author throws into his part, quick and exquisite. The animated expression,

*Had all his hairs been lives,*

*My great revenge had stomach for them all,*

was perhaps never so well spoken: the expression of his anguish by the monosyllable *Oh!* was every where great and affecting: but that in which he was peculiarly superior to every body, was the natural expression of the lover and the gentleman. When in the last act he is informed by Cassio, that he had given him

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him no provocation for the revenge he had meditated against him, the author gives him no more to say than,

*I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.*

But the manner in which Mr. D—— took the hand of the man he had injured, while he spoke this, had something in it so like the man of honour, and so unlike all that we see in imitation of it in the player, that we shall not be easily reconciled to the hearing it from any body else.

His embracing Desdemona on their meeting in Cyprus, we are afraid set many a fair breast among the audience a longing : his manner of throwing his arms about her, and the jocund expression of his countenance at that instant, gave us a fine picture of Cowley's embrace.

*Then like some wealthy island thou shalt be :*

*And like the sea about it I :*

*Thou like fair Albion to the sailor's sight,*

*Spreading thy bosom snowy white :*

*Like the kind ocean I will be*

*With Love's soft arms ever surrounding thee.*

Mr. J. D——, in the character of Iago, did more than it was possible to expect or conceive from a person who had not trod the stage before. To say that he play'd the part much better than it was ever play'd before, is saying a great deal, yet it is saying vastly too little. His ease in the whole was amazing ; his whole deportment so much the gentleman, so perfectly adapted to every circumstance of the character, and so elegant in its propriety, that I think this audience must forget him before they can see any other Iago with patience. He every-where conveyed the full sense of the author's expression, and no where exaggerated it. His eye marked as much as his tongue, and he was equally intent on his plots, when engaged

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in the dialogue, and when out of it. Upon the whole, the player was lost in the man: he was perfectly the thing that Shakespear drew, and yet he seemed modelled only on his own thoughts; not representing, but really transacting the several scenes in which he was engaged,

The youngest Mr. D—— had great applause in Cassio, and he deserved it all: the drunken scene, which is the capital one in the part, and a very difficult one, he was particularly excellent in; and his recovery to sobriety, though a bold and forced passage in the author, was rendered natural by his manner of performing it. Roderigo was much the character Shakespear draws, though not exactly what has been used to be palmed upon us for Shakespear's Roderigo. Desdemona had all that native honesty and candour in her face of which the poet meant to make her an example; and when, at her first setting out,

*While she essay'd to speak, the accents hung,  
And fault'ring died, unfinish'd on her tongue,*

the native modesty of the character made us rather charmed than offended at it.

Mr. J. D—— spoke an excellent prologue, and this Lady an epilogue, hardly at all inferior to it: the least we can say in regard to this part of the performance is, that they both deserved all the applause they received on their delivering them.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 4.

*Nobis verus amor, medioque Helicone petitus  
Sermo, hilaresque loci brumalem absumere noctem  
Suaserunt, mollemque oculis expellere somnum.*

STATIUS.

ONE of the great prerogatives of human nature is the power of communicating our thoughts to one another by words. This is the essence of social happiness; it throws the experience of every separate member of society into the common stock; and gives to every private person, in return, the advantage of the joint experience of the whole.

How estimable a circumstance in our œconomy! how infinite a benefit! how worthy our utmost attention in its conduct and preservation! how sacred ought it to be to the ends and uses to which it is appropriated!

The mixed conversation at Coffee-houses, if it could be restrained within any bounds of order and regularity, would be of the most advantageous kind. How instructive must it be, to hear the observations of a number of different people on the variety of objects that have occurred to them in the course of the day? how agreeable to meet with the essence of a multitude of conversations, heard at the several parties the different people who make up the company have been engaged in, collected, separated from its superfluities and redundancies, and delivered to us concentrated, as it were, and with all its merit, in the compass of a few periods!

There is scarce a heart so malevolent, but has a pleasure in giving entertainment to another: there would need very little more than attention in the generality of

of the company, to their reaping this vast advantage; and those who were most incapable of entertaining, would find their only suffering themselves to be entertained, construed into a merit great enough to intitle them to a repeated enjoyment of the same rational pleasure.

Instead of this desirable plan, conversation at private parties is at an end: cards have driven it away never to shew its face in good company again; and at these mixed assemblies, where there is so large a fund for entertainment, no man attempts either to please or to be pleased in his exerting this faculty; no man has an ambition to inform, or a desire to be informed of any thing: every one attacks the person as an enemy, to whom he affects to speak as a friend: and aims at no farther joy in conversing with him, than the triumph of deceiving him into a belief of his ingenuity and candour, and the exposing some foible in his character to the derision of the company.

This is a vice of conversation that never was at so exorbitant a height as at present: it has been attacked by soft means, and by harsh ones, by arguments, and by force, in vain: though hissed and laughed, and cudgelled out of company, it never fails to shew its face there again an hour or two afterwards.

We have been used to complain of the Humorist, the Clown, the Morose, the Reserved, the Obstinate, and the Impertinent, as the pests of conversation: but these, under the appearance of this so superior weight of malignity, begin to shew themselves in a very amiable light; and the rational people will submit to be teized, to be affronted, to be snarled at, to be neglected, to be contradicted, when they are in the right; and even to be talked deaf, by people who have nothing to say, rather than join in the disingenuous entertainment which the men of abilities give, at the expence of some person for whom they must first profess a respect and esteem.

To set this rational entertainment of the mind on a better footing for the future, I would recommend it as  
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a first principle, to be ingenuous; and as secondary qualifications, I would prefer to the whole list of others, affability and modesty. We have no right to hold another in contempt, because he happens to be of an opinion contradictory to our own: difference is no proof of error, unless one of the parties be infallible.

We should be cautious how we condemn as follies the actions of others, merely because our own judgment would have prevented us from doing them, unless we can assure ourselves that this judgment is above the reach of error, and that every thing is disagreeable to the whole world, that does not please our particular palate.

We ought to be most reserved in speaking on the subjects of which we know most, unless we are called upon to do so: our superiority is a kind of insolence and triumph over the company, which no man has any reason to bear, unless he is in an humour to be instructed by it. The most able to speak is always the most ready to hear; it is more desirable, in the eye of reason, to learn than to teach; and there is scarce any conversation from which the man who will be attentive may not profit.

We should be, above all things, cautious of making ourselves the subject of our conversation: there is nothing on which a man finds it so easy to speak as of himself, but nothing on which it is so difficult for him to speak with propriety: he forgets that he is interested in the most trivial circumstances that concern him; but he is to remember, that this is not the case with the people he is speaking to.

Assent is easy; and few people are qualified for disputation: nothing is so distasteful to the hearer as wrangling in the place of argument: it is a sort of rebellion to dispute the judgment of persons allowed to be masters of the subject they speak upon; and where the superiority is on our own side, there is no room for triumph from the conviction.

We ought to be very certain of the truth of an assertion, before we venture to make it; and when

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we are ever so apparently certain, it should be delivered with a modest caution. A peremptory manner offends every body without exception, and we ought to remember, that obstinacy in opinion is the usual concomitant of ignorance or error. The Romans, as wise a people, at least, as the members of our general conversations, had hardly an expression in common language that amounted to an affirmative. The very depositions before a judge, were only in form of opinions: *ita videtur* was the phrase in regard to facts of which they thought themselves the most certain; and the determination of the law required no more positive assertion.

If we considered the possibility of error in what appears the most evident and unquestionable to us, we should be fond of always leaving ourselves a way to escape, under the subterfuge of an uncertainty in our expressions; and of this advantage we shall be sure in the same manner of speaking, that we shall not offend the person to whom we address ourselves, by arrogating a knowledge which he wants; but only seem to propose an opinion which might have been his own, though he did not think favourably enough of it to advance it.

Would we make ourselves agreeable, as well as useful members of rational society, let us resolve upon an unlimited affability; a good opinion of the company we converse with; a constant desire of being entertained by them; and let us have no ambition to communicate our share of the conversation till we see it is expected of us. The greatest compliment that can be paid to a speaker is, the being heard with attention: this will always be paid him, when he speaks what the rest wish to hear, never when he thrusts himself inopportunely upon them, or interrupts what they had either a right, or an inclination to be more pleased with.

*To the AUTHOR of an ELEGY written in a Country Church-yard.*

**T**O thee, Sylvander, and thy penfive Muse,  
That nightly warbles forth her dulcet strain :  
Whilst only Philomel her notes pursues,  
And follows vanquish'd o'er the silent plain;

This lay belongs—But O ! th' attempt how fond,  
To copy numbers chaste and soft as thine,  
Where thought and phrase so sweetly correspond,  
And charms ineffable adorn each line !

Were I, like thee, a fav'rite of the grove,  
By ev'ry Dryad, ev'ry Muse inspir'd ;  
Endow'd with pow'r the glowing heart to move,  
And skill'd to sing the beauties I admir'd :

Then should'st thou be the subject of my verse,  
“ At once my bright example, and my theme ;”  
Then would I strive thy merit to rehearse,  
To every list'ning Naiad of the stream !

Teach me, great bard ! oh teach thy magic art,  
Of captivating souls a thousand ways ;  
That I may spread my zeal thro' ev'ry heart,  
And whilst I 'plaud, exemplify thy lays !

Wake oft thy lyre ! O may it never sleep !  
If but thy tuning such sweet music brings,  
What may we hope, when you, determin'd sweep,  
And (bent on charming) strike its golden strings !

Thine be to harmonize the barbarous age,  
And while thou feed'st it, a true taste restore :  
We shall forget, when we peruse thy page,  
That Pope is dead, that Mason sings no more !

MUSAPHIL.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 5.

*Et muta animalia terris  
Quum mancant ignara sui.*

MANILIUS.

THE brightness of the morning yesterday tempted me to enjoy it in the open air, out of the dirt and bustle of this busy town, and free from the intervention of that dusky cloud which the smog of so many thousand chimneys continually spreads over its whole extent. It was about noon when I arrived at Kensington gardens; and it will not be easy to persuade those who had not this opportunity of feeling it, how warm, how enlivening the sun-beams were, or how evidently universal nature acknowledged and rejoiced in it.

The birds, that had been silent for five whole months, now perched on the naked branches of the trees, looked up with a kind of joyful adoration to their enlivening deity, and began to plume themselves in his presence, and try their unaccustomed throats in songs of praise to him: the very boughs on which they stood, seemed to disclaim their late dead, withered state; and swelling out in ten thousand buds, promised soon to meet his radiance with a more chearful aspect: the little lambs that had hitherto, since their very birth, known no enjoyment beyond the supplying the calls of nature from the cold wet herbage, now seemed to feel new motions in their blood, and new ideas with them; and by a thousand antic friskings joined in the general joy.

I was contemplating all this from the side of the bason, and had afterwards occasionally turned my eye upon the liquid plane, and viewed, through it, the various

various things it covered : it was somewhat long before this thicker colder medium transmitted the influence that had invigorated the inhabitants of the air; but, by degrees, the soul of nature, the Promethean, universal fire, made its way through this obstacle.

It was with infinite satisfaction that I traced the gradation of this pleasing effect : I cast my eye upon a shallow part of the basin, where the fluid was most influenced : the sun darted his glowing beams uninterrupted on this spot, and soon began to triumph in the success of his influence. The smooth surface of the bottom began to glaze itself in bubbles ; and quickly after to send up parts of its green coat, with every rising bladder of detached air. These were continued in long filaments to the surface, where the bubble that had raised them burst its watery shell, and mingled in the common expanse, the fibre which had marked its course remaining ; and with its congenial attendants forming what the blind naturalist shall investigate as a plant, and trace in it imaginary organs.

The real plants expanded flat upon the level surface, now began to rear their rough leaves, and their numbed branches ; they rose to meet the cause of their new life at the surface, and to kindle into genial warmth to propagate their species.

The surface of the dusky floor, now naked, exposed more immediately to the influence of this inspiring deity, began soon after to disclose beings of a higher rank ; myriads of worms were seen unwinding their coiled forms, and tossing their sportive tails about, in wantonness and revelry : whole series of creatures, whose torpid state had before rendered them undistinguishable from the mud they lay among, began to expand their little limbs, and creep or swim, or emerge above the surface.

As I was contemplating the opening scene, I could not but persuade myself that the source of the Egyptian enthusiasm, all that had given rise to their fabled stories of the production of animals from the mud of the Nile, was now before me ; and I pitied those,

those, who, instead of adoring the first cause of all things, believed in the mad doctrines of equivocal generation; or looking up to his great minister the sun, adored the instrument, instead of paying the rational tribute of their praise to him who employed it.

As I was ruminating on this, a little creature of a peculiar form and singular beauty rose from the surface of the mud; and soon after began to vibrate its leafy tail, to play the several rings of an elegantly constructed body, and to poise six delicate legs, as if to try whether they were yet fit for use: numbers of others followed it, and in a few minutes all that part of the water seemed peopled only by this species.

I was ravished with delight at the joy I saw these creatures take in their new animated beings, and was offering an honest silent praise to him whose unlimited benevolence had created so many happy beings, and who had created them only to be happy; when a hungry fish, allured by the prospect of so full a repast, left his companions, and throwing himself among the insects like a hungry tyger into a sheepfold, destroyed and gorged them by numbers at a time.

Of the multitude that were now scattered to every part of the adjacent space, I luckily cast my eye upon a cluster that had sheltered themselves together under the leaves of a tall plant, part of which was immersed in the water, part emerged above its surface: one of this number, allured by the warm rays, rose higher up the plant, came boldly out of the water, and basked in the more free sun-beams under the open air.

The plant was near the shore, and I determined to watch the motions of this little advent'rous animal. It had not stood long exposed to the full radiance of the sun, when it seemed on the point of perishing under his too strong heat: its back had suddenly burst open lengthwise; but what was my astonishment, while I was pitying the unhappy insect, to see, as the opening enlarged, a creature wholly unlike the former arising from within it! A very beautiful fly, by

degrees

degrees, disengaged itself from this reptile case, and left behind it only a thin skin that had been its covering.

Such is undoubtedly the production of the butterfly from the silk-worm, and from all the caterpillar tribe: the pretended metamorphosis of these creatures is but the child of error and ignorance in the observers; and the caterpillar is no more than the future fly, covered by a peculiar case, and preserved from injuries in it, till its wings, and every other part of its delicate frame are in a condition to bear the impulse of the sun and air-naked.

The new-born inhabitant of the air would now have been suffocated, in an instant, by the element in which it had before so long lived and enjoyed itself: it carefully avoided it; it first tried its newly disintangled legs, and gained by these the summit of the herb; to it a towering pine: the sun, which at first seemed to create it, in its reptile state, out of the mud, now seemed to enlarge its wings; they unfolded as they dried; and at length shewed their silky structure perfect and bright: the creature now began to quiver them in various degrees of elevation and depression, and at length employed them to their destined purpose, launching at once into the sea of air, and sporting in the wide expanse with unrestrained jollity and freedom.

Happiest of thy race, said I! how would thy brother insects envy thee, could they imagine what was now thy state! safe from the danger of the devouring fly; delivered from the cold wet element they live in, and free as the very air thou wantonest about in! I had scarce finished my ejaculation, when a sudden cloud came on, the sun's face was obscured, the air grew chill, and a storm of hail came rattling down upon the water.

The newly animated swarms of reptiles instantly plunged to their original inactivity in the mud again; forgot the transient pleasures of the last half hour; and waited in tranquillity the more favourable season.

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These were now safe and at ease; but alas! what was my concern to see the little volatile I had before thought an object for their envy, destroyed by the first falling of the frozen rain, and floating dead upon its watery bier.

The storm, that had been fatal to this unhappy creature, sent me from the scene of its destruction, ruminating on the various turns of fate below, and determined never to be insolent in prosperity; never to triumph over my friend or neighbour, because some favourable event has happened to me; but to remember, in every occurrence of that flattering kind, that the poor fly, who knew not how his peculiar fortune came about, foresaw not to what ruin he alone was exposed.



### THE INSPECTOR. N. 6.

*Mutato nomine*

*De te fabula narratur.*

**B**ASIL, a man of wary judgment, of consummate prudence, full of discernment, and inflexible in the right; a man who seemed formed by nature for the office, was called, some years ago, to the superintendancy of a little garden, surrounded by a great pond.

He found it in excellent condition, full of vigorous and thriving useful plants, and profusely decked with ornamental herbage; its soil was rich and fruitful; its situation healthy; and its exposures just such as would inure the plants to stand the common accidents of wind and frost; without hardening them beyond a sensibility of the advantage of sunshine.

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It was not necessary he should improve the plantation: it flourished under him: it continued what it was when he found it; and in the same healthful state in which it had devolved to him, he left it to his successor.

The new intendant was happy to find the seat of his inheritance in so flourishing a state; and determined to do every thing that could conduce to the keeping it so: he searched into its earliest history; and traced its several successive rising and declining states, to the origin of the one as well as of the other. He found the plants were all of a kind; he perceived they were naturally hardy, but not stubborn; full of vigour, but not luxuriant; and he was convinced, by the annals of the story he had read, that nothing had ever injured them like restraint.

It was the custom of many of the neighbouring gardeners at this time, to rule in their plantations with an iron hand, and to look on cruelty as the just exercise of power: they would nail up the trees to walls; tie them to posts, cut them down every year to the very stump; and force their tender branches into a thousand whimsical shapes, to please their vitiated fancies. It had been often whispered to the intendant of this little spot, that he ought to employ the same rigorous methods; but he had always answered, that he found his apricots were higher tasted, his grapes full of a mellower juice, and his nonpareils of a truer flavour, while the trees that produced them were standards, and spread their wanton arms about just as they listed, than the best products of these torturing managers.

It had always been the custom, in this happy spot, to have two principal gardeners under the superior. It was their office to assist him in his jurisdiction, and prepare things for his inspection; to take cognizance of the growth of the flowers and trees; and to allot to each its destined spot, and proper share of nourishment, as well as to exact from every one the necessary quantity of fruit, as a share of the general tribute to

the intendant, and of the expence of keeping the whole in order.

The two principal gardeners for the time being, Tom and Harry, though they were brothers in affection, were of as different dispositions and tempers as two people well could be: they both had the flourishing state of the garden thoroughly at heart; and both thought of their superior as they ought; that is, they loved and revered him: but they expressed their sentiments in a manner suitable to their several humours. Tom lived a sort of idle life, but he had the inspection of the general growth, and was the ultimate resource in all disputes about what should be done with the plants. Harry had the drudgery wholly upon his shoulders: he was to dig and toil, to sow and reap, and he alone had the care of regulating the general produce.

Tom was a fellow of a generous, haughty, careless spirit; full of the honour of his post, and above the care of any thing beneath it: he would give fifty dishes for dinner, when his finances would not pay for ten; he would throw a main for five thousand pounds, when his privy purse did not amount to two hundred; he would talk of an intrigue with a whore, while he was signing a conveyance of his estate: the salvation of mankind would not have made him leave his bottle unfinished; but give only the hundred thousandth part of a glance at the honour of his office, and it were safer to have conspired against the Grand Signor.

Harry, without any thing of this high-flown disposition, was fond of the use of power; but he was very careful how he abused it: he would refuse nothing that was equitable, but he would do nothing till he had examined whether it were so; he had an excellent head at figures, and could tell at a single view how many pears or apples every tree in the garden (barring accidents) would produce for the year.

Whatever was to be done for the service of the intendant they both heartily concurred in; all the dis-

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ference was, that *Harry* would deliberate upon every circumstance before he said yes, and would sometimes grumble, but he always complied : *Tom*, on the other hand, thought one careful head was enough in a family, and would usually concur in the resolution at once, and intend to think of it afterwards.

In such hands rested the care of our little spot under the intendancy of this its principal. There was nothing he proposed for the general good that both did not readily agree in ; nothing that did not occur to him of the same kind, that they omitted to put him in mind of. He had found the plants in a state of unrestrained freedom of growth, and he had indulged them in a continuance of it : every one spread its roots, far and wide as it pleased ; and the meanest herb scattered its progeny into the most fertile spots with impunity. If there was a weakness, indeed, in the present intendant, it was his over-tenderness for the produce of the garden. One of the fundamental establishments of the place was, that no individual should be destroyed without his immediate concurrence ; and it was with infinite pain and reluctance that he even would permit a weed to be pulled up, though it had straggled into the middle of a walk, or had choaked or starved a useful plant that was its neighbour : the tearing off but of a leaf in wantonness never failed to give him pain ; and *Tom* used often to say, that if a bramble had rooted itself in his bed-chamber, he would not, for the world's empire, be the man that should attempt to root it up.

The natural humanity, and innate good disposition of the intendant, had implanted in his heart this love to every thing about him ; and *Harry* had long industriously supported it in him, by continually repeating in his ear, that the number of plants was the true riches of a garden.

Indulgence always does well with the worthier objects, but the meaner are often ruined by it. Propagation went on abundantly in the several beds, and the plants increased beyond imagination : they threw

about their wanton branches at pleasure ; they grew luxuriant, but they became enfeebled : the root can supply but its destined quantity of nourishment, and if that is expended in useless leaves, there can be none for fruit : so it happened with our once fertile spot : liberty was now overturning all its constitution, and indulgence was suffering it to run into utter ruin : the nonpareil degenerated into its primæval crab ; the green-gage tree produced the rough sloe ; and the artichoke dwindled into a thistle, pricking people's legs instead of producing them a supper.

It now appeared that though the number of plants was indeed the riches of the garden, while they produced their natural stores ; yet when they brought forth nothing for the general good, their number was, on the contrary, the destruction of the land they fed on.

Boats had been used to obscure the whole face of the pond every morning, as they carried over loads of the abundant produce to the market-towns on the other side ; but now the full vessels all bent their course toward the place itself, and those which went off were empty, except that they carried the money for the purchase.

*Harry*, who had hitherto concurred in every step of gentleness and encouragement to the produce of the soil, now found other means were necessary : he was the first to whisper to the intendant the ruin that threatened the garden : he could not propose rigorous measures in regard to the unhappy objects of his care ; and he knew, if he did, the superior would not have complied with them : he reminded him that there was yet room in the place for many a useful plant ; he told him that every corner of the earth afforded trees of value that might be transplanted into this garden : that the soil was so rich, and the œconomy of the place so desirable, that nothing once permitted to enjoy its blessings, would ever wish to remove out of it again ; that those that were brought in from abroad, would commence denizons as soon as they were fixed

in it; and that in the next age it would not be remembered that the original stocks of the richest plants had ever come in strangers.

The advice was too rational not to be followed: the garden was immediately declared the free home of every valuable herb in the world: the whole face of things was instantly changed: every spot of the soil swarmed with useful herbage, and the very wildest of the natives, now mixed among the others, became as regular in their growth, and as rich in their produce, as the best of the plants that grew about them.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 7.

*Where the bee sucks  
There lurk I —*

SHAKESPEAR.

**T**HE noblest employment of the mind of man is the contemplating the works of his creator: in the face of nature we see his power, his wisdom, his beneficence, in pages written by his own eternal hand; in characters legible to every eye; and stamped with proof of all that they assert.

The man who falls into this happy turn of observation, sees his creator in every object that occurs to him: the vilest weed, the meanest insect, as the vulgar term them, to him are incontestible evidences of the greatest of all truths: and his life is one continued act of adoration.

I am led into these observations by objects no more striking than the structure of a common flower, and the employment of an insect within its little cavity. I had the pleasure to attend yesterday a very amiable and worthy friend to his Villa at a few miles distance from town, and while the company were high in mirth over the afternoon's bottle, slipped out of the

way of an entertainment for which I have no great relish, to enjoy half an hour's sober thought, and salutary air.

My eyes are always open to nature's beauties, but a person less apt to pay his attention to such objects, could hardly have restrained his admiration here; an almond-tree, in the centre of the garden, presented to the eye one immense tuft of flowers, covering its whole surface. The beauty of such a glow of living purple would at any time have been an object for admiration; but at a season when every thing else is dead, when not a leaf appears on any of the vegetable world besides, but the adjoining trees seem the bare skeletons of what the summer had shewn them, it claimed a peculiar share of attention.

An inquisitive eye cannot content itself with the superficies of objects; it loves to pry into their inmost recesses, and seldom fails of a reward more than proportioned to the trouble of the research. Every one must have observed, that in all flowers there is an apparatus in the centre, different from the leafy structure of the verge, which is what strikes the eye at first sight: the threads which support the yellow heads in the centre of a rose, and those which serve as pedestals to the less numerous, but larger, dusky black ones in the tulip, are of this kind. In the earlier ages of natural knowledge, these were esteemed no more than casual particles of matter, or the effect of a luxuriance from an abundant share of nourishment sent up to the leaves of the flower, throwing itself into these uncertain forms, as they were then esteemed. The more improved science of our times disclaims such vague ideas, disclaims the supposition of nature's having made any thing, any the slightest particle of the meanest herb in vain; and in consequence of researches founded on this just hypothesis, has discovered that the gaudy leaves supposed by these philosophers to constitute the essence of the flower, are indeed of very little consequence in the œconomy of the subject; that they are placed but as a defence to  
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the thready matter within; which, despised as it used to be, is indeed the most essential part of the whole; is that for which almost the whole has been formed, and that alone on which the continuation of the species depends. It has been found, that of the minutest threads in this little tuft, there is not one but has its destined office, not one but joins in the common service; and that though they appear so numerous and indefinite, there is not a single flower on the whole tree but has them in the same number to the utmost exactness, and punctually in the same situation; nor that there ever has been, or ever will be, through successive ages, a tree of the same kind every single flower of which will not be formed with the same perfect regularity.

It was with an uncommon pleasure that I saw a confirmation of this accurate exactness in the care of providence, even in the minutest of its works, in this beautiful object; not a flower of the millions that it crowded upon the sight in every part, but contained its precise number of thirty little threads; and not one of these but had its regularly figured head placed in the same direction on its summit, and filled with the same powder, destined for impregnating the already teeming fruit: this shewed its downy rudiments in the centre, and sent up a peculiar organ to the height of these heads, to receive the fertilizing dust when they should burst, and to convey it to the very centre of the embryo, there to inform its kernel with the vegetable soul, and render it capable of shooting up into a tree of the same kind.

Such is the œconomy of nature in the production of these treasures; but she has usually more purposes than one to answer in the same subject. It was easy to conceive, that one of all these little receptacles of dust might have contained enough of it for the impregnating the kernel of a single fruit, for each flower produces no more. Twenty-nine in thirty it was easy to see could not be created in vain, nor was it long before the mystery was explained to me.

The sun which shone with an uncommon warmth, for the season, and had now opened a thousand additional blossoms to the number I had first seen, led forth a bee from a neighbouring hive, who directed her course immediately to this source of plenty.

This little creature first settled on the top of one of the branches, and, for a moment, seemed to enjoy the scene as I did: she just gave me time to admire her sleek, silky coat, and glossy wings, before she plunged into a full blown blossom, and buried herself among the thready honours of the centre. She wantoned and rolled herself about, as if in extasy, a considerable time there; and in her motions greatly disconcerted the apparatus of the flower: the ripe heads of the thready filaments all burst, and shed a subtile yellow powder over the whole surface of the leaves, nor did the creature stop its gambols while one of them remained either whole, or with any appearance of the dust in its cavity.

Tired with enjoyment, as it might naturally have seemed, she now walked out, and appeared to have paid for the mischief she had done at the expence of frangely defiling her own downy coat. Though some of the dust from the little capsules had been spread over the surface of the flower, the far greater part of it had evidently fallen upon her own back, and been retained there among the shag of its covering.

She once more placed herself on the summit of a little twig, and soon began to clear her body of this new-gathered dust. It was with great admiration that I observed the readiness with which she executed this; it was not half a minute before her whole coat was as clean and glossy as at first; and what appeared more singular was, that not a particle of the dust had fallen upon any of the flowers about her, where it must have been visible as easily as on the surface of that it was taken from.

A very laboured motion of the fore-legs of the bee soon directed my eye thither, and the whole business was then immediately explained: I found she had  
carefully

carefully brought together every particle that she had wiped off from her body, and formed it into a mass, which she was now moulding into a firmer texture, and which she soon after delivered to the next leg, and from that, after a little moulding more, to the hinder one, where she lodged it in a round lump in a part destined to receive it; and having thus finished her operation took wing for the hive with her load.

It appeared therefore evidently, that what had seemed sport and pastime, was business to the insect; that its rolling itself about was with intent to dislodge this yellow dust from the little cases that contained it, and that this powder, the abundance of which it was easy to perceive could not be created for the service of the plant, was destined to furnish the bee with wax to make its combs, and to serve us for a thousand purposes afterwards.

The return of this single insect to the hive, sent out a legion upon the same expedition. The tree was in an instant covered as thick almost with bees as with flowers. All these employed themselves exactly as the first had done, except that some of them being reduced to enter flowers yet hardly opened, in which the reservoirs of this waxy powder were not ripe for bursting, these were forced to take a more laborious method: it was with great satisfaction that I saw them bite open successively every one of the thirty heads in the flower, and scooping out the contents, add them to the increasing ball, that was to be at length carried home upon the thigh.

Such then is the purpose of nature in what might appear to us profusion in the abundant quantity of this powder: the bee wants it, though the plant does not; and the pains that animal takes to get it out, never fail to answer the purpose of impregnating the fruit, a vast quantity of it being thus scattered over the organ destined to the conveying of it thither.

The making the comb is not however the only purpose to which this powder serves the bee: it is the natural food of that creature: what is lodged in the

hive is eaten by the swarm, and after it has been retained in the stomach long enough to be divested of its nutritive matter, it is disgorged in a state just ready for moulding farther into real and finished wax.

Thus in the great chain of beings that we see about us no one is created solely for itself; each is subservient to the purposes of others; each beside the primordial office to which it is destined, assists, or is the means of good to another, perhaps to many. How great the eye that comprehends this at one view! how infinite the wisdom that appointed it!



### THE INSPECTOR. N. 8.

*Virtue and love, my fair are one;  
He errs who tells you other.* — WALTER.

**A** LATE article of news, the story of a woman's insisting on the utmost severity of the law, against a trivial offence in her lover; committing to a prison the man who had raised her from indigence, supported her in affluence, and even ruined his fortune in her service; for attempting to continue his intimacy with her, when he could no longer pay the price of it, has led me into an enquiry of what is the real nature of the passion commonly called Love, in a female breast.

There are two general assertions in regard to love, that run through the writings of all the authors who have considered the subject; and have been universally allowed to be just; though that, perhaps, on no better a foundation than the indolence of the world, who would not be at the pains of enquiring into the fact: these are, *That the truest and perfectest love is that founded on esteem*; and, *that this passion is more violent in men, but more lasting in women.*

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Can there be a better foundation for esteem than gratitude? a juster motive to it than a continued series of benefits; which, while they have no other source than a desire of making the person happy on whom they are conferred; have this additional claim to the tender passion they would inspire, that there is a mutual one in the breast that wishes to receive it! There appears sufficient evidence, however, from the present incident, that all this, joined to the tenderest connection during a number of years, could produce in the breast of the object of the lover's adoration nothing more than a well pretended affection; or, put it in the best light possible, a very easily alienated one.

As to the superiority of female fondness in point of perseverance, that opinion seems no better founded than the other; this, and a thousand other daily instances concur to prove to us, that women can change as readily, as unconcernedly, and as often, as men. The virtuous part, indeed, of both sexes, despise so mean and scandalous a prostitution; but look into the libertine rank, and certainly the modern age affords us, if not more numerous, at least much greater rakes among the women than among the men.

On a strict inquiry into the nature of this favourite passion in the hearts of as many of my acquaintance as I have been able to find the way to, I think I have convinced myself that it is not love in female hearts, as such, or love in male hearts as male ones, that is more or less lasting; but love, under the circumstances of a more or less restrained deportment.

A perfect intimacy between a pair of sensible lovers, is a source of so many different pleasures, so interesting, and so eternally varied delights, that it scarce ever is broke through, except for the sake of a new connexion of the same kind: The natural motives to perseverance and constancy are the same, and of the same force in the hearts of both sexes; and if we see nine out of ten of these unions broke through on the man's part, it is not because he has less constancy in the passion, but because he has infinitely more and easier opportunities of changing the object.

The custom of the world, however unjustifiable in its foundation, has established the breach of chastity as a thing of little consequence with the men, though in women it is of the utmost infamy : men who make laws, establish customs too ; had women been of the council in settling the opinion of the world in regard to this point, perhaps it had been otherwise : were reason to be allowed its right of asserting, doubtless the scandal would be made equally great to both.

As matters stand at present, the Lady always conceals the nature of her acquaintance with the man she loves, as if her life depended on the secret : the lover scarce thinks it necessary to make a secret of it, unless in regard to her reputation ; and if he has any considerable share of vanity, he seldom finds it worth while to rob himself of the glory of the conquest, though the ruin of the woman he loves depend on his divulging it.

Every company the lover falls into, leads him toward a breach of his constancy ; every glass promotes the interest, and example pleads irresistibly in the cause of the vice. Variety, under almost whatever circumstances, is pleasure. One trip of this kind, therefore, always makes way for another. While the passion, on his part, is thus dissipated among a number, no wonder that there is less of it for the first object than there ought ; and while a more amiable person may, in the course of changing, occur, we are not to wonder that his love, in regard to the first attachment, easier wears off than the Lady's, who dares not indulge the thought of a second intrigue ; who has only one object to direct it all to ; and who must not change the love, but must cease to love in order to break the engagement.

On this principle it will follow, that without any peculiar merit in the nature of the passion, it will, in general, last longer on the Lady's part than on the lover's : but let us examine the sexes reduced to the same state of libertinism, and we shall find the imaginary pre-eminence, in the constancy of the passion, not disappear, but change hands.

Nature,

Nature who, it is evident by the regular proportion of the males to the females in the human species, intended but one of each for either, has implanted in both sexes a natural fondness in the first attachment of this kind, that is vastly more difficult to break through than any thing arising from the subsequent ones. Man finds the way to get over this much easier than woman; but she can find it too; and when she does, she never fails to excel him in his favourite vice, inconstancy. When she has once broke the formidable barrier, reputation, the way is as open and as inviting to her as to her lover; and after this no more of constancy.

Wives, unless of very abandoned principles indeed, would be faithful to their husbands though no laws commanded it; and even in the first criminal amour the women are very seldom false, unless under extremely great provocation: after the second, they give constancy to the winds, and never afterwards suffer it to be troublesome to them.

The whole truth seems to centre in this, that people accustomed to roving are more likely to break through an engagement than those who are not; and that if there be any superior merit in either sex under the same circumstances, the men have it.

We have seen many lovers, beside this Frenchman, who persisted in an intrigue after it ceased to be convenient; but never knew so much as one woman who, after two or three attachments of this kind, was not the first to break under such circumstances, and did not invariably prefer her interest to what she called her passion. Men will retain a thousand good qualities during a course of libertinism, and at any time, during its period, find themselves capable of the firmest attachment to a woman of merit: the women, on the contrary, when they fall into the same course, become insensible, incapable of real passion, interested, disingenuous, and, indeed, attempt no greater merit than that of a well acted dissimulation.

I can-

I cannot better conclude this paper than with an original letter from a woman of this stamp, sent not long since to an intimate acquaintance of mine, who had been wise enough to discern infinite merit in her, and fool enough to suppose her capable of returning a passion which was worthy of it, and indulged to the most enthusiastic height.

After a month spent in all the transport love could bestow upon them, the Lady found her ardour growing toward a period: she had denied him the liberty of remaining with her one night, with a great deal of dark suggestion and melancholly preface: the next morning he received the letter, for the sake of which the story has been mentioned. It runs thus:

*I Need not inquire after your repose: my own tortures inform me what you suffer.—Endeavour to forget me! for I am torn from you this instant!—Fate was averse to our union; it is now satisfied. I lose you for ever. This moment I go into the country: after that can heaven, or hell, reward or punish!*

*Would I were married to you! But I know I am mad when I indulge the thought of it.*

*Remember, I adore you. But if you have pain in that recollection, I conjure you bury it in oblivion, as well as the very idea of,*

*My soul's only bliss!*

*Your lost, but everlastingly devoted,*

H. B.—

Would one imagine this could be counterfeit? Yet certain it is that the Lady had the hand of a new lover in her lap while she was writing it, and had only begged he would give her a moment to dismiss a troublesome fool that was eternally pestering her with his visits.

So low sinks woman when she loses the sense of virtue. What a warning ought such a story to be to every unexperienced man not to fix his heart where it is impossible to have lasting happiness. Innocence  
alone

alone can be the source of permanent felicity, either to the person who enjoys, or him who is to be situated within the influence of it.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 9.

*Who sees with equal eye, as Lord of all,*

*A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.* POPE.

IT has been a common observation among the curious and inquisitive part of mankind, that in investigating one subject, there often is thrown new light upon another. Something quite unexpected starts up in the course of the enquiry, and the accidental discovery is often of more importance than the original business of the research. It is in this light that we see the infinite use of experimenting to a careful and attentive man scarce any one observation of this kind ever passed without its use, without some addition to science; however much it may have failed in regard to the purpose it was instituted to serve.

A very singular instance of this is the occurrence that is to be the subject of this paper. The extreme clearness and tranquility of one of the mornings of the last week, had carried me out on my accustomed walk somewhat earlier than usual, into Hyde-park: the grass was spangled with ten thousand frozen dew-drops, which as the sun darted his slant beams against them, gave, by their varied reflections, all the colours of the rainbow; and represented nothing less upon the green floor, than a pavement covered with brilliants.

The edges of the little ponds were frozen; and as I cast my eye on a sheltered corner of one of them, there appeared something of a very beautiful regularity in the frozen rime that rose above the surface of the ice. I am an universal admirer of the works of the

the

the creator, and never am unprovided of a convenience for carrying home any thing that seems to demand peculiar attention, or to promise something new: I carefully packed up a portion of this ice, with the rime upon it, between two parcels of the frozen grass, and hastened home to examine it.

What I had intended as the business of the enquiry was, whether the beautifully ramose figures into which this rime had concreted, were or were not referable to any of the known figures of the natural flakes of snow.

To be ascertained of this I cut off a small portion of the ice, with its ramifications on it, and laid it on a plate of glass before one of Scarlet's double microscopes. Tho' I had brought it safely home, my purpose here was frustrated: I had the caution to make the observation in a room where there had been no fire; but the whole expanse of the air was so warm by this time, that the delicate fibres of my icy efflorescence melted to water before I could adapt the glasses for the observation: the more solid ice that had been their base, thawed instantly also into water, and the whole became a half-round drop of clear fluid on the plate.

I was taking my eye from the observation when I accidentally discovered motion in the water, and could discern some opaque and moveable spots in it, the glasses calculated for examining the structure of so comparatively large a body as the piece of ice, were by no means fit for the viewing these infinitely more minute objects; I adapted magnifiers of greater power, and when the drop of water was thus swelled into a sea for my observation, I could distinctly observe that it swarmed with living inhabitants. The extreme minuteness and delicate frame of these tender animalcules, one would imagine must have rendered them liable to destruction from the slightest injuries; but, on the contrary, it appears from experiment, that they are, in reality, hardy beyond expression: it has been already proved by that excellent naturalist Mr. Turbeville Needham, that the heat of boiling water

water will not destroy the tender frame of those minute eels that occasion the blight in corn; and here is an additional proof that animalcules of vastly finer structure and minuter parts, are not to be hurt by being frozen up and embodied in solid ice, to them so solid adamant, for whole nights, probably for whole weeks together.

The discovery of animals in a fluid thus produced, was matter of sufficient admiration; but the inquisitive mind knows not where to stop: I put on yet more powerful glasses, that I might not content myself with barely seeing that there were animals in the water, but might examine their parts.

Nature is pregnant with subjects of admiration. These glasses, at the same time that they discovered to the eye the amazing structure of the first mentioned animalcules, produced to view myriads of other smaller ones of different forms and kinds, which had been invisible under the other magnifiers; but which were now seen sporting and rolling their round forms about, in a thousand intricate meanders.

How great the power; how unbounded the beneficence of him, who, not to leave the least part of space unoccupied by what may be happy in it, has created such innumerable series of beings, invisible to us; nay, which if twenty thousand times larger than they are, would still be invisible to our unassisted eyes! How infinite the wisdom that has provided for them all! the mercy that gave them being, did it but to give them happiness, and would not leave them unprovided of any thing necessary.

I was examining the larger, first-discovered animalcules, which appeared Colossi to the rest, and were rolling their vast forms about in the sea of liquor, like whales in the ocean; when one of them expanding the extremity of its tail into six times its former circumference, and thrusting out all round it an innumerable series of hairs, applied it closely and evenly to the surface of the plate, and fixed itself firmly by means of it in its place.

In

In an instant after, the whole mass of the circumjacent fluid and all in it was in motion about the head of the creature; on directing my eye that way, the cause appeared evidently enough: the animal had thrust out as it were two heads, in the place of one; and each of these was furnished with a wonderful apparatus, which, by its incessant rotatory motion, made a current in the water about it; and, in consequence of that, brought it in successive quantities, full of the lesser animals under the mouth, which was placed between the two seeming heads, so that it took in what it liked of those unhappy creatures for its food. The motion and the current of the water continued till the insect had thus satisfied its hunger, when the whole became quiet again; the two protuberances that appeared like heads were drawn back and disappeared, the real head assumed its wonted form, the tail became loose from the plate, and recovered its pointed shape, and the animal rolled about as wantonly as the rest of its brethren.

While I kept my eye upon the object, many other of the animalcules of that same species performed the same wonderful operation: The appearance was wholly like that of a pair of wheels, such as those of a water-mill, in continual motion, and forming a successive current: but a strict examination soon explained the apparatus, and shewed that it consisted only of six pairs of arms, capable of expansion and contraction in their breadth, and of very swift movement. These the creatures kept in a continual motion, like that of opening and shutting the human hand: this movement naturally described a part of a circle, and as the creature always expanded them to their full breadth, as it shut them, and contracted them to their utmost narrowness again, as it drew them up, they drove the water forcibly before them in the closing, and were brought back to their open state without much disturbance to the current.

How wonderful an apparatus is this for the service of an animal, a thousand of which would not together

ther be equal to a grain of sand in bigness ! Animal-  
cules of this kind have been occasionally seen before  
by naturalists ; but the mechanism has never been at  
all understood ; the apparatus about the head has  
been declared to consist of real wheels, and the crea-  
ture has been thence called the wheel-animal. It  
ought to have occurred to these gentlemen, that the  
wheel they imagined in this part could not perform  
its continued and unchanging rotatory motion unless  
detached ; and that if detached from all other parts  
of the animal it could not be nourished.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 10.

*Scilicet omne sacrum mors importuna prophanat.*

**E**XAMPLES of uncommon virtues in princes  
are frequent in the histories of past time ; but  
while we recollect that they have been, in general,  
written by flatterers, they strike us with less veneration  
for the names affixed to them, than relations in which  
the historians appear more disinterested.

We know, that while a descendant is on the throne,  
there never can want motives to the immortalizing the  
name of some of the line of heroes in the ancestry ;  
and while we recollect too, that there is no life so bad  
but, at one period or other of it, there may have hap-  
pened some incident, which, under the address of an  
artful pen, might make a fair story, we are in suspense  
as to the truth. We are in the right to place but  
little dependence on characters, in regard to which  
the distance of time robs us of the means of knowing  
any thing more than the writer pleases to tell us ; and  
where the silence of history on the subject gives us no  
means of knowing that, otherwise than as he delivers  
it.

When

When facts are related, almost at the very period of time in which they happened; when the persons who read the accounts are those who also saw the events, and blessed the effects of them; when interest can have no existence in the breast of the writer; and when, if it could, justice herself would clip the wings of flattery; more credit will be paid to the encomium by the living, and more dependence placed on it by their posterity.

While every eye laments a nation's loss: while every heart, but yesterday, elate with the prospect of a King ripe in years and judgment, before he mounted the throne; long remaining on it a blessing to his people, and training up, under the influence of his own great example, an infant sovereign through the same paths of virtue, to the same heroic height, to place him as mature upon the throne himself should quit, now melts with sorrow at the momentary change; while under the apprehension of a minor King, every Briton adds double ardour to the prayers it sends to heaven to continue long to us the great origin of all these virtues; shall not one mouth be open to point out to posterity what were those virtues we lament, we reverence, and of which we pray for a successive series?

Triumphs in war are the general source of praise in the lives of monarchs, as recorded to us by their historians; but these are not, at this period of time, of the number of those incidents that make a nation happy; the gaining new dominions, by unpeopling the old ones, the acquisition of more subjects, at the expence of slaughtering one half of those who were such, never could indeed deserve the pompous praises that have been bestowed on them; and, at this time, are not only unjustifiable but impracticable. Virtues of a gentler kind are now the proper ornaments to a throne: and while we could not ask it of a Prince to make us great or happy, but only to continue us so, how glorious a source of praise had we to heaven, till this fatal event, for having inspired with all the social, all the domestic, or to call them by a new, but surely

surely an expressive name, the humane virtues, a Prince who was to receive the care of continuing us happy, from ancestors who had already made us great.

A just ambition, a thirst of glory from good actions, has been at all times revered as one of the greatest virtues in a prince; but heaven has shewn us one, who could look down upon such secondary praises; who could do every thing that the ambitious would be inspired by that principle to execute, without deigning to accept its reward: to whom a consciousness of doing things worthy honour, was in the place of fame; who loved virtue because she was virtue, not because she was the parent of renown.

To be wise is an honour of the first rank in human life, but to be able to listen to wisdom is a greater; while we are sensible that we are weak, uncertain, fallible creatures, obstinacy in opinion ought to be banished from every heart that but pretends to knowledge; yet who that has command can bear with contradiction? Those who had not the honour and happiness to know this ever to be lamented Prince, perhaps would find it difficult to answer the question; but whoever has had an opportunity to be of any the least of his councils, must have found that though his own opinion usually was the just one, he was the last to give it, and was the first to enter into the merit of the reasonings of such as differed from it.

Those who are placed above the calamities and distresses of human nature in its ordinary sphere, seldom can feel for others: humanity, that honour to our nature, is, in a manner excluded from their breasts: and if they relieve, it is because they are told 'tis generous to do so. Here was a heart that felt for every thing that it knew felt for itself: that therefore did ten thousand times the common acts of beneficence, because its sense was open to ten thousand times as many objects of it.

Princes, of all men, usually appear least what they truly are: the necessary arts of courts, as they are called,

called, forbid it; and sovereigns are told, that when they are most known they are least honoured. Where the real sentiments of the heart are such as might be mended, this may perhaps be right; but those who were about this great example of sincerity, will never forget that an honest openness of soul, that called dissingenuity a crime, gave a new force to every thing he said: that an unconstrained and unaffected plainness declared his sentiments on every thing he spoke of; and while it shewed to every one what he was, compelled every one to love, while they adored him.

Every body about him was happy; and the benevolence of his own heart gave him a greater joy in the conferring it thus on others, than they had in receiving it: the tranquillity and cheerfulness of his equal mind transfused itself into every one who was near him; every man became a Prince who felt the influence of his being so; and himself never remembered that he was one, when the husband, the parent, or but the friend, reminded him of their claim to his attention. Whenever royalty came smiling to his thoughts, it was not as cloathed in purple, or as surrounded by guards, that kept the world at distance; it was not as the source of power, the right of commanding millions; but as with hands at once open to give, and full of means of giving; as sued to not in vain by merit overlooked, by virtue in distress; as the means of making millions, who deserved it, happy.

He had knowledge without ostentation: greatness without pride: compassion without weakness: whatever is good, and whatever is great, in human nature, were united in him; mutually softening, and exalting one another; both were eminent in every action, neither was greatest in any. To have been his counsellor, were to have been his friend; to have been his subjects, were to have been his children.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. II.

*Jovis omnia plena.*

VIRGIL.

**I**T has been the professed business of the several successive accounts I have given of my morning's contemplations, to evince, that every object which occurs to the eye, in its observation of the works of nature, brings with it a proof of that greatest and most essential of all truths, the existence of a God: happy ought we to esteem it, that we have such abundant conviction of so important an article of belief; but it had been yet more happy for us not to have had it, if we stop here; if we content ourselves with a cold confession of the existence of a deity, without employing one thought farther on the subject; without being at the pains to enquire of our own reason why he created us, and what it is that he expects of us.

The sense of our own dependance on others will instruct us in a thousand duties that we owe to them, without any farther consideration than that of our own present advantages from it; but there is, prior to this, prior indeed to all others, a duty to him whom we have been taught to acknowledge as the sovereign of all this. From a sense of which it is, that the social obligations become, from prudence, virtue.

The man who considers how important an article of our lives religion is, must tremble when he sees the almost infinite diversity of forms under which it appears in different places. Man's dependance on some superior power, is a truth so evident, indeed, that the blindest, the most barbarous, of all nations have not missed it; but when the next great principle has been wanting. When the fordid ideas of the institutions of worship have not risen to this first cause, as  
the

the just object of it, how wild, how unnatural, how contemptible, have been the forms they have thrown it into? the sun, the apparent giver of life to the world; and the poisonous reptile, the serpent armed with death, have been equally raised to the rank of deities: the insect of the dunghill, and the potherb in the garden, have been the objects of the profoundest veneration; what a man would trample on in his path, what he would eat at his table, he fell on his knees before in the place of worship: nor is there almost any thing so high or low, so exalted or so mean, so useful or so destructive to mankind, that has not, at some period of time, in some part of the world, had divine honours paid to it.

These are, however, the effects of superstition only in the lowest understandings: nor has there been one the least spot of the globe where they have been cultivated, into which, at one time or other, a juster notion of the Deity, and instructions for a rational worship of him, have not been carried. In regard to the rest, the more civilized and more enlightened parts of the world, though worship wears in many things a strangely different face, there yet are several of the most essential points in which all people are agreed; the belief of one supreme One God, the author of all things; of his providence and love toward mankind; of the immortality of the human soul; and of a reward in a future state for good actions, and a punishment for bad ones; is equally acknowledged of all; and as a consequence of these, religion, a certain form and profession of praying to, of honouring and of serving that God whom they all acknowledge to have the power of all things, is as natural and as universal.

The several religions in the enlightened part of the world, are all branches from this general root; they have all set out upon the same first plan; all have established themselves a credit by holy mission, by prophets, and by miracles; the true by real ones, the false by pretended.

They

They have all had the same apparent beginning, all the same natural advantages; all have been humble, little, and followed only by a few at first, and have raised themselves to their succeeding reputation by their truth, and by the sanctity or by the courage of their first professors. All have agreed, that the Deity may be invoked or appeased by prayers, by vows and offerings; all have agreed too, that humiliation, a sense of our own weakness, was a first step toward the obtaining his peculiar protection; and the true have established little more as necessary to this than the paying a proper reverence to his instructions, and to those by whom he has communicated them.

Error never fails to carry what it meets with just and right, beyond those bounds, into extravagance and contradiction: humiliation could not be established as a necessary ingredient of worship by true religion; but it must be immediately carried by the false ones into pain and punishment. Forgetting that God created men to be happy, these people have attempted to recommend themselves to his more immediate protection, by making themselves and others miserable: they have devised strange tortures by which to address themselves to him; beating and even cutting their own flesh, are among the number of the slightest of them; and, in general, they seem to have set out upon the principle, that nothing could be more acceptable to him than the voluntary misery and ruin of his creatures. How inadequate, how dishonourable, an idea this of him who created every thing in goodness!

Sacrifices, in general, were evidently of this origin; those instituted from the immediate command of his own mouth, and meant to figure to men what themselves had incurred, and what justice required that themselves should suffer, were but few, and had only beasts for their objects; beasts that must have perished otherwise, about the same time, for the service of the table. But no sooner had true religion established these, than the false ones, to go a step be-

yond them, set on foot that greatest of all horrors to the imagination, human offerings.

Offenders, whose lives were forfeit to the laws of their country, were the first of these, afterwards captives in war, after these natives, and brethren, and, in fine, the very children of the sacrificers.

The Scythians, for many ages, sacrificed one of their own country at certain appointed periods, under the pretence of sending him as a messenger to their God Xamolxis, to tell him what they wanted: Amestris, the mother of Xerxes, buried alive fourteen of the noblest youth of the country at one act of devotion: The Carthaginians and Gauls sacrificed, on even trivial occasions, children to Saturn; and, to add to the brutality of the action, made it an essential point, in the offering, that the parents should be present: the Lacedæmonians whipped their sons to death in their adorations of Diana, and would not permit them even to seem dissatisfied with dissolution under such tortures. The Turks, very early after the death of Mahomet, established the cutting and disfiguring themselves, as the great means of pleasing him: and in the East Indies the first Christian missionaries found it a constant custom of the natives to cement the images of idols with the blood of children.

What idea could the institutors of these doctrines have of God, whose creation of man could not be esteemed an act of kindness, unless he intended him to be happy: whose bringing all things into life was but the effect of his unbounded beneficence; who has not left the smallest drop of water vacant of its inhabitants, but has filled it with ten thousand animals, whose joy in their existence speaks as highly in honour of his goodness, as their existence does of his power!

Could these men, had they viewed his infinite perfections in this light, have profaned his altars with cruelty! Could they have been mad enough to think to please him with acts of injustice and inhumanity?

to render themselves acceptable to him by the blackest of all crimes? They would have known that if they had offended him with their guilt, they could not appease him with greater: that if they had awakened his anger by robbery, they could not allay it by murder.

How infinitely juster, even to the eye of reason alone, must that religion appear, that exacts the abandoning only of a crime as a proof of the repentance of it; and that repentance as the only means of pardon: that has now of a long time abolished the very sacrifice of the irrational creatures, and that can, even from its earliest foundation, while yet not perfected to its present glorious height, answer to the man who asks what he shall do to appease his offended creator? whether he shall sacrifice his first-born for his transgression? the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul? *He hath told thee, O man, what thou shalt do, and what hath the Lord thy God required of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk uprightly before him.*



THE INSPECTOR. N. 12.

*Black, but such as in esteem,  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem.*

MILTON.

ONE cannot look out into the world, in these days of universal black without observing, in the countenances of a number of the people one meets with, a variety of emotions, very foreign to those solemn and rational ones, which people in their senses ought to feel, and which it is sufficiently evident the far greater number do feel on the unhappy occasion.

In one man's face one may read the mortification of a new embroidered suit laid by for half a year; his lowring brow seems to say, with a peevish earnestness at every instant, *it will be tarnished*: in another, one may read the honest dissatisfaction of having been compelled into increasing his taylor's bill when he did not intend it: and in a third, it is easy to discover, by the self-satisfied shrug, as much as if we heard him say, though the foolish custom of the world would not let me rise to emulate the beaux in lace and embroidery, this accident has sunk them to my cut, and we are all now upon the level.

How must the man who has at heart the loss that commands this external shew, contempt, and almost detest, such ungrateful, such unfeeling miscreants! If a private loss has been always judged sufficient to put the family into a grave habit, surely we are all of a family in regard to this public one; and not a man of us but must acknowledge he may, he ought, to be affected by it as much, alas! perhaps much more, than by the death of a relation.

This custom of mourning is universal throughout all the nations of the world, that wear any clothes at all, and surely it is proper. What can be more natural, than for the man who has lost what was dear and valuable to him to retire from company, to take no care of his person, nor regard to his appearance? dress is of no use but to render people decent or agreeable to others; and the man who avoids company will therefore naturally be led to neglect it. This seems to have been the origin of mourning: the contriving grave habits was a natural improvement upon this in the more civilized nations; but the carrying this improvement into ornamental ones, is surely out of character, and out of reason.

In the East there are some nations in which it is the custom to pay respect to the deceased by an utter disregard of dress: the relations never change their clothes at all, nor take any care of their persons; so that at the end of the appointed time of mourning they are  
suffi-

sufficiently ragged, and even half eaten up with vermin. This is a feeling mourning; but we must indeed allow it to be too nasty a one for the ladies, or for men who are to please the ladies.

The Jews of old time came the nearest to this primitive notion of mourning of any nation who had the least pretension to cleanliness, they used to let their beards and nails grow as they would, to wear a coarse sack-cloth next their flesh, and to beat their bosoms into the colour of their habits; as to the custom they had of tearing their garments, it might be distressful enough in the wilderness; but under the present state of the woollen manufacture, we cannot suppose it would be of any great consequence.

Those venerable sages the Greeks did not confine themselves to black clothes, as the Hebrews did, and as we continue to do on these occasions: they thought every thing out of the common road was a signal of some accident particularly distressful having happened to them; and, on this plan, if Aristotle, or Theophrastus were alive at this period, you would not have seen them in black, but they would probably have expressed their sorrow, the one by having his breeches reaching down to his ancles, and the other by his coat pockets being raised to his elbows.

At present most of the known nations agree in expressing their sorrow by the wearing their habits of some one peculiar colour: but as the Europeans, to express their detestation of the devil, paint him black, and the Indians, to convey the same ideas, make him white; so in different parts of the world different colours of the clothes are allotted to the expression of this passion.

Black, indeed, is pretty generally the colour for every body, under the degree of a King or a Cardinal, in Europe; but in *Æthiopia* it degenerates into brown; in *Egypt*, the universal colour for mourning is yellow; in *Turkey* it is blue, and among the Chinese, white; in *England* indeed we are not so rigid as they are in these unchristian countries: we allow of

two colours, black and scarlet: these also are two that very happily set off one another; but the combination of them is unluckily in a manner restrained to the military men among us by time immemorial.

It is no very forced reasoning to alledge, that what is mourning for one man is mourning for another; and that though custom may be against other people's wearing scarlet and black, exactly in the officers taste, as much as against wearing their uniform upon any other occasion, yet a number of other combinations of the same two colours may be contrived, that shall be equally decent and becoming. If we consider, that additionally to these, white is universally allowed as mourning, under proper restrictions; and remember, that all the great painters of antiquity executed those works, which were the admiration of so many succeeding ages, only with three colours, we must allow that it will reflect highly upon the genius of the modern race of tailors, if they do not contrive a sufficient variety of ornamental habits for us on this plan.

Not to mention the very considerable variation that may be made in the arrangement and disposition of the weepers, some gentlemen of my acquaintance intending to wear them in the dull old way, at the bottom of the cuff, some round the top, and others to carry them in figures down the front, by way of lace; I must not omit to give the due honour to a spirit of the first rank at George's, who proposes to wear a white hat on the occasion; though, at the same time that I mention this, it cannot but be allowed a copy from that great original the beau, who mourned for his wife in black ruffles.

My Godson, a very jemy fellow, who would do honour to a politer end of the town, than that he lives in, insists on it, that scarlet and black being allowed mourning, nothing can be deeper than red-heeled shoes; but there is a genius superior to all these to be commemorated, before whom the inventor of the muslin lace will never make any figure, even though  
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he should add to his plan, the carrying it down the seams. This Gentleman, we are credibly informed, intends to make his appearance at the first public shew of the centaur, in a French black suit, half covered with a scarlet embroidery.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 13.

*Vidit qui cuncta tuorum.*

STATIUS.

ONE of the greatest pleasures of my life is the study of nature in my morning's excursions: these are as regular and certain as so unstable a director, the weather, will permit; and are bent different ways for the sake of meeting with different series of objects. I am happy to perceive I have found the way to make them the sources of something agreeable to my readers, as well as to myself; and may venture to engage, that if they will continue in a humour to join with me in admiring nature, and reverencing its author, from the successive objects which the effects of these rambles lay before them, nature will not be wanting, on her part, with an inexhaustible variety.

A suspicion there is among people not acquainted with observations of this kind, however, which it is necessary should be absolutely removed: the accounts hitherto given of these things have been allowed pretty by people who were not willing to believe them true. It may be proper therefore, once for all, to say, on this occasion, that as they are nothing if not true, there never has been, nor ever shall be, so much as a stretched circumstance in any of them: I intend them as papers of information, and shall therefore never attempt to propagate error! but to speak most seriously of the subjects. I mean them also as an honest

nest tribute of praise, from a happy, a grateful heart, to him who made it so, and I can never dare to think of mixing falsities with such an offering.

The walks which give occasion to these peculiar papers are not always taken alone; I have a set of friends, pupils I may almost call them, one or other of whom is always with me in them, and who, though they engaged in the scheme with no farther view than to the advantage of air and exercise, have been, by degrees, won to the love of the same kind of observations; and, as their various fancy leads them, direct their researches, some to the animal tribe, others merely to the plants and trees, and some only to the subterranean treasures which the labour of the digger exposes here and there to view.

Nature teems with wonder in each of these branches, and each observer finds ample reparation for his labours.

One of my botanical pupils, to whom I had been the day before explaining the structure of some minute vegetables of the fungus kind, called upon me the evening before last, to tell me of a discovery he had just made of a new and beautiful plant of this lowly class, and begged I would direct the succeeding morning walk to the place of its growth.

He led me to a brook near Kentish-town, over a narrow part of which, an antique willow, declining under the infirmities of age, and robbed of half the earth that used at once to support and to supply nourishment to its roots, by the effects of the undermining stream, extended its slant trunk, and spread every way its tortuous branches.

The youth mounted the little ascent to the head of the tree with all that warmth that attends the pride of a discovery, and pointing to a drooping bough that hung immediately over the water, shewed me a multitude of his favourite objects.

I am such a veteran in these researches, that I discovered at first sight what they were; but as information always remains longest when it is the effect  
of

of the person's own observations, I took out my pocket microscope, and desiring the youth to cut off a piece of the branch on which what he called the plants were placed, separated one of them from it, and adapting it to the glass, gave it into his hand for examination.

It was not half a minute before he burst out into an exclamation, "How have I been deceived! as I am alive, the egg of some animal!"

While he was speaking, I had fixed my eye upon a fly employed on another part of one of the branches, already loaded with these bodies, in a manner that perfectly explained what they were.

I led him to the properest place for making the necessary observations, and we had the pleasure to see the whole process of their formation. The creature presently applied the extremity of her tail, to which, at that instant, there hung a drop of a glutinous fluid, close to the branch. She by this means lodged a particle of liquid glue, as it were on its bark: from this, raising her hinder part very slowly to the height of three quarters of an inch, she drew after her a thread of the liquid, which almost immediately hardened in the air into a firm and solid substance, capable of supporting itself erect. She paused a few moments, while it acquired a sufficient firmness for her purpose, and then deposited upon its summit an egg of an oblong figure, milk-white in colour, and covered with the same gluey moisture. The egg became fixed in an instant on the top of its slender pedestal, and the fly went on depositing more in the same manner.

A cluster of these eggs, regularly supported on pedicles of the length of small pins, and arising each from a broad shining base on the bark, had given my young botanist the idea of a set of little *fungi*; but on examining the first that came to hand before the microscope, it proved to be big with life: an egg just disclosing a fine white worm.

Nature has so provided for the winged tribe of insects, that they all of them pass a part of their lives, and that indeed much the greatest part, in form of reptiles; their wings, their eyes, and the rest of their wonderful apparatus, are too delicate and tender to be trusted to the air immediately from the egg; the creature is therefore covered with a peculiar skin, under which it wears the form of a maggot, a worm, or a caterpillar, till, at the destined period, when all the parts are grown firm and ready to perform their several offices, the perfect animal appears in the form of its parent, out of the disguise of its reptile state.

The worms that are thus produced from the eggs of beetles, and are the disguised forms of the beetle brood, feed on wood; the caterpillars, which are the reptile state of the butterflies, on leaves; and the worms of several other flies, on several different substances. It is the fate of the worm hatched from the egg of this peculiar species, to live under water, protected by the covert of a clay shed in the bank, and there to feed on lesser insects that inhabit the mud: when the time of its appearing under the fly-state approaches, it leaves the water; and the perfect insect bursts from its case on dry land.

The life of the creature, in this winged state, is but of a few hours duration: the propagating the species is all the office to which it is destined, in the economy of the animal: the female, when impregnated, is prompted by nature to get rid of her load. Instinct points out to her the necessity of the young to be hatched from these eggs, finding their support in the water; but how is the parent animal to provide for the getting them there? Should she attempt to lay her eggs upon the surface of that fluid, she would probably be drowned in the attempt; or could she lay them there, their thin coats would be rotted by the moisture before their time; or the eggs, could they resist this attack, would be a prey to fish, and a thousand other devourers.

Nature,

Nature, the God of nature, whose tender mercies are over all his works, unnoticed of whom not a sparrow, not the meanest reptile, falls, instructs the parent animal to suspend them in this artful manner, on trees that grow over waters; were they lodged close upon the bark, they would be in the way of mites, and a thousand other destroyers; and if they escaped these, and came favourably to the hatching, the young worms might crawl about upon the branches till they perished of hunger, not knowing that the source of food for their necessities was below. Whereas, in this careful disposition of them, they are out of the reach of all the insect tribe that crawl upon the tree; and are so situated, that the worms no sooner are hatched from them, than they naturally and necessarily fall into the water, where every thing necessary is provided for them.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 14.

— *Rura quæ Liris, quæta*  
*Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.*

HORACE.

ONE of my accustomed morning's walks led me, a few days since, before I was aware, to the skirts of a little hamlet, so near this great town, that I was amazed to find such a wide difference as there appeared between the manners and dispositions of its inhabitants, and those of the same rank with us. Weary with a longer exercise than I had intended, or indeed used myself to, the unexpressive dawbing of a board, supported by the rough natural branch of a tree, invited me in to taste the pleasures of rest, which there is no way to know but through fatigue; and to feast on the homely fare so poor a cottage afforded, with

more relish than any thing but air and exercise can give, to the most elegant dishes.

I had entered the humble door, not high enough to admit a man erect, at the time when the mid-day sun had sent in also the neighbouring wood-men to eat the chearful bread of industry, and rejoice at the remembrance of half the labour of the day being over. It was with an uncommon pleasure that I paid my attention to the rude civilities, and unornamented compliments of the rustics to one another. A perfect harmony reigned among them; each was happy in the society of his fellow-labourer and some of the severest things that have been said on the subject of solitude, dropped from the homely mouth of one of them, who had been engaged for the whole month before to toil without a companion.

The repast was short, and the company immediately returned with new vigour to their employment: only two persons staid behind; these were a tanned hedger, and a nut brown shepherdess, whom it was easy to see love had kept a little longer than the rest from their afternoon's engagements. The honest simplicity of this scene of courtship surpassed every thing that has been painted in pastoral: the youth was earnest; the nymph was afraid of complying, not averse to it: I attended to his intreaties, which were honestly earnest; and to her fears, among which suspicion I found had no place. I envied the happy innocents, in whose engagements ambition or interest had no share; whom no address or artifice had brought together; who were engaging in an eternal union merely because they mutually liked it; and were carrying to the bridal bed lusty health and peace of heart, which must give a transport to the naked, the hard couch of indigence, that down and velvet never can be conscious of.

After an hour's conversation they walked away, arm under arm, together; and as I passed by an aged oak that bordered on the path-way, in my return homeward, I found the utmost extent of their journey  
had

had carried them no farther. They were under its shade continuing the conversation, which my company had before put some restraint upon. As I passed by them, I could not help thinking I read in her blushing countenance every circumstance of that beautiful picture of Lord Roscommon of his rural maid.

*Whose little store her well-taught mind can please,  
Not pinch'd with want, nor clogg'd with wanton ease :  
Who free from storms that on the great ones fall,  
Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all :  
No care but love can discompose her breast,  
Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best ;  
While on the grass her bleating charges lie,  
One happy lover feeds upon her eye :  
Not one whom parents stern decrees impose,  
But whom Love's self has for her lover chose :  
Under the fav'rite oak's o'ershading boughs,  
They feed their passions with repeated vows ;  
And while a blush confesses how she burns,  
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns.  
Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,  
And while they live their flames can never die.*

How enviable a state ! how infinitely above the utmost pride and pomp of the nuptials of a Prince ! how unanswerable a proof that innocence alone can dispense blessings of the highest rank, where even the very necessaries of life are almost wanting !

The recollection gave me a distaste to every thing that we call pleasure. In how contemptible a light did the comparison set the jollity and noise of the drunken rioter, of the distracted gamester, or of the expensive libertine, who purchases, at the expence of half his fortune, the favour of a mistress that hates him, because she sees herself sold to him ; that abuses his bed with a new intrigue every time she is assured of his sleeping out of it ; and in the end will not fail to repay with diseases the beneficence of him who had

had raised her above the necessity of prostituting herself to them !

I grew out of love even with the more innocent diversions ; and though in the morning I had promised myself no common pleasure from seeing the greatest player that ever the English, or perhaps any stage produced, in one of his capital parts, I sacrificed it to the mere contemplation of the fields and hedges. I indulged, as long as daylight lasted, in a reverie of indolently successive images, under the shade of a tall elm, which thrust its roots into the banks of a little brook that, humble and unnoticed, as it crept along in this place, at a mile's distance I knew was to swell into a vast expanse, and be the pride and ornament of the gardens of a King. From such humble beginnings do we see the height of human splendour rise, unconscious that it is to sink again into the same obscurity.

There is a pleasure in loitering away an hour or two in such a scene as this, that few know who have not often repeated it : It is impossible to enter upon such a retirement, after the bustle of a day or two of business, without feeling a tranquil delight, that inspires one with a desire to remain in it, if it were possible, for ever ; without throwing one's self on the green couch that nature spreads to tempt to it, and as one looks up among the waving branches of the trees about the place, saying to one's self, with all the sweet enthusiasm of poetical indolence,

*Here let me, careless, and unthoughtful, lying,  
Hear the soft winds about me flying,  
With all the wanton boughs dispute :  
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,  
Nor be my own voice mute :  
Thou silver stream that roll'st thy waters near,  
Gilt with the sun-beams here and there,  
On thy enamel'd bank I'll walk,  
And see how pleasingly they smile, and hear,  
How chirpingly they talk.*

A ramble

A ramble of this kind is a pleasure many more people would take, than do at present, if they were sensible what it was. There is something in a clearer air and solitude, that puts people, accustomed to smog and hurry, into a humour to be pleased with every thing they see: nature abounds with objects that deserve attention, an infinite variety of them disclose themselves in succession in a retirement of this kind, and the least of them gives a pleasure to the mind in this state, that scarce any thing else is equal to; the least of them sufficient to raise the rational mind to heaven in songs of praise to him who created them, and who gave the eye to observe, and the heart to be delighted with them.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 15.

*And he that tells a fool a tale,  
Had need to find him ears.*

**I**T is very justly observed by the old poet, to whom I am obliged for this motto, that a good story never goes off with the proper *eclat*, unless there be some degree of apprehension in the hearer: the observation is not limited to a story, but will hold every whit as true of a song.

I have two very substantial reasons, public charity and personal indulgence, for being a constant attendant on the annual musical entertainment at the Haymarket, the profits of which are applied to the relief of the families of those eminent persons in this science, who have died unrewarded by our fathers, though their compositions continue to give us raptures on every repetition.

At the last of these, exhibited a few days since, the desire of hearing distinctly, and of being as much out  
of

of the way of every avocation as possible, had carried me down into the obscurest corner of the pit; that close under the stage on the left-hand.

I was here out of the way of all the bustle of the pit, the formality of the boxes, or the impertinence of the gallery. Secure in distance either way, I could laugh at the blunted force of the keenest glances, directed by eyes that seldom have been employed in vain, from the front of the stage; and see, without emotion, the unadorned, the placid face of L——, rising above the sable line in the boxes, like the pale but radiant moon, emerging from a whole horizon of black clouds.

It was not long, however, before I found more senses ought to have been secured by distance, as well as that of seeing. I had the misfortune to be posted just below a box in which were two young Ladies, the one an inhabitant of the lower end of Throgmorton-street, the other just arrived out of the country.

I was soon let into the nature and advantages of my situation, by the Town Lady's observing, during the overture, that if it were not for seeing the company, she should have liked the play better than this performance. The first act was taken up in an uninterrupted relation of what the Country Lady was informed was the news of the town: a dissertation of ruffs, with two or three digressions on long hoops and black handkerchiefs, took up the time of the second; and the third was wholly devoted to the use and abuse of grey powder.

In the course of this act, while Frasi was singing one of the best songs in the world, better than ever it was sung before, there sprung up a dissention between these Ladies, which almost grew into an absolute quarrel, on the latter subject, and particularly concerning the toupee of Miss Ash, which the Country Lady insisted was decorated with white, and the City Beauty with grey powder.

The two voices grew so loud on this important occasion, that the performer's was wholly drowned by them : I had, till this period, kept my patience ; but philosophy itself now urged that virtue in vain upon me. I could not refrain from telling the Ladies, that though they had convinced me they had not one ear between them, I had two.—Alas ! I had better have submitted to the first mischief ; the consequence of this declaration was a laugh louder than their conversation, and this was continued to the period of the song. I am apt to believe these Ladies would have been somewhat more upon their guard, if they had imagined they were directing this torrent of I won't say what, to the ear of the INSPECTOR : this, however, is a secret I should not, perhaps, have let them into, at this time, if they had not repeated the insult upon me yesterday morning at Ranelagh.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 16.

*And gives new graces while he copies old.*

DONNE.

**I**N an age when a regard for literature is so little a fashion as in the present, it could not but be a very sensible pleasure to an INSPECTOR, who professes the feeling and interesting himself in every occurrence which regards that subject, to meet with the notices of so considerable a work as a translation and commentaries on the epistles of Pliny, by so considerable a person of rank and dignity as an Earl of Orrery.

I have always professed a resolution of giving praise where it appears to me to be deserved, to the meanest, as well as to the most carefully concealed writers ; and I hope no one will dispute with me the justice of paying the same tribute, when it is commanded on the  
same

same foundation, where the name and elevated rank of the author renders the obligation to the world the greater.

When I have once been guilty of flattering a Lord, or of being unjustly severe upon a beggar, I will give up all pretensions to impartiality; till then I shall flatter myself so far to suppose the world will receive with candour what is here said of any work, with whatever name to its title; since they may be well assured the very same would have been said of it, had no name at all appeared with it.

After this introduction to a paper, in which I shall say of the Earl of Orrery as an author, what others would, perhaps, have said of him as Earl of Orrery, I shall venture to affirm to my readers, that it is very long since I have had such perfect satisfaction from reading any book as from this.

The translation is at once wonderfully easy and exact; and it is to his Lordship's peculiar honour, in this just praise, that Pliny is the last of all the Roman authors of whom it could be supposed easy to make a version at once accurate and familiar: his diction is, in general, laboured, and his style every where concise: qualities that would have deterred many a master of ever so many languages from engaging in any attempt to render him out of his own. But these, instead of appearing to have been difficulties to this translator, seem to have been his peculiar reasons for undertaking the version; as they appear in his English with all the elegance of the original, but without the far greater part of that awkward stiffness that is so much its blemish.

The comments, though they make a very considerable part of the work, I am apt to believe have not had a single reader who has not wished them longer: they every where explain what might appear obscurities to many readers in the original, and carry the marks of a peculiar candour and ingenuity in them, which would not have failed to recommend them universally, without their other merits.

In

In order to enter properly into the spirit of these, we are first to enquire into the noble author's intent in writing them. Pliny had appeared to his Lordship one of the best and greatest men that any age had produced: his moral character had charmed him as one of the first in history: and his integrity of manners, his sweetness of disposition, and his inviolable friendships, had rendered him, in his Lordship's eye, a pattern worthy to be set up for the imitation of great and good men in all succeeding times. In this light his Lordship first gives us his general character, in an accurate and elegant account of his life; and afterwards proposes the qualities of his heart, expressed in these his writings, as a model for the example of his son. To him he dedicates the work; and to him proposes this great and good man as a guide through the various paths of life; by following whom he hopes to see him rise, as he nobly expresses it, a right honest, rather than a right honourable man.

The writings of one of the greatest men of all antiquity, proposed with so serious an intent, by so good a father, and so great a judge, cannot but be a lasting benefit to the world: the text answers the great end of the publication in a very happy manner, affording lessons of morality, and rules for judging of an infinite variety of events, applicable to every degree of life, from that of the Prince to that of the meanest peasant; but, as it is not in man to be free from error, this author, with his faults, though few, about him, might have been of ill effect in some circumstances, as well as of infinite good in others; and the more so under a recommendation of this solemn kind, from which his very vices, if not pointed out as such, might have been proposed as patterns of imitation. It is here the notes of this excellent commentator come in force, and it is evidently on this foundation, and to this purpose only, that they were written.

The virtues of Pliny are every where set in the fairest and strongest light in them; his conduct, when  
just

just and right, as it almost universally is, is warmly proposed for imitation; and his maxims of truth, virtue, and honour, are every where explained and enforced: on the other hand, wherever he is faulty, wherever vanity and ostentation, the most obvious blemishes in his character, get the better of his prudence, they are pointed out as errors in his conduct: and while the noble author tenderly laments the effects of them, he gives the most feeling of all admonitions against an imitation.

These, though the most glaring and frequent, are not, however, the only faults in this great character: there are passages in which he appears abandoned to rancour and hatred. A singular instance we have of this in his epistle on the death of the son of Regulus; but in this, and all other circumstances of a like kind, the noble author of this edition of his works, fond as he is of praising him where he deserves it, does not so much as attempt to palliate the error; but, as he had applauded him boldly on better occasions, censures him freely on these. By this judicious conduct, he makes even his vices contribute to the general plan of instruction from his character; the odium of these being as strongly pointed out, as the amiable nature of his better qualities.

The world, in general, I doubt not, will be wiser, as well as better, from the lessons inculcated in this excellent work; but there is a private acknowledgment due also in a particular manner from myself to this noble author, for his having set me a happy example of the manner in which I ought, if I would have my observations useful as well as agreeable to the world, to speak of the writings of my contemporaries.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 17.

*Love, of all joys the sweetest and the best.*

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

I HAVE studied you carefully, and I think I have discovered in you, what to me is the first of all human qualifications, an honest heart.

Though a woman, I am not angry with your severities ; nay, though a woman, I am not hurt by your reflexions on the conduct of an ungrateful creature of my sex, who devoted to a dungeon the man for whom she had long professed a fondness, on whom she had long depended for support. I am not so fond of my sex as to be an advocate for its follies, or its vices ; but, on the contrary, I shall always think you shew the most rational esteem for us, when you take most pains to weed out of our natures the very seeds of impertinence and vice.

After so free a declaration of my favourable opinion of you, I claim the benefit of those good qualities of which I allow you to be possessed, in my own cause : I apply to you, Sir, for your assistance and determination, in a circumstance on which, I am afraid, my eternal peace and happiness depend ; and I expect, I demand it of you, to be as serious, as sincere, as I am ; and before you pronounce your sentence, to weigh its consequences. I have no objection to your publishing what I lay before you : I rather wish it. Many a woman, for aught I know, may be in the same situation with myself, and while you think you are only advising me, you may, perhaps, be saving a thousand.

About

About two months since a Gentleman, unknown till then to any of our family, made an acquaintance with my father: since that time his visits have been frequent: his conversation, which has an unreservedness in it, that I do not recollect to have met with in any body's else, a freedom that knows no limits but those of decency, has rendered him a favourite with every one that has chanced to fall in with him at our house; he is become acquainted with all our acquaintance: and by the particular respect with which he speaks of me, is given to me by all of them for a lover.

I wish I had no better reason for telling you that he is so. He has ventured to declare it to me: nay, he has urged it with an earnestness that has made me often suspect him of deceit, when he has told me he had no design in it; no thought of injuring me by it. My fortune is considerably greater than he has a right to expect, and my person I have no reason to think him dissatisfied with, though my heart and my understanding are what he flatters me with saying he pays his adoration to.

How can I describe to you the anxiety of the first fortnight of this courtship? I will not be ashamed to tell you, that I love a man whom I find every body esteem; I dreaded every moment my father's discovering his addresses; the consequence of which I thought it easy to foretell from his prudence, and the inequality of our circumstances. With what transport did I afterwards feel this generous parent prefer merit to fortune, and by purposely overlooking his addresses to me, favour them!

I imagined every obstacle was now removed. Fool! wretch that I was! I flattered myself with expecting every moment his demanding my hand, where I did not even pretend to conceal the having given my heart. He saw the tacit encouragement my father gave him; he saw the too, too easy opportunities I threw in his way of declaring himself, and he made  
me

me doubly sensible of his passion, by resolutely suppressing every more powerful emotion of it.

A week passed in this strange state of anxiety, in almost every moment of which he was at once pleading his passion and declaring against it. I could not be a calm observer of so perplexed a scene, in which myself was principally concerned: I at length desired him to explain his mysterious conduct. He told me, and he immediately after repeated it to my father, that he could not with honour marry me: the frankness of this declaration has preserved his acquaintance in our family, where he is received, I think, with more esteem than ever. My relations suppose he is already married; I know he is not, and I think his reason for declining a proposal so much to his advantage is, that his heart is too much already engaged to an object that he knows to be unworthy of it.

I pity him almost as much as I do myself: I am afraid you, who are a less prejudiced judge, will condemn him, nay, will tell me I ought to hate him, for suffering me to deceive myself in my expectations.

He has hitherto continued his intimacy in the house, and would, if I could permit it, continue his unmeaning addresses to me. I know him too well to suspect him of but a thought injurious to my honour, and yet I dare not let him look at me, as if he had pleasure in doing it. The women of our family have long bid me beware of him: but I think I have now a better reason. I found the following lines in a paper that dropped by accident—was it by accident?—out of his pocket, as he passed by me yesterday morning in the garden.

*No more severely kind affect  
To put that lovely anger on:  
Sweet tyrant, if thou canst suspect  
Thy lover's eyes, yet trust thy own,*

*Aw'd*

*Aw'd by stern honour, watchful spies,  
Dull formal rules I'm forc'd t'obey :  
Like dungeon slaves my hasty eyes  
Just snatch a glimpse of chearful day :*

*Absent, the desert walks I view ;  
Here went Eliza, there she came :  
With tears my lonely couch bedew,  
And, dreaming, sigh Eliza's name.*

*Where is his soul? the women cry,  
The stupid lump! the lifeless earth!  
Where, say the men, his brisk reply,  
His crimson glass, and noisy mirth?*

*Hast thou not mark'd my burning kiss,  
My lawless looks, my bounding heart :  
How oft, when wild for farther bliss,  
All trembling from thy arms I start!*

*O spotless fair, too well I find,  
My passions strong, my reason frail :  
— Yet could I taint that angel-mind,  
And virtue lost, let love prevail!*

*No! down in shades below we'll rove,  
A glorious, miserable pair ;  
Gaz'd at through all the myrtle grove,  
For burning love, and chaste despair.*

*Say, if thou lov'st, did ever youth,  
That wish'd like me, like me endure?  
Dost thou not blame my simple truth,  
And wish my flame were not so pure!*

*In pity hate me, tempting fair!  
A happy exile let me fly!  
What feverish wretch his thirst can bear,  
And see the cooling stream so nigh?*

*O I shall all my vows unsay,  
If once I gaze, my blood will glow,  
This virtuous frost will melt away,  
And love's wild torrent overflow.*

Now,

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Now, Mr. INSPECTOR, I conjure you, determine for me. If his sentiments are like these, what am I to do? I am afraid the answer is too easy.

ELIZA.

See him no more.

The INSPECTOR.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 18.

*Nullum bonum Philosophia optabilius, nullum præstantius, neque datum est mortalium generi Deorum consensu neque dabitur.*

CICERO de Univer.

I HAVE always found that natural philosophy, when treated in an intelligible and unaffected manner, without the terms too generally brought into discourses on it, merely to shew that the author is acquainted with them, becomes as familiar, and as agreeable a subject of common disquisition, as any in the whole round of science.

Under this persuasion I shall venture to make a topic of this kind the subject of to-day's entertainment; and tho' I shall, on this occasion, contradict, at my first setting out, the common opinion of the world, in regard to a thing supposed universally known, I am in no doubt but I shall be able, in the short limits of this paper, to prove what I assert: and I am well convinced that, after that, none of my readers will continue in known error.

The *falling of the dew* is a phrase received in all languages, among all people, learned and ignorant; and all express by it their opinion, that those drops of water which we find in mornings and evenings on the grass and herbage of the fields, have descended from the

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Now,

the upper regions of the air. On the contrary I assert, not as an opinion, but as a certainty, that these drops of dew never, in this state, were higher above the earth than we see them, and that they do not descend from on high at all, but rise out of the earth, and never, as dew, fall to it again.

There is, indeed, no law in nature by which dew could be formed as it has been generally understood to be; but all the established doctrines of philosophy and mechanics concur in the production and formation of it on this plan. The earth is, to some considerable depth, always more or less moist: the action of the sun heats the earth's surface, and heat must raise that moisture up in vapour: the heat occasioned by the sun will continue, though in a more remiss degree, during the whole night; and while it continues, vapours will also continue to be raised. It is evident, therefore, that vapours are rising all day and all night from the earth. What rise in the day-time are dispersed and evaporated by the heat of the air, as soon as raised; and we see nothing of them, but what rise in the absence of the sun, and in a cooler state of the air form themselves into drops, according to the known laws of attraction.

Such then is the nature and origin of dew: it is water raised in form of vapour from the earth, in consequence of its being heated by the sun; it collects itself into drops on any thing proper to receive and retain it; or it hangs in the lower regions of the air, in form of a fog or mist, till the sun's rays evaporate and dissipate it.

Such are the assertions of the INSPECTOR in regard to dew. The facts, which led to, and will be found to support them, are these. The late Lord Petre, with whom I had the honour to enjoy a particular intimacy, had engaged me to spend a part of the last summer of his life at his house in Essex. He was as fond as myself of experiments that tended to some obvious purpose, and accompanied my observations during that whole period. One of these was an experiment in regard

regard to the quantity of dew suspended in the air at the different periods of the night. The manner of experimenting this, was by hanging up several bundles of tow, at different heights, in the air, and weighing them from time to time, as they became more and more wetted by it. We evidently found from this, that the dew impregnated the air in greater quantities in the beginning of the night than at any other time; the increase of moisture growing less and less to the morning.

Additionally to this, however, I discovered that those bundles of tow which had hung lowest, or nearest the earth, were wet sooner than those which were placed higher. From this circumstance I alledged, that the dew did not descend from the air, but ascend from the earth. The thought at first startled his Lordship; but we determined to give it a fair trial. We suspended a large square of glass flatwise, by a string, from a horizontal pole laid over the tops of two distant trees in the garden; and we found its lower surface became wet, sooner than its upper.

A large tree had, just at this time, been transplanted by this Nobleman's order, and was supported erect by three poles of thirty foot high, which were fixed with their tops at its trunk, and their bottoms at a considerable distance from its root, in the earth. A carpenter was employed to make grooves at three foot distance all the way up each of these poles, for the reception of plates of glass: a number of these plates, of four or five inches in diameter, were fixed by their edges in those grooves, and as they were so placed as not to obstruct the passage of vapours either from above or below to one another, we knew it must be easy, by observing which of these, and which surface of those was wetted first, to determine whether the dew rose or fell. The whole apparatus was fixed in the day-time, and the gardener's steps were placed near, for making the observation.

The evening proved windy, and I excepted against it, as improper for the observation; since it was evi-

dent the course of the vapours either way must be disturbed: the same objection held against many successive nights; at length there was a perfect calm one. We were up a great part of the night at the observation, repeating it occasionally on one of the posts by wiping the glasses. We found the under surface of the lowest plates of glass first wet, after that the upper surface of the same plates; but much less so; after these the lower surface of the second plates, then their upper; then the lower surface of the third set from the ground, and so on in perfect regularity.

When both surfaces of all these were thoroughly wetted, we mounted the steps, and examined the upper plates; all these we found perfectly dry; they continued so for some time, and afterwards they became gradually wet, one after another, from below upwards.

Nothing can be more evident than it is from these experiments, that the falling of the dew is an improper phrase; and the generally received opinion, which gave rise to it, a false one: the dew, in reality, ascends from the earth, in form of a thin vapour, and by the common laws of nature, which are invariable and unalterable, forms itself into the drops which we see hang on shrubs and plants, and which we have been used to suppose descended from the clouds.

If I imagined I should not be credited on my own assertion in this case, I could call in the testimony of Mr. Defay under very parallel circumstances: but, as I am always punctual in relations of facts on these occasions, *I claim the privilege of being believed*, till I have been once found not to deserve it.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 19.

*Corporis humani Chirurgus vulnera sanet,  
 Tu sanes animæ vulnera Christe meæ.  
 Vulneribus manuum sanes me Christe, tuarum :  
 Scilicet hic Opifex est ea sola manus.  
 Chirurghi tenera contrectant vulnera dextra,  
 Et relevant molli saucia membra toro.  
 Non teneram mollemve artem mea plaga requirit,  
 Vulneribus tolli vulnera nostra volunt :  
 Hoc constabit opus sudore & sanguine multo,  
 Verum sudore, & sanguine Christe tuo.*

I HOPE I shall not appear the worse writer for professing myself a sincere Christian. If there be any with whom this hope deceives me, I must submit to their censure, assuring them that I have more compassion for them than for myself on that account.

I fall into too frequent parties, as every man who mixes with general companies in this age must, where so solemn a subject as religion is never called up but to be derided; and as on those occasions I never am deterred by the numbers of the opposite party from standing up in its defence; God forbid I should ever be afraid to enter the lists in writing on the same subject, where my arguments, if they are of any force, will be of more extensive use, as they will fall under the observation of greater numbers of people.

I am called upon to do this, at this time, by almost innumerable private anonymous letters directed to me as INSPECTOR, some of them from persons who, tho' they cannot spell, dare to set themselves up as judges of things, many of them beyond the reach of the human understanding, even in its most exalted pitch; others come from men whom I must condemn by

praise, whom I must inform that they have convinced me they possess talents that scandalize the use they make of them.

To answer these particularly, would be to swell this paper into volumes of controversy; but to advance such general truths as will refute their objections, without doing them an honour they do not deserve, by publishing their papers, I flatter myself will be disagreeable to very few of my readers.

That the Christian religion, established by the Son of God himself, was unnecessary to the good of mankind, is one of the assertions of these writers, and therefore he concludes, no such religion was so established.

It appears to me, on the contrary, and I have ventured to assert as much before, that the relation between God and man, his creating us in mercy, and intending us to be happy, in consequence of our acting as we ought, implies a necessity of his revealing his will to us; and surely nothing could implant that will so strongly in our minds, or so perfectly convince us of its reality and truth, as its coming to us from so great an instructor.

One of the fathers, St. Jerom, I think, has very justly observed, that a Prince who had established a colony in a part of the world distant from his own dominions, and who intended to continue his protection to his people there, and to render them happy, would not, as soon as he had distributed their lands to them, leave them to become slaves to the next invader; or to shake off their obedience to him in very wantonness; he would, by repeated messages remind them of their duty, promise them rewards for observing it, and threaten them if they disobeyed it. He would send officers, vested with his immediate power, to direct them; and if all this failed, he would, before he gave them quite up to destruction, visit them in person.

Unquestionably there is truth in this; and shall we dare to suppose that what human prudence, and hu-  
man

man benevolence would do, omniscience, and the mercy of him with whom mercy is so eminent an attribute, will not arrive at it? What is there of all this that has not been done for man by his Creator? Nay, what but this has been done? Man has been originally told, and often reminded of his duty; prophets, inspired by the immediate mouth of God have been sent from time to time to him; and when all this has proved insufficient, the Son of God himself has come down among us; has established a religion holy beyond exception, pure without a blemish; has given us, in his own life on earth, an example of every thing we ought to follow; has left us laws and instructions, by the obedience to which eternal happiness is assured to us; and these not rigid and severe, but, as himself has expressed it, *the yoke is easy and the burden light*.

That there was once upon the earth such a person as Jesus Christ, is as certain an historical fact, as that there was such a person as Tacitus, who mentions him in his annals, as Tiberius Cæsar, in whose reign he was born, or as Pontius Pilate, under whose immediate jurisdiction he suffered. That his life was such, so faultless, so exemplary, as it is recorded to have been by his disciples and followers, is not once contradicted by that or by any other historian; and that he wrought amazing miracles, such as curing diseases with a word, and even raising the dead to life, is not denied even by the most violent enemies to his mission.

The very Jews at this time, among whom we know traditions are handed down in a surprisingly faithful and accurate manner, acknowledge that there was such a person, and that he wrought all those miracles which are recorded in the gospels; but they assert, in favour of their own unbelief, that this was all done without the assistance of any divine power, by the mere understanding their *Cabala*; and they even venture to add, that there are people among them now, who are able to do all the same things.

They do not pretend to deny, indeed, that Christ was born at the very time, in the very place, and under the very circumstances foretold by all their prophets, of the Messiah whom they expected; though, by an objection about parallel to the former, they would set aside his divinity, alledging, that a Saviour, a Messiah, was indeed born at that time, and in that place, but that this Jesus was not he: that he is another, and is still alive; but will not manifest himself to them because of their sins.

Such is the received, the acknowledged opinion of the state of this important case among the remains of the people of whom our Saviour was born, and by whom he was expected at the time of his birth. Their objections to the identity of the person, or to the manner of his performing the miracles recorded of him, are as much below an answer, as are the reasonings of the infidels among ourselves. For my own part, I cannot but confess myself as perfectly satisfied of the divinity of Jesus Christ, from the account the Jews all join in giving of him, and of their expectations of a Messiah, as I could be by any thing they could assert on the subject.

But we have greater, happier proofs of this important truth than this: his system of morality, the whole tenor of his doctrine, the disinterestedness of every part of his conduct, abundantly prove, that it was not for his own sake, but for ours, that he came down among us: that he intended us, though not himself, to be happy here as well as hereafter; and that, in every circumstance of our lives, to be all that our creator, or our fellow-creatures expect of us, we need but set him up as our great example, and follow him at an awful distance; that

*Longe sequere, & vestigia semper adora!*

Follow him at awful distance, and adore his footsteps!

applied

applied to his conduct on earth, will insure to us all his promises in heaven.

Upon the whole, the truth of the Christian religion is proved by all the arguments that could have force in proving any institution to be of divine origin. That some religion, dictated by the Creator himself, was, in the nature of things, to be expected; that it was even necessary, and that it would have been inconsistent with his very attributes not to have established it, is evident; and surely, it is at least as evident, from the nature and tendency of the doctrines of ours, and from a comparison of it with all other forms of worship, that if there be any true religion in the world, this is it.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 20.

— *Mediocribus esse Poetis*  
*Non Dii, non Homines, non concessere Camæna.*  
 HOR.

*Salva igitur res est, mediocribus esse Poetis*  
*Non licet, O Socii! sed licet esse malis.*

CASTING my eye this morning over a multitude of modern pamphlets, a collection made within the compass of the last two or three weeks, I found myself possessed of no less than thirteen poems, under the different names of *Elegies*, *Monodies*, *Threnodies*, and *Elegiac Pastorals*, on that solemn and affecting subject, the death of the late Prince of Wales.

There is nothing that, in general, shews the talents of different writers so much as their severally employing their genius on the same subject: it was with a view to the observing this diversity in the rhymers of the present period of time, that I devoted an hour

after breakfast, to the giving these several melancholy pieces a reading.

I must except one of them from the severity of the general censure that every man who can read, must, I think, pass upon all the others : after that reserve, 'tis but just to declare of the rest in the lump, that the discovery I made, in the place of that I expected, was, that not one of the writers had any talents, or any genius at all.

There is a degree of badness in verse under which it becomes, in some measure, good ; that is, it becomes entertaining, though not exactly in the manner in which the author intended. This pitch of perfection I am confident several of these poems have very happily arrived at ; and in full conviction that my readers, in general, will join in the laugh with me, I shall take the liberty to propose some extracts from them, which I flatter myself will very sufficiently evince the truth of what I have asserted as to the degree they possess of this species of merit.

One of them, to which, on this occasion, I am to pay the greatest deference and respect, comes to me, *cloath'd in the pomp of regal robe, or to speak in more intelligible phrase, stich'd in purple*. I recollect that, during the time in which these several performances were vying with one another in the advertisements, and their several authors paying their shilling a-piece extraordinary, to obtain the privilege of alternately having their titles stand in the first page of the newspapers, it was an additional circumstance urged in favour of one of them, that it was *sewed in purple paper, and written by a maid of honour*. I do not, indeed, find the words *Maid of Honour* in the front of the imitable performance which now lies before me with that peculiar decoration ; but as I am apt to imagine, by the whole title, it is the very piece concerning which the news-papers so often told us so much, I shall not be so far wanting in due respect to a Lady, as to omit placing the productions of her pen in the

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first rank of the battle ; perhaps it might be but justice to her merit to give her the whole field.

I think it would not be easy to equal the simplicity of phrase in which this Lady declares her resolution of celebrating the memory of the departed prince.

*Pan ! sweetly touch the oaten reed ;  
To sing a dirge it is decreed.*

The manner of her disclosing this dread event to the reader, has also wonderful energy.

*The Prince of shepherds, more than noon-sun bright,  
Hath set his beams in the abyss of night :  
To dreary shades, alas ! for ever gone ;  
To these green plains, ah ! never to return.*

Who is it that does not almost cry to see such a subject so treated ?

The succinct manner in which one of the greatest characters that ever existed is drawn up, toward the end of this inimitable poem, must call for a blush on my cheeks in particular, who when I had filled three columns of a paper on the same subject, am honestly to confess that I found I had not said a thirtieth part of what I had to say, of what I ought to have said, and of what every honest ear would have been pleased with hearing. How very few words, and those how very poetical too, are made to serve this Lady for the purpose ?

*The sweets of doing good he really knew !  
How prais'd by all ! and practis'd by how few !*

The total eclipse of both the luminaries of heaven on this event, is a circumstance that I think nobody but this writer has commemorated.

*No sun now comforts with his light ;  
No moon now ushers in the night.*

To conclude, the comical air with which one of the shepherds introduced in this elegiac pastoral tells the other of the solemn occasion of it, is certainly never to be enough admired.

*Awake ! awake !  
Unclose those eyes ;  
No slumber take ;  
Arise ! arise !*

*Shepherd, arise !  
Lift up thy head ;  
Britannia sighs,  
— Frederic's dead.*

Upon the whole, I flatter myself that these short extracts, though they do but a very partial justice to the merit of the piece, abundantly prove the truth of the assertion in my motto, that although neither the Gods, nor men, nor the muses, will suffer poets to be middling ; Gods, men, and muses together, cannot prevent their being bad ones.

The mistake of these several *Elegy*, *Monody*, and *Tbrenody* writers seems to have been the supposing that a great subject would be sure to produce a great poem. To convince them of their error in this, I cannot do better than transcribe from *the memoirs of a goose-quill*, a monody on a Lady's little bitch, which seems to have been intended by its author as a banter on the monody writers, and is certainly not without its merit.

## I.

*Hail solemn fancy, prompt my mournful song,  
And with thee bring self-torturing grief along ;  
Rummage the cavern of despair,  
Bid drooping melancholy come,  
Bring all the woe that waits on her,  
To weep o'er hapless Chloe's tomb.*

Chloe

*Chloe, who never fail'd, with wanton play,  
 (Well pleas'd whene'er I stroak'd her beauteous ears)  
 To court my love; she on my lap would lay,  
 Free from all dangers, unalarm'd by fears,  
 The sportive partner of each happy day.*

## II.

*Where were ye Muses, when my Chloe dy'd,  
 How were ye then employ'd?  
 Ye were not near her cushion plac'd,  
 Nor on the grass-plot, where she went to play,  
 Phæbus, thy pow'r was ne'er so much disgrac'd,  
 As on that luckless, ill-protected day,  
 When all your force was try'd in vain!  
 Why, Gunnings, would you not your tea apply?  
 Careful of some happy swain,  
 You let poor unregarded Chloe die?*

## III.

*Each fragrant flow'r, and ev'ry shady grove,  
 Where the dear wanton us'd to rove,  
 Fade, as a mark of their departed love!  
 Thou lonesome cushion, where she us'd to lie,  
 No more shall she bedock thy crimson dye:  
 But, Muses, tho' it was not in your pow'r  
 To shield her in the sad distressful hour,  
 When she gave up her breath,  
 Yet to her memory plait a lasting wreath.  
 You whose sad accents wept at Marble-hall\*,  
 O'er the great Suffolk's little fav'rite's fall.  
 O let your lyres lament my Chloe gone,  
 With the same deep, majestic rueful tone.*

\* There is a little lap-dog buried there in great pomp.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 21.

— — *Mors sola fatetur*  
*Quantula sunt hominum corpuscula.*

Juv.

**N**ONE but those who are possessed of riches can have a just idea of the multiplicity of cares, anxieties, and miseries that attend them.

The heaping wealth together, by the man whose personal industry and application are to effect it, is a circumstance attended with almost infinite pains and inquietudes; and the loss of any part of it afterwards, by accident, or still more, the voluntary resigning but the smallest portion of them, is agony.

Were these the only troublesome attendants on an enlarged fortune, they were sufficient to deter a wise man from wishing himself possessed of one; yet these, and a thousand such, are little to another torment that every man who has acquired wealth, and who looks on it as the supreme good, must at one time suffer. Prudence will, in a great measure, guard against losses by accident; and frugality will prevent diminutions of the heap by expences that might have been avoided: but should those undesirable incidents both take place, whether in defiance of, or from an inadvertence to, these grand preservatives, they yet would rob the person but of a part of his fortune. Death, inevitable, inexorable death, is to divest him one day of it all. The dread of this horrible event has kept many a man wretched through forty years of affluence, and another care dependent on the same circumstance, the consideration of who shall possess his riches after him, has heaped as lasting and as severe pangs upon many another.

I re-

I remember to have attended, a few years ago, some of the last moments of a nobleman of the Roman catholic persuasion; a man advanced to his seventieth year, and whose course of life I had imagined must have been as regular a preparation for the final period of it, as almost any man's could be. The unpleasant task of acquainting him that it was impossible he should recover from his illness, or even continue many more hours in his pain, was mine. He received the notice with an unaltered brow,

*More like an antique Roman than a Dane,*

as Shakespear has it, and without emotion, ordered the chaplain that attended in his house to be called in, and desired me, who am of a different communion, to retire.

My presage was too strictly verified: the priest, within the limited time, entered, with tears in his eyes, the apartment where myself among several of the family were. He was somewhat severely rebuked, by a zealous friend lamenting a soul that was just relieved from torture, and in its road to eternal happiness: he answered, that he did not pay those tears to the death of his patron, but to his not having died as he could have wished; not departed in perfect charity.

Every body was amazed: an explanation could not but be desired on all hands: and the person who had thus raised our astonishment, went on in the following manner to explain his reasons: 'It was my office to enquire if there were any unrepented sins upon the conscience of my friend and patron: peace and blessings be on his soul! the immediate presence of death could scarce urge upon him the recollection of any thing that I could call a sin, within the compass of the last ten years. You who know him, know you may believe me!—happiest soul, said I, that leavest this scene of guilt and misery scarce tainted with the having lived in it; that fliest to the regions of eternal peace, in peace with all men!—he

started

' started at the last sentence, and with a look of hor-  
 ' ror, a look that conveyed all the horror that inspired  
 ' it, even into my breast, he replied, O no!—there is  
 ' no time in which you should be deceived; but now  
 ' much less than ever: I can forgive my enemies, I  
 ' can wish well even to the foes of my faith and coun-  
 ' try; but there is a man, a man whom every body  
 ' but myself must love, whom I hate to perdition,  
 ' whose name is poison to me, the very recollection of  
 ' whom is at this time, you see, sufficient to add tor-  
 ' ture to the agonies of death.

' I was all amazement, continued the priest, at so  
 ' solemn a notice of an enemy to a man who I knew  
 ' could not deserve one: I begged to know who the  
 ' person was; but he was silent: I asked if I should en-  
 ' deavour to bring him into his presence; but I obtain-  
 ' ed no answer. At length, my Lord, said I, my  
 ' duty, and my care for your eternal peace, require  
 ' it of me to be pressing on an occasion of such high  
 ' importance; I intreat you, I conjure you tell me  
 ' what injury has he done you: none! replied my  
 ' dying master: none! moments now grew too pre-  
 ' cious to be wasted in words or in astonishment.—As  
 ' your Lordship regards the peace of your departing  
 ' soul, said I to him, earnestly and boldly as I ought,  
 ' I do conjure you tell me who it is. My son: repli-  
 ' ed he, faltering, he who within this hour shall be  
 ' the thing that I am, shall look around him in this  
 ' house, these woods, these gardens, and see every  
 ' thing now mine, his property: shall lord it over my  
 ' servants, unlock my coffers, assume my name; be me  
 ' my very self; and give his orders for the covering this  
 ' clod of earth with loads of kindred dirt. I know,  
 ' continued he, with a deep sigh, I know that this  
 ' is an unjustifiable envy, and a dishonest hatred: it is  
 ' the only terror of my departing soul, that I can ac-  
 ' cuse myself of it, and yet I cannot conquer it. He  
 ' who created me with passions thus ungovernable,  
 ' will, I hope, in his unbounded mercy, look on the

effects

' effects of them as they are, as weaknesses rather than  
' as crimes.

He died as he pronounced these words; and the priest, who had much less exalted, less honourable ideas of his creator than his penitent, declared his terrors of the consequence in a harangue, which I am willing to hope was rather intended as a lesson to those who heard him, than as his real sentiments of the state of his patron's soul.

Singular as this incident may seem, I doubt not but many a dying wealthy man has found himself in the same unhappy situation. A circumstance that cannot but be in its own nature vexatiously affecting to a man who has himself amassed the fortune he has long possessed, and has as long valued as the only means of happiness. must be doubly so, at a period when it does not open itself upon his imagination in distant prospect, but is to come into instant and immediate execution.

If we add to this the consideration of a weakened state of health, a debility of the organs through which alone the soul receives and conveys her intentions, and on which she so intimately depends, during the period of her union with the body, we are not to wonder that even a virtuous man should find himself, under such circumstances, unequal to the combating so violent and so sudden an attack.

It is impossible not to be serious on so affecting a subject: I shall conclude my paper with observing, that nothing ever gave me so feeling a sense of the propriety of that bold and figurative expression in the New Testament, that *it is easier for a Camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God*, or so deep an admonition to guard in time against incidents that may otherwise happen, at a period when human nature cannot prevail against them.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 22.

*Iustum & tenacem propositi virum,  
Non ardor civium prava iubentium,  
Non vultus instantis tyranni.*

*Mente quatit solida.* HORACE.

**I** WAS oddly surprised on Thursday afternoon last, in one of the obscure streets at Wapping (what carried me thither has no connection with the business of this paper, though it may possibly make the subject of some subsequent one) to see an inscription in gold capitals in the parlour behind a little ironmonger's shop in these words, *Have a good end in view, and pursue it.*

The circumstance was too singular to be passed over by an INSPECTOR, of such a turn as nature has been pleased to form me with: I walked into the shop, and, under pretence of buying some of the wares, sought to make myself acquainted with the master of it. I was a good deal chagrined on finding, by the answers of a pert young damsel, who supplied me with what I pleased to want, that the person I wished to see was abroad, and was vastly more surprised on hearing that he was at that time in Fleet-street, in the execution of no less important an office than that of *secretary to the antiquarian society.*

What I may have lost by missing the conversation of so extraordinary a character as this seller of gimlets and patten-rings must needs be, is not easy to say; but I have great reason to believe, that I shall be the happier man as long as I live, for some reflections which were the consequence of that attention his motto had commanded from me, and which accompanied me the whole way home.

*Resolution,*

*Resolution, constancy of mind, perseverance, or by whatever other name we may chuse to express what Horace means by his *tenax propositi*, and Tully by *stabilitas*, is indisputably one of those qualities by which, while it is directed to proper objects, a man may be almost continually profited in every the most important as well as the most trivial concern of life.*

We are actors in a scene in which every thing about us is in a state of perpetual change and fluctuation: a thousand cross accidents throw themselves in the way of every worthy pursuit; and there is no possible means of arriving at the end of our wishes but by perseverance, by stemming the tide of opposition, and resolutely persisting to the utmost period.

Every considerable undertaking of our lives, may be in this light compared to the plan of a gamester who sets out with a scheme of making his fortune. He may have very frequent runs of luck, as they express it, but he must also have his days of ill fortune: if he is disheartened at any attack of this kind, he loses his aim, and probably a large share of his original stock with it; if he have resolution to go on, and have a friend to support him under such perseverance, it is almost impossible but that he must succeed.

This, however, though a very just example to people engaged in honest pursuits, is in itself but a perseverance in ill: and its consequence, accordingly, after the gaining the proposed end, is very seldom any other than the destroying it again. People addicted to play are almost the only persons in the world who will fight after they have won the victory: they forget that the very constitution of affairs which made it certain they would win, makes it also certain they must, if they continue playing, lose again, in order that others, who have a right to their share of the common result of hazards, may take the seat from which they have thrown themselves.

I have been the larger on this instance, as I don't know any thing that, under parallel circumstances, could so happily exhibit the difference between the

extorting

exerting the same quality under worthy and unworthy circumstances. Resolution, in a vicious pursuit, will generally be attended with the same success, as in a more honourable one; but in the one, every step subsequent to this leads immediately to ruin; in the other, a continuation in the paths that lead to happiness tends only to secure and increase it.

The utility and good consequences of resolution are not the only things, however, that it has to tempt us to its acquaintance. It is indisputably, in its own nature, one of the most noble, and the most truly honourable qualities of the human heart: it has the double advantage of giving us a high opinion of ourselves, than which our very nature allows us no stronger source of pleasure, and of insuring us the same respect from the world. Nothing adds so greatly to our concern at the distresses of another, as our seeing that the person who suffers, is unmoved by them: we despise while we pity the man who sinks under a weight of misfortunes; but we mix reverence with our compassion for him who will hardly give us leave, while he *bears them like a man*, to see that he also *feels them like one*.

There is not any passage in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, though there are many affecting ones in it, that strikes me so much as that in which we are told, in the description of the Queen's highest scene of distress, that the tears followed one another

*Down her unalter'd face.*

The woman wept, while the Heroine remained unmoved: superior to afflictions. When I recollect that the author of this play was also the translator of Virgil, I cannot help thinking he owed the hint of this happy passage to the

*Mens inmota manet, lacrymæ voluntur inanes*

of the fourth book of the *Æneid*, though he has all the merit of an original in the happy turn he has given the expression, and in the circumstances of it.

The

The resolution of the young Scipio is as happily expressed by Silius Italicus; and while it gives us a noble example, very happily inculcates the moral that it is the sole business of this paper to elucidate, namely, that innocence and virtue are the only true sources of an honourable firmness of mind,

*Quæcumque datur fors durior ævi  
Obnitentur ait, culpa modo pectora cessant.*

To paint this valuable quality, however, in its utmost pomp and magnificence, I ought to give it in that bold and noble figurative image, for which we are obliged to the author of the œconomy of human life:

“ But what exalted form is this, that hitherward  
“ directs its even, its uninterrupted course? whose foot  
“ is on the earth, whose head above the clouds!

“ On his brow sitteth majesty; steadiness is in his  
“ port; and in his heart reigneth tranquility.

“ Though obstacles are in his way, he deigneth not  
“ to look down upon them: though heaven and earth  
“ oppose his passage, he proceedeth.

“ The mountains sink beneath his tread; the ocean  
“ is dried up under the soles of his feet.

“ The tyger throweth herself across his path in  
“ vain; the spots of the leopard glow against him  
“ unregarded.

“ He marcheth through embattled legions; and with  
“ his hand he putteth aside the terrors of death.

“ Storms roar against his shoulders, but are not  
“ able to shake them: the thunder belloweth about  
“ his head in vain: the lightning serveth but to shew  
“ the glories of his countenance.

“ His name is *Resolution*! he cometh from the ut-  
“ termost parts of the earth: he seeth happiness afar  
“ off before him; his eye discovereth her temple be-  
“ yond the limits of the pole.

“ He walketh up to it; he entereth boldly, and he  
“ remaineth there for ever.

If

If there be pleasure in the assurance of future happiness, resolution in the pursuit bestows it: if there be tranquility in the certainty of a continuation of the present, resolution, or in other words, perseverance in the paths that led to it, will give it. To conclude where I set out, I do not know a sentence that more deserves to be written in gold, or to be for ever imprinted in the heart of man, than my ironmonger's apophthegm,

*Have a good end in view, and pursue it.*



THE INSPECTOR. N. 23.

*Vacuo pectore regnat amor.*

OVID.

**I** REMEMBER when I was a very young fellow, and just come upon the town (for the phrase holds full as well of the rake as of the prostitute): I had dreadful panics upon me in regard to what were called the spirits of the age; fellows who, as themselves declared, had rather fight than eat.

I never ventured into a coffee-house without examining the fierce looks, and fierce cocks of the hat of every man in the room, before I presumed to associate with any party; and afterwards, I remember, thought myself very happy when I had discovered a more unexceptionable rule of judging than any of my former, which was by the length of the instrument of death which they wore, not at their sides, but, as the fashion now again is, at their knees.

A Lady of my acquaintance, who had often heard me value myself on this discovery, at the same time boasted to me that she had found out a mark for a part of a man's character, as essential in regard to her sex as courage is to ours, viz. folly; and that as obvious,

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vious, as expressive, and as certain as mine could pretend to be. As I judged of the hero by the length of his sword, she passed sentence on the blockhead by that of his ramillie. She had reduced her art on this head into a distich, for the sake of the easier retaining it in the memory, and used to inculcate into all her female acquaintance, when they had a mind to know a man's share of that unfashionable quality, understanding,

*Would you judge by a maxim that never will fail,  
Take the depth of the head by the length of the tail.*

It cost me some observation among these long rapier'd Gentlemen, before I could be convinced that the greatest pretensions to valuable qualities, were generally the result of the most utter want of them: and the Lady, whose rule came much nearer an universal one than mine, would never be brought to give up its pretensions to be above exception, till one of the last mornings entertainments at Ranelagh threw her into the way of a Gentleman in whose company I had the honour to be, and whose accomplishments she half an hour after acknowledged excell'd those of every man she had met with, as much as the length of the wreath into which he had twisted his hair.

As the extent of sword is a mark of pretension to courage, and the length of tail of pretension at least to insignificancy, there is a third subject, that falls much in the way of the gay and young, and has this peculiar pre-eminence, that it is not confined to either sex in particular; I mean a billet-doux, the length of which is liable to nothing of the uncertainty of the two former objects of judgment, but always, without exception or variation, declares the true proportion of the passion that inspires it.

A length of sword may be owing to the sword-cutler, or a length of tail to the milliner, and either may be put on without any farther trouble to the wearer than such as were shorter; but a long letter takes

takes up so much time to write, and so much trouble to spell, that nothing but the reality of the passion it comes fraught with, can ever induce a fine Gentleman or a fine Lady to be at the pains of it.

I have made it a constant observation, that as the first attacks of this tender passion are always the most violent, the first letters that pass between the parties are ever the longest. From this time, as the passion becomes fainter, more and more white gradually discovers itself in the paper that conveys the declarations inspired by it, till at length the letter, like the heart that dictated it, is almost an intire blank.

I have carried my observations on this head so far, that I would, at any time, take upon me to declare the state and circumstances of an amour, from a mere sight of the form and size of the last letter, without any the least enquiry into the matter of its contents. If I see the first line crowded within an inch of the top of the paper, and the name placed at the extreme corner of the fourth side, the lines close, and the very letters riding, as it were, upon one another's shoulders; I make no doubt of declaring it as a certainty, that the wound it complains of is yet raw and sore, from the imaginary dart that inflicted it.

After this, if one have liberty to see the form of the succeeding billets for a fortnight, one shall find the first line gradually creeping down toward the middle of the paper, the rest of them placed at greater distances, the letters, as it were hollowing after one another, over great blank spaces, the name usurping its post in the third, in the second, and finally in the first page, and claiming its situation at such a respectful distance from the body of the epistle, that between the space at top and that at bottom, the scribbled part does not amount to the diameter of an inch and a half.

I have studied this matter so long, that I have now taken up a horrible aversion to the sight of the least blank toward the upper verge of a love-letter: I understand it as setting out with declaring, *I have not*  
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*much to say to you.* The man who begins at the top, and writes the little that he has to say as close as he can crowd it, though it should not fill a fourth part of the page, shews at least an intent of doing what he ought; and if he fail in the execution, the blame is to be laid on his genius, not his heart, the former of which, by the way, is vastly less important to a wife than the latter.

I would plead to my fair readers in favour of every body who does but mean to do well; but of all things that regard an epistolary correspondence I would have them detest, and avoid the deceiver, who having no more to say than might stand in five lines, has the artifice to spread it so thin, that it shall fill four pages; and whose letter has consequently less the appearance of a billet-doux, than of a piece of that writing for which the lawyer's pay is proportioned to the number of sheets he can spread over with it.

The arts of letter-writing, on these occasions, fall wholly indeed to the mens share; but nature will find a way to disclose herself as evidently in the love-epistles of the Ladies. That ardour, which sets out in the first letters with such fire and flame, that one almost wonders the paper is not consumed to ashes, always dies away by degrees, till, in the four or five and twentieth, one would imagine the writer was in the condition of a mistress of the very eminent Mr. F——'s, whose coldness and insensibility made him declare, in all the rage of poetry, that he believed *she had sed upon snow-balls*. This alone very seldom fails to mark the several stages of the passion as expressively as any arrangement of the letters can: but there is, beside this, an infinitely more obvious method of discovering it; and that much more aptly calculated for the benefit of the persons concerned. Women naturally are fond of ceremony; and as they always receive it as a token of respect, they never fail to bestow it also as one; nor can any thing indeed better point out the gradual abatement of that respect

and regard, which generally comes on, whether people will or no, after a certain period in love affairs, than the increasing carelessness of the letters.

I have seen a modern amour, in the course of ten days, run through all the stages of an inclosed sheet, sealed with great care; a sheet naked, sealed; a half-sheet fastened with a wafer; the tenth part of a half-sheet, tied up in a true-lover's-knot; and finally, the fifth part of one side of a split card.

An acquaintance of mine, who makes me his confidant on these occasions, shewed me last week an inclosed sheet, in which the fair-one was serious enough, as well as fond enough, to give him the following sentiments:

" You ask me to tell you the tender purport of my soul; I think already it is too far, too undeniably explained, for me to contradict what you must be ascertained on.

" I found your letter last night (nay don't frown because you knew it not sooner) when I came home, so oppressed with the melancholly visit I had been to pay, that no wonder that contributed with the preceding scene to dissolve my nature into the softest conflict I ever yet experienced. It was then I truly wished to accompany that loved, that revered friend I had took a solemn, languishing leave of, to the peaceful abode her heavenly soul is, in all probability, posting its hasty flight. O vain desire! hopeless expectation! my bitter draught is not yet compleated!

" Why do not you leave a wretch wedded to woe and misfortunes?—And yet I conjure you to bless me with your friendship; though I am sensible nothing but a painful tenderness will attend on our pursuit.

" You say my friendship I have given you; ah, believe me I have been profuse, and have bestowed the utmost stock my bankrupt heart had power to dispose of; and yet, oh! tormenting reflection!

" your

" your worth deserves more, much more ; but that I cannot reward.

" I am interrupted, therefore must be speedy in telling you, that I can be sure but of two things ; the first is, an eternal regard for you ; and the other, that two hours after six I can call my own, and, with an unreserved eagerness, insist on your acceptance on them. Adieu,

" *Yours less than I would,*  
" *More than I ought."*

The same Gentleman yesterday produced me, from the same Lady, the following line and a half ;

" Mrs. \*\*\*'s compliments——is very sorry she is engaged this evening,"  
written on the outside of an almost dirty card.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 24.

*Sol qui flammiferis mundum complexus habenis,  
Volvis in exhausto redeuntia secula motu,  
Sparge diem meliore coma.*

CLAUDIAN.

IT is an odd life, I find, that an avowed Author is to lead in this inquisitive and suspicious age. I did not apprehend that any thing hitherto contained in these papers could possibly have informed the world that the author of them lived in \*\*\*\*, that he was almost six feet high, or that he covered a gay face with a grave perriwig, but certain it is, that not only all this has been discovered, but the whole world seems assured that this Mr. *What's-his-name*, in *What-a-ye-call-it-place*, has also been the author of every essay, treatise, poem, and romance, that has been published since the time of the establishment of this formidable office of Inspectorship, or for five months

before that time, the several monodies and threnodies only excepted.

The first opinion in regard to this important matter was, that papers on such different subjects, and written in such various manners, as those that appeared in this daily publication, could not be all the produce of the same pen; but no sooner was this point settled beyond farther dispute, than the very people who had before questioned it, took up exactly the contrary side of the debate, and have ever since asserted, that this writer, be he who he will, does, in reality, furnish not only all these essays, or by whatever other name the world may be pleased to call them, but is the author also of every thing else that any body reads; and is all the while every morning at Vaux-hall, or Ranelagh; every evening at one rout or other at cards; and every night, till the daylight of the succeeding day, toasting the beauties that he has celebrated in his sleep, in Burgundy.

Such is the character the INSPECTOR, who cannot help having ears, though eyes are the more immediately useful organs for his office, hears three or four times a-day given of himself. I do not know how far it may appear an enviable one to the world; but, for my own part, I find myself to have so little claim to it, that if it should seem to deserve the title of agreeable to any one of my gentle readers, it is, so far as I have the right of disposal of it, heartily at his service.

As it has been the ceremony with us, however, time out of mind, for people in elevated stations, before they give up their public character, to say the best they can of it, in order to recommend it to the good opinion of the person who shall succeed them, I shall not be so far wanting in respect to the customs of my country, as not to say something of this character of *Author-General of the age* before I renounce it, that may give people of more ambition, or more natural timidity than myself, a better opinion of its advantages, and its natural security, than they could possibly

possibly entertain of it, otherwise than from the account of one who professes to speak experimentally, faithfully, and impartially about it.

The two great accidents to which a character of this kind lays a man open, are, the general applause or censure, and the resentment of particular persons: for my own particular part, I am so whimsically nice on these occasions, that nothing hurts me more than to receive the praise which I know to be due to another; but this, perhaps, may not be the peculiar turn of my successor. As to the other, *viz.* private resentment, I can assure him, that with however terrible a front it may advance toward him, it is a mere cheat, like Time, who carries all his hair in his toupee, and is as bald behind as Opportunity.

I mention this circumstance as a hint in what part of the body a hero, who attacks with defiance, is to be saluted with the greatest safety and honour, if ever a dispute of this kind should come to action; but I am to assert, that this has never any more than twice happened to me in the whole course of my imaginary authorship.

To place the common event of these attacks in their fairest light, I cannot do better than to give verbatim, without the addition, diminution, or alteration of a single syllable or circumstance, the form and result of one of the more formidable kind, which passed the day before yesterday in my own house. I shall avoid the *He said* and *I said* of our modern story-tellers, and story-writers, by throwing the conversation into the theatrical form, under which it punctually and literally stood thus:

*Scene a Dining-room. Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, a Gentleman below—

*Auth.* Let him send up his name—I'm busy.

*Serv.* Sir, he says you don't know him.

*Auth.* Shew him up. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Enter Visitor,*

*Staring about him, as if amazed to find an author up fewer than three pair of stairs, or possessed of a chair that a man might sit down in without danger of a fall.*

*Vis.* Sir, I am sorry that I have occasion to make you a visit of this kind ; but Sir, you are, I presume, the author of *Pompey the Little*.

*Auth.* It would be as well, Sir, if you did not presume quite so much.

*Vis.* Sir, I should hardly think it consistent with the character of a Gentleman to deny.

*Auth.* John !

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir !

*Auth.* Open the door for this Gentleman.

*Vis.* *Bowing very low.* Sir, I am your very humble Servant.

*Auth.* Sir, I wish you a good morning.

If I may presume to guess from the appearance and manner of this Gentleman, I take it for granted that he supposed himself nothing less than the travelled Englishman described in the beginning of that book. Thus ended, however, this terrible attack, and I have heard no more of my angry visitant since ; nor do I imagine, as the reader may easily guess, that even this will awaken him to a second resentment.

On the publication of a late infamous book, intitled, *The Adventures of Lady Frail*, I had the honour to receive about fifty second-hand messages, by the mouth of a very eminent and learned physician of my acquaintance, from a celebrated Lady, who supposed herself treated a little too freely in that performance ; many of them amounted to little less than challenges, as they informed me that the Lady was to be in the Park that morning, at the Opera that evening, or at Ranelagh breakfast the day afterwards, where, if I should chance to appear, it was very possible I might be attacked. I would not take upon

upon me the false praise of pretending to have been at every one of these places in consequence of the invitations; but as they all fell as much in my road of pleasures as her Ladyship's, I believe I did not happen to be absent from any of them: yet (whether I am glad or sorry for the event, I am not at present in a humour to make the world my confidant so far as to tell) so it happened, that, excepting looks that would have pierced a heart, a soul of ice, or adamant, I have not any other attack of which to accuse this fair enemy.

It is no longer since than yesterday that I received a very angry letter from a friend of Mr. Peregrine Pickle's, accusing me, in severe terms, of attributing to the reverend Mr. F——s in the *Memoirs of a Goose Quill*, a very *fine* poem, as he is pleased to call it, of which, till this intimation, I had not been informed that myself, in quality of INSPECTOR, am the subject; and which he does assure me, upon his word and honour, and to his certain knowledge, was not written by that supposed author, but by his friend already mentioned.

One of the best writers of the present age favoured me with a congratulatory letter yesterday morning, on the honour Mr. Dunkin, author of a new poem, intitled *The Bramin*, has unknowingly done me, by a profusion of encomiums addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield, as author of the *Oeconomy of Human Life*; of which system of morality, he adds, after thoroughly considering the passage I quoted from it in a former paper, he is sorry that even that noble author should suppose it was not an honour to him to be esteemed the writer.

I shall decline taking any notice, at this time, of the letters I receive as author of the *Inspectors*: but when I have, with the utmost sincerity, assured the public that I am as much the writer of all the before-mentioned books as of any one of them; the person who shall think proper to succeed me in the post of *Author General* (which from this moment I profess,

so far as in me lies the quitting) will easily see that it is an office of considerably more honour than danger.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 25.

*His neque per dubium pendet fortuna favorem,  
Nec novit mutare vices, sed fixus in omnes  
Cognatos procedit honos.* —————

**A** REGARD for consanguinity is no where carried so far as in England. I have known a man of fortune, who has been out of humour with his nearer relations, send to the Land's-end for a family, whose ancestors, he had heard his grandmother say, were always supposed by the family to be related to hers; and a wealthy grazier of our time has been known to dispatch a special messenger to the Plantations, to bring away the immediate heir to a house, which, he had been informed, bore the same arms with his own.

Where the faintest traces of affinity cannot be discovered, we are even fond of people who bear but the same name; all of whom, as we flatter ourselves there must have been but one man of it originally, we suppose must be, at however great distance, allied to us.

We have had instances of people, who have got into the world by chance, and having afterwards made fortunes, and found no possibility of claiming kindred with any body to leave them to, have bequeathed them in charities to people of the name, come they from what part of the earth they might. A very worthy friend of mine, I remember some years ago, would never drink any of Alderman Parson's intire, because there was an obscure brewer, whose name, as well

well as his, was Williams. A Physician of my acquaintance is, at this day, dragged along the streets by horses of two sizes, and sometimes almost of two colours, for which he pays as much as any body else for the best in town, only because the beggar, who lets them, is his name-fake; and I even remember an obstinate old fellow, of the name of St. Hill, who died of a pleurisy, because the only surgeon of that name was out of town, and could not be had to bleed him.

A partiality of this kind will carry a man to such lengths, in the most material of all concerns, that he shall be unalterably biased in favour of any man, whose name has but the same sound with his own; though he is sensible he is no more a relation to him than his Most Christian Majesty; though he knows no more of him than of the Cham of Tartary.

We had some years ago, among us, a man of the name of *Nicholson*, who, from a hawker of news-papers and pamphlets for five and thirty years, at length became a bookseller, and died worth twenty thousand pounds. Toward the latter part of his life, it came into his mind that he ought to make his will; but having been one of the multitude of people this strange town abounds with, who have come into the world they know not how, there was not a man upon the earth that he could find had any more right to succeed him than his next door-neighbour.

He made a will, however, to prevent his estate falling to he knew not whom, and named for his two executors, the famous Bishop Nicholson, and one Nicholson, a tinman near Aldgate: He left them three thousand pounds apiece, and bequeathed the rest of his estate in trust, to be paid to the first Nicholson that married a Nicholson in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

I have often heard the honest bookseller laughed at very heartily, for this disposal of his fortune; but, I am apt to believe, something may be urged in his favour. It appears, at first sight, somewhat odd indeed,

that a man should make himself a slave his whole life, for the sake of amassing of a fortune, in order to leave it, to whom? to a certain portion of the alphabet, arranged in a peculiar manner: but, to do justice to the character, we are to consider that Mr. Nicholson did not take all this pains about money, in order to leave it to any body, but to enjoy it himself; and when he had been happy with it as long as he could, I would be glad to hear to what use the great wisdom of those Gentlemen, who are so merry at his expence, would have had him apply it.

He might have left it, they will say, to some man of merit, who was in indigence. Perhaps, Mr. Nicholson was not of a humour to allow, that any man of merit could be in indigence; his own success in the world might very naturally lead him to think otherwise. He might have built a church with it, they'll say; but how do they know he was not a presbyterian.

To be serious, there appears to me no great difference, in point of reason, between this manner of our bookseller's bestowing his fortune, and that in which estates are bequeathed in most of the civilized nations in the world: people that are possessed of them every-where, hold them as long as they can; and, when they find they must give them up, they leave 'em to those, of whom they generally no more know than care what use they are likely to make of them; who, they too often are thoroughly sensible, will make the worst imaginable.

For my own part, I have often thought the Turks, with whom there is no succession, and the Lacedæmonians of old, among whom the offspring of all families were the children of the public, were much more rational people in the disposition of fortunes, and the care of posterity than we are, who pretend to have improved upon them. With the first, the estate raised by the merit or virtues of the deceased, reverts to the Sovereign, to be again bestowed on some person who deserves it. With the others, the offices  
and

and employments of the state, things on which the prosperity and happiness of a government immediately depend, were given to such as were found most equal to the serving their country in them. With us, to be born upon an estate, seems to give an indisputable right to the spending it in vices and extravagance; and to be the son of the wife of a minister of state, to give a man all the qualifications necessary to the succeeding the husband of his mother in his post.

If a man of fortune with us leave no immediate heirs, he often gives his estate to some sycophant, who has before debauched his mind with flatteries; or to a mistress, to whose additional prostitutions, perhaps, he originally owes the complication of diseases which carry him to the grave. I cannot but be of opinion that our bookseller acted at least upon as just principles as the man who does either of these. It was possible, indeed, that Mr. Nicholson's heirs might prove bad persons, and make the worst use imaginable of what they received from their unknown, unknowing benefactor; but it is also possible they might prove the honestest and best kind of people in the world.

It was an absolute chance, the mere turn of a die, whether the event of the beneficence were a good or a bad one: In the gamester's phrase, it was not *Gold to Silver* on either side the hazard; and perhaps there was some degree of thought in this: the testator had received his wealth at the hands of fortune, and at his death he delivered it up to fortune again, to dispose of as she pleased. Surely there is an appearance of honesty and consideration in this; it was a kind of restitution.

Beware, gentle reader, while thou laughest at this will-maker, that thy own actions, even in the most important concerns, have not often as slender a share of rationality and foresight in them. The Spaniards have a proverb, *that he who has a house of glass should not throw stones*; and I am honestly afraid,

that many actions, in the fortunate events of which we pride ourselves, were, in their origin, but *Nicholson's wills*.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 26.

*Omnia perversa poterunt corrumpere mentes,*

*Stant tamen illa suis omnia tuta locis.*

OVID.

**T**HE present uncommonly cold and dripping season has very unluckily interfered with such of our public diversions as were to be exhibited in the open air. The proprietor of one of the places, where they have been unsuccessful, has ventured to exclaim against it, with all the insolence and impiety of a wit: we have heard too, that it has been unfavourable to our gardens, and are told of a thousand bad events that are likely to attend it: but, were we certain of all that has been guessed at, shall we dare to question with him, who can bind, at his pleasure, the influence of the *Pleiades*, and loose the bands of *Orion*; whose beneficence is equal to his wisdom; and whose wisdom to his power; who formed us to be happy; and who sees, at one equal view, all that can make us so; and who, by a nod, can direct the course of every blessing upon us?

Though we have complained thus loudly of a want of sunshine for our diversions, or our luxuries, there has not been such a real scarcity of it, as to affect those myriads of more grateful animals, who depend, as it were, immediately on its influence, and whose very vital principle is to be awakened by it. The numberless inhabitants of the air and waters, the insects of a thousand forms and dyes, that sport about the moister element, or bask and wanton in the sun-beams, have all appeared at their accustomed times, and all enjoy their

their day of life in pleasure and security. Nor have the reptile class, the larger tenants of the earth's recesses, who are annually, from the torpid state in which they have passed the winter's severity, without feeling it, called by it, though not into existence like the others, yet into a renewed life and vigour, felt any of those inconveniencies, that we, from our trifling dependencies, complain of.

The field mouse screams aloud her hourly acclamations to the auspicious luminary that calls her forth to feast on a variety of dainties, which its own warmth has raised for her; the dronish beetle bursts through the crevices of the loosened bark, and, as it crawls along the branches of the tree that had so long afforded it habitation, and that now expands a profusion of tender buds for its sustenance, claps its scaly wings, and, with their plaudit, mimicks the voice of praise it hears from kindred reptiles, favoured with happier organs; the very toad, obscene and hateful to the sense, and dull to every other offer of enjoyment, crawls from his caverned cell, beneath the mossy stone, and, as he lifts his bright eye toward the animating power that gives his limbs to move, and his cold blood to creep along in its neglected channels, fills his swelled sides with the warm air, to throw it forth again in the deep croak that utters, though it cannot express his gratitude: the very serpent, poisonous and rancorous as its nature formed it, yet feels this general call of gratitude; it issues nimbly from its winding den, vibrates its scaly coat in separate portions, puts on new colours, as it feels the enlivening air, and, as it glides along the sunny bank, darts out its forked tongue in wantonness; and, while it wreathes its tail into a thousand varied figures, expresses, in mute jollity, its sense of that invigorating ray; all this while man, who, in comparison of these, can scarce be said to want it, dares to be witty with his creator, for not indulging his unimportant wishes with their perhaps fatal satiety.

These, and a multitude of other beings, happy in the same way, in what we only fancy ourselves in want of,

of, presented themselves to the little company, who yesterday attended me in an afternoon's ramble about the flowery sides, and the green summit, of the pleasant, the tree-topped *Primrose-hill*.

We were all, toward the conclusion of the afternoon, got together in a circle, round a common white thorn-bush, admiring the address and art with which the bees, who had flown in numbers to it, were collecting honey from its flowers; when one of our company exclaimed, in the utmost terror, that a hornet had settled on his leg.

It surprised them to see me, after a moment's examination of its form, advance my naked hand to it, and seize upon it without fear. I soon explained to them, that this insect, though perfectly like a hornet in shape, size, colour, and almost every obvious particular, was not one, but was a mere harmless fly, no more capable of inflicting a wound than those that in such numbers frequent our houses. Nature, continued I, has probably given the form and appearance of the hornet to this creature, as she has bestowed much of that of the poisonous viper on the harmless snake, that crawls every-where about the bottoms of our hedges: she seems to have given these merely as a preservative against a thousand injuries, which those, who would inflict them, are deterred from, by the fear of a revenge, which it fully answers the creature's purpose, that it has the appearance of being qualified to take.

This, however, was not all in which the creature which had given rise to the observation was singular. Some observations on its origin, and means of life, employed me in a lecture to my little auditory all the way home: the substance of this, if the reader have as just an esteem for these disquisitions as that company had, he will not be displeased at my repeating.

There is not, perhaps, in the whole visible creation, a stronger instance of that great truth, that the several parts of it are created not solely for themselves,  
but

but for the uses and support of one another, than appears in the course of life of this creature.

The Cuckow, we hear, with a kind of wonder, builds no nest for the rearing her young, but deposits her eggs in that of another bird: singular as this may appear to those acquainted only with the larger animals, it is frequent among the insect tribe, and the origin of this fly is one of the instances of it.

The female parent, in this species, makes no receptacle for her young: she enters the habitation of the common *bumble bee*, and deposits one by one her eggs in the separate cells, in which the progeny of the natural proprietors of the hive are also placed, with these last there is laid up a store of food, by the parent animal: the embryo fly has no such provision made for it, nor is it formed for being nourished even by that which is stored up for the support of the other: the worm hatched from the fly's egg is carnivorous; its organs are formed for digesting no other food but fleshy, and the young of the bee is its destined prey.

It will, perhaps, be asked on this occasion, why has nature armed the proprietors of the nest with offensive weapons, with stings, a single wound from which must destroy the armless, as well as defenceless, animal, that enters the habitation with so unwarrantable an intent, if she has denied them that sagacity that ought to point out their making this use of the weapons? or what is it that prevents the creature who, with such infinite provision, lays up the stores for the support, as well as forms the cells for the lodgment of her young, from seeing that the strange inhabitant feeds on the flesh of her children; or from destroying it for the attempt? the answer is easy; and the difference between instinct and reason is in no circumstance perhaps more obvious.

The creature who had excelled the art of man in forming the cells for her young; who had yet more excelled all art in selecting stores for their provision, all which was necessary to the great end, the continuation of the species, can go no farther. She cannot  
lift

lift her very tail to save what to that purpose is not necessary to be preserved.

The bees, the wasps, and all the other insects of that class, at a certain period, first destroy all the males of the swarm, and, after that, murder and carry out the remains of their very young. Nature has provided for the support of such part of the progeny as is produced within a certain number, and a certain period of time; after this, whatever should be added to the brood would starve the rest, and, finally, would itself perish, without answering any of the purposes of its creation.

In the instance of the common bees, this abundant progeny is thrown out for food for insects of many kinds; but in this of the *bumble-bee*, it is reserved within, for the peculiar sustenance of a new animal. The fly, which has given occasion for these observations, enters the cells of this animal but at an appointed time, at a period when all the young of the proper inhabitants of the nest, that could either support themselves, or be of use to the swarm, are arrived at their perfect state before these devouring worms are hatched. Those which they feed on, are such as the bees and wasps would have destroyed themselves; and such as, whenever it happens that these flies do not lay the foundation for their destruction, these creatures never fail leaving to perish of themselves, for want of a supply of sustenance.

He who created millions of caterpillars for the food of birds, for one intended to produce its future butterfly; and ten millions of the young of every common fish, as sustenance for others, for one designed to grow to its maturity: he who has always many ends in view, of which we, who dispute his wisdom, scarce see one clearly; he has in this instance also provided, and has intentionally disposed, what we are blind enough to wonder that he suffers.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 27.

*Dum faciles animi juvenum dum mobilis ætas.*

VIRGIL.

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R, -

I AM convinced, by the little I have seen in a few months only, spent in this busy town, that there are many things of the highest importance, which, though extremely common, are very little attended to; and of which, of all the people in the world, those who are most interested in, are the most perfectly ignorant.

It is but a poor comfort for a man who has voluntarily, as it were, plunged himself into distress, to see that half the world, at this period, are in the same situation: to have known this sooner might have been of the utmost, the happiest consequence, though to discover it so easily in such ill time, is but an increase to the misfortune. I have myself just fallen a sacrifice to a blindness of this kind; and I shall charge you with a crime I have yet no reason to suspect you can be guilty of, inhumanity, if you refuse your protection and countenance to a story that may open the eyes of perhaps a thousand others.

I am the only son, indeed the only child, of the best, the most indulgent father in the world; his age is little less than seventy, his estate two thousand pounds a-year: I have passed through a regular school-education, and it is about eight months since I quitted the university, I am told with more applause than people generally do, who have no immediate use to make of their learning. I had spent half this little period

period at my father's seat, and had no thoughts of leaving him, when a relation, a merchant of great fortune and character wrote him word that he had carefully enquired after my manner of living, both at the university and with him; that he had been perfectly satisfied with the accounts he had received from both places, and that he now offered him his daughter, with a fortune considerably more than he could, on the common terms of bargaining, have expected, for my wife.

My father embraced the proposal with great eagerness; but he was not displeased that I treated it with more reserve till I had seen the Lady. I set out on a visit to her father in two days; I spent a week in his house; and I returned with an account that I was highly charmed with the Lady; and that she did not reject, though I could not flatter myself that she approved me.

I ought to speak with great tenderness of a Lady against whom I have, to this hour, no cause of complaint that every married man of this age has not: but if I observe, that she set the merit of a genteel bow, a well-cock'd hat, or a soft way of pronouncing nonsense, at a somewhat higher rate than the people do, among whom the manner of a court has made them familiar, the reflexion falls rather upon the whole body of city Ladies than on her in particular.

Certain it is, that the tender squeezes, and the dying glances which some of the St. James's petitmaitres had honoured her with, at the annual mixture of the people of both ends of the town at the city halls, had made her look upon me, who had seen very little of the polite world, as a clown and a pedant: notwithstanding the utter absence of this artificial good-nature, perhaps she thought, however, I had something of that quality which Mr. Fielding, in one of his Novels, has happily expressed by the term *Natural politeness*; my person was not detestable, and my fortune her father was contented with: she received me therefore on the terms under which

which people usually meet in prudent matches : she suffered rather than approved my addresses ; and tho' she could not like me, perhaps she thought she could come up to all the usual virtues of a wife, if she could endure me.

Whatever were my thoughts of the alliance, my father looked on it as finished. Great natural compliance is an essential part of my character ; I should have consented to his desires, had I thought less favourably of the circumstances. I had told him what I understood to be the principal cause of the Lady's coldness to me, and he dispatched me to town again to mend of it. He told me, I had qualifications to make a figure in any sphere ; he bade me mix among the gay and polite, and I should soon copy their manner ; he gave me his commands to fall into their customs and diversions, even though I should not like them ; he procured me letters of recommendation from a neighbouring person of fashion to one of the finest Gentlemen of the age, desiring him to initiate me ; and, adding, that money could never be so necessary as on such an occasion as this, he gave me an unlimited bill of credit on the broker who transacted the business of his government securities.

The Gentleman who accepted the charge of me, executed his commission, I am well assured, as he supposed he ought. I no sooner waited on him in town, than he lodged me in Pall-mall, his trades-people dressed me, his acquaintance visited me, and I dined with them every day at the King's-arms, or Star and Garter. He introduced me to the routs of all the politest women in town ; I betted at George's, outshone every body at the opera, and was supposed to be in the secret at Broughton's.

I began to find myself a fine Gentleman, and my mistress did not affect a blindness to it. Had I stopped here, I had been happy : A ridotto called me one evening, with my companion, to the Hay-market ; I had ventured to play, without very bad success, at the routs ; and had been convinced, by the arguments  
of

of a very experienced person in these adventures, that, at games of chance, the man who had a sufficient fund, and would not be frightened out of play by a run of ill-luck, would be morally certain to win upon the whole.

My mistress, who was at the ridotto that evening in all her splendour, chanced to pass the table as I was standing by it making small betts. I would have taken any thing, at that instant, to shew her how much I was the man of spirit; and, as fate would have it, at that very moment, a bold player, on the opposite side of the table, cried out, O, all that's here, holding forwards his left-hand closed; I hastily replied, E, for that. The decision was made in favour of O, before I had well spoke; and, instead of a ten or twenty pound bett, which I supposed I had lost, I had the mortification to see him unfold five fifty pound bills, one hundred, three twenties, and about thirty pound in cash.

I was thunderstruck at the sight: I told him, I did not imagine the sum had been so considerable; the Gentleman, who was with me, assured him I would give him a draught for it in the morning; and he was so well satisfied with this, that he offered me to go double or quit for the whole. I was against this, but I stood it by the advice of my companion. I lost it. My antagonist offered me my choice for the sum of the first stake: I took it; and I won. This gave me some spirit; every body about me told me it was my business to play on, in order to get home; and my antagonist, as I had not cash for it, played with me by marks, every stake, for the original sum. The chances varied from time to time, in this way of playing; and I knew not what I had done, till, on breaking up, I found myself indebted to him in a sum too considerable to be made so public, as I hope this letter will be.

I gave him a draught for it, which was accepted. I enjoined the broker secrecy; and, by the advice of every friend I had in the world, played on boldly,

to

to recover my first loss. In the height of my attempt, the New-market meeting called me, and every body I knew, thither. I betted with such ill success at the hazard-table, that my first loss grew inconsiderable in proportion; and, to compleat the malice of my fortune there, I am in hourly expectation of being attacked at law, for making one of a party that dragged a man, whose face we did not like, through a horse-pond.

The conclusion of my story is a very short one. I dishonestly concealed my losses, and married to pay them. My wife, ignorant of this abatement of my fortune, set out at the rate of four times the income of the whole; we live in splendour and pretended happiness, and shall continue to do so, I imagine, for two or three years. We shall then find it necessary to retire into the country, and, after having raised our ideas to a vastly higher pitch than they ought to have been, must submit to drag out thirty or forty miserable years, in circumstances infinitely below those to which we had a real right.

I am told this is now the common method of the world; and, by what I have observed, I think it is so. Had I seen it pictured in such plain colours as these before me, I am very confident I should not have fallen into it; and I therefore hope others will, for the future, avoid the pit, now this little blast of wind has thrown off the stubble that was scattered over its opening.

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THE



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 28.

*Tarda solet magnis rebus inesse fides.* OVID.

SOME woods and meadows in the neighbourhood of Harrow were the destined scene of a late excursion: the noon was sultry, and the horses that had been but ill prepared for so fatiguing an expedition, were heartily tired before we arrived at the foot of the hill on which the pleasant village is situated. It was hardly a merit in us to lighten the burden of these poor creatures by getting out of the coach, as it appeared more than probable they would not have been able to drag us up in it; but I hope my company had been long enough my pupils to have done it out of compassion, if they had not been led to it by necessity.

We were walking slowly up the hill by the side of our carriage, when one of the wheels running over a large pebble in the road, accidentally split it; and as we are a party who professedly overlook no object that offers on these occasions, one of the company took up the larger piece to examine its veins, and from them to trace its structure, and the order of its formation and accretion.

The fragment no sooner came into my hands than the traces of something much more observable than the veins of a pebble struck my eye: a semi-orbicular cavity, marked with longitudinal furrows, and sinking to near half an inch deep in the very centre of the stone, promised me an opportunity of speaking to my little auditory, on a subject that had never yet employed our common conversation. I no sooner hinted that the other half of the stone would shew a very curious body answering to that hollow, than every eye was employed in searching for it. It was no sooner found than  
my

my expectations, as well as their hopes, were fully answered, by its disclosing a perfectly formed *cockle shell*, with all its lines, furrows, and other marks, and with its hinge intire: the two parts it was composed of were closely and nicely shut, and the whole was converted into a glossy, naturally polished, and very beautiful stone, much finer than the pebble it was lodged in; and approaching to the nature of crystal.

The admiration of my little company, not one of whom had ever seen a thing of this kind before, was extremely great: they viewed the shell round; took it out of the cavity in which it had lain in this part of the pebble; and very naturally expressed their curiosity as to the means of its coming into that place. They seemed to expect my explication of it; which, by employing their whole attention, took off much of the fatigue of an up-hill walk, as I delivered it.

Nothing is more certain than that the shell, now lodged in the body of this firm stone, was once an inhabitant of the sea; nor is it less sure that this pebble has been, from a very distant period of time such as it now is, so incapable of receiving an extraneous body into it: and that it has been all that time lodged in the earth, whence the wearing of the part of the hill where we found it, by the continual passage of carriages at length, dislodged it. Accidental occurrences of one kind or other, give every moment proofs of the greatest and most interesting truths, but the unfrequency of observers renders their testimony useless.

It is evident that an inhabitant of the sea can have been no way lodged by natural means, on, or in, the earth, unless by the passing of the waters of that sea over the place; nor can a solid body be conveyed into the very substance of another solid one, without any mark of its having entered at the surface, otherwise than while the latter, though now firm and hard, was in a state of softness or fluidity. On these principles, which cannot be disputed, depends an incontestible proof of one of the greatest events that has befallen this globe.

Let

Let it not appear odd, that this particular shell has been deposited at a height so vastly above the level of the sea, as the part of the hill is where we found it: the very Alps and Andes, to their utmost tops, abound with the like scenes of wonder, with shells of the same kind with this, and of a multitude of others; with the teeth and bones of fishes of various species, and with sea mushrooms and corals, and a thousand other marine productions, all lodged as this was in solid stone.

It is plain from this, that the sea has once extended itself over the very top, not only of this, which is an ant-hill to the Alps, but even over those immense elevations; and over every other mountain in the world: nor are we left at a loss for the period when this happened. We are informed in a book, to which the perverseness of too many will not pay the common credit of a history, merely because they ought to allow it a much greater, that the earth was once overflowed by an universal deluge, the waters of which, we are there told, stood many fathoms above the tops of the highest mountains. Here then was a period at which the lodging of these inhabitants of the sea on the highest land might have happened; and as there is no other period at which it could happen, no other means by which it could be brought about, reason bids us believe it was really done by those at that time.

It has been alledged, toward an explication of the other part of the present wonder, that the water, which at that time covered the earth, had a power of dissolving the most solid bodies, and, in particular, stones; and that while they were in this their soft or fluid state, they received these shells into their substance, and condensed equally about them: this has been honestly meant; but alas! friends like these to a good cause are worse than enemies. How should the shells themselves, which are much softer than these stones, remain intire, and not be also dissolved in the common fluid. Arguments that are thus faulty, tend indeed to overthrow the system they would strengthen; but

but there are others equally obvious, and which I am amazed, that, of so many ingenious men as have written professedly on this subject, no one has hit upon.

We are told, in the only history we have of this great event, that *the fountains of the great deep were broken up*; or in other words, that a vast quantity of water was at that time thrown up from cavities and cells within the bosom of the earth. We well know, that all the solid bodies, stones, &c. which were lodged upon the surface of the earth at the first formation of it, were produced by concretion from among that great mass of things, the *Chaotic fluid*, which we are told for many days overspread the whole surface of the globe, before any thing dry or solid appeared. We have no reason to suppose the waters treasured up in the abyss of the earth's bosom are pure, simple element: they were more probably in their origin, a part of this Chaotic fluid, full of the particles of stone and other solid bodies, received into those caverns in that state, to make way for the appearance of dry land; and, at this deluge, being thrown up again in the same state, it is obvious that they may, nay, that they must have formed, by the action of the sun and air, numberless such concretions as they had done at first: and as the marine bodies at that time, carried every where about by the universal fluid, fell in their way at the time of their concreting, they may, nay, they must have received them into their very substance, there to be treasured up for ever, to serve as memorials of that great catastrophe.

We, without all doubt or hesitation, believe there was once an empire of the Romans, because history informs us of it: and we receive the coins of the several Princes, discovered from time to time, as indisputable proofs of it: what blindness to reject a truth of such vastly greater importance, which we are informed of by the same means, but in an infinitely more authentic manner; and of which we have such indisputable proofs as these marine remains; these medals of an universal deluge!



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 29.

*Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia, sed te  
Nos facimus fortuna deam cæloque locamus.*

JUVENAL.

I HAVE often heard providence arraigned on account of the vast disproportion of the good and ill that are the attendants on human life, in regard to the several individuals : that of a number of creatures formed with the same organs, the same sensations, the same right, if I may so call it, to happiness, and the same natural pleas against misery, one part should be monarchs, and the other slaves ; one the tenants of an earthly Elysium, the other anticipators of a state of punishment : that of two people, born with the same natural title to the benefits and advantages of man, the one should be chained to an oar, or plunged a hundred fathom deep into the bowels of the earth ; while the other, only because his father had been the descendant of an ambitious villain, shall loll at his ease in the pompous barge, or wear on his habit the gold and gems of which he who toils for them, scarce sees the very form.

Providence is doubtless justifiable in this, as in all its ways, on the mere principle of reason, even proposing things in this their boldest colours. Our reason assures us this life is not all we have a right to ; the mere unenlightened understandings of the heathens could point out to them the certainty of an immortality, which could make

*The soul, secure in its existence, smile  
At the drawn dagger, and defy its point.*

If

If virtue can even plunge the possessor of it into the bowels of the earth, or nail him to the oar, while vice, for assuredly most monarchies have been founded on no better a principle, can raise another to imperial greatness; if the one shall groan and sweat beneath his portion, and the other revel in his splendor in security to the period of his life, what follows from it, but that he who created us as we are, must be infinitely great, and he who is infinitely great must be infinitely just, nay infinitely beneficent? and as we are by natural reason assured a state of existence succeeds this mortal period, that state must give us what we have merited, what we have even but attempted to merit in this.

Such ought to be our ideas of the dispensations of providence when they appear, nay, when they are, as to the present period, the most rigid: but while the appearances of things are so very different from their realities, as we full well know they are at present, a thousand other methods offer to us of extricating its disposal of all that regards us from the seeming perplexity that spreads itself over it.

Custom will make things that at their first sight appear painful and difficult, easy and undisturbing: even labour becomes by habit not a fatigue, but an agreeable employment. The slave condemned to toil six days of the week in the mine, enjoys the chearful day on the seventh with infinite rapture, while the tyrant, who condemned him to that state, at best does but endure it. The wretch, as he is called, knows the allotted portion of his time for labour, and he is secure of tranquillity, of a placid satisfaction in the remainder of it, which is superior, in the very eye of truth and reason, to that tumultuous hurry of the spirits, which is the effect of every afternoon's bottle, and which his lordly master miscalls joy. A love of life, deny it or disguise it as we please, is the first principle in us all. Nature has implanted it in us, in every living creature, for the best and usefulest purposes,

poses, and the hero, while he affects to disclaim it, makes his resolution act a part,

*To which his heart in secret gives the lie.*

He, by whose death no one can be profited; by whose destruction no public or private end can be answered, enjoys the happiness that attends on a security of living till nature calls him off: while the tyrant's knowledge of the ambition of one of his attendants, of the just hatred of another, and of the treachery of a third; while all three are necessary about him, and while even whoever he should put into their places would imbibe their principles; plants daggers in his path, sets murderers behind his bed, and sprinkles imaginary poison into all his dainties.

Pleasures are of a thousand different kinds; and such has been the beneficence of providence to us, that the peculiar species which every man possesses he naturally believes to be the most desirable; and so happily is every incident that leads to joy disposed, that there is scarce any thing which is the occasion of it to another, that does not, at the same time, give full as large a portion of it to ourselves. The generous heart, while from the overflowings of those benefits it owes to fortune it gives happiness by removing the distresses of another, feels as much pleasure as it bestows; nay, surely more in the doing it. It enjoys every part of the pleasure it communicates, and has the additional satisfaction that attends a consciousness of having done its duty, than which I know none greater.

The builder, whose ingenuity has planned, whose hand has assisted in the erecting the pompous fabric which we are proud of inhabiting, has as much joy in that consciousness, as we can have in calling it ours: and the player, whom we suppose we pay for labouring to entertain us, feels infinitely higher joy while he pronounces the sentiments committed to his mouth, than we while we hear them; he fancies him-  
self,

self, for the eighth part of his life, the King or Hero whom he represents, and, for the remainder, looks on himself, and with sufficient reason, as one possessed of talents in the exerting of which he has more honour than profit.

We often err in our opinions of happiness, and such of us, indeed, as miss of it, owe our ill success principally to the setting up a wrong object for our pursuit: to be great is not to be happy, nor can the being rich insure us satisfaction. He who cannot stoop to do a mean thing, has all the real advantages of greatness; and he who dares to spend the interest of his thousand, has more of the true enjoyment arising from money, than he who supposes he is a thousand times happier, because he possesses a million.

To find the real advantages of that peculiar situation we see ourselves fixed in, is the rational path to pleasure. Every man who would be truly happy, should copy the wisdom of that great writer, who has said,

*In whatever station I am, I have learnt myself therein to be content.*



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 30.

*Exemplo junctæ tibi sint in amore columbæ  
Masculus & totum femina conjugium.*

PROPERTIUS.

**J**ACK EASY, a gay, goodnatured, careless, complaisant fellow, of considerable dependencies, but no immediate fortune, danced with the charming Polly Gay one morning at Putney bowling-green. They had not met before; they were mutually pleased with one another; and as approbation makes long

strides towards love, they were both in a very soft and fighting condition by the next evening.

The company my friend Jack was in, would alone have declared him a gentleman, had not the unaffected ease of his deportment sufficiently evinced it; and the lady's air and manner, the ease with which she received the common civilities, and her reserve, that checked any thing that seemed but to lean toward familiarity, sufficiently bespoke her worth the following, and not to be had without some trouble.

Difficulties to a man of spirit are the life and soul of an amour: Jack would have despised an angel that should have sunk into his arms, as soon as he opened them to receive her; but he no sooner heard of fathers, aunts, and rivals; of swords, locks and blunderbusses, and all the train of caution and revenge, than he set it up as the great point of the present period of his life to surmount them.

He wrote to her, but the father opened the letter; he serenaded her, but the aunt's face appeared at the window; he toasted her a pint deep in Burgundy, and a well dressed fellow asked him if he had any pretensions to that lady:

These, and ten thousand such obstacles, only gave him new ardour in the pursuit: if letters could not be received, he put paragraphs, intelligible only to her, into the news-papers; if the play and opera were forbidden, if Ranelagh were avoided, and Vaux-hall detested, the church was still open, and he knew how to prepare there for the solemn business he intended in it.

The lover found means to keep up a correspondence with his mistress, even in her enchanted castle: gold opened the doors to his messengers, and even himself was sometimes admitted to a conversation from a window: the success was too obvious to be concealed from the Argus eyes of the father; he reduced the matter to a short alternative with the lady; he told her, 'Madam, you must either quit this Gentleman or me.' She answered, 'then Sir your humble  
'servant;'

servant; and at midnight dropped from the accustomed window into the arms of her lover; who immediately called up a Fleet parson to speak the prologue to his approaching tragedy.

It was a month after they were married before it entered into Jack's head to enquire about the Lady's fortune; nor would so unmannerly a thought have presumed to visit that seat of revelry then, but that the last guinea he was possessed of was sent to be changed. He found the Lady's situation was just such as his own: that her relations had much ability, but very little inclination to do any thing for her; and he in two days received an answer to a letter he had written to his own father, informing him that he should never look upon him again; and another from her's, assuring him, that it would be a singular pleasure to him to see so insinuating a rascal, and so disobedient a baggage starve together.

There is a very coarse proverb in our language, that seems a sort of paraphrase on the politer expression of the Romans, *Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus*. But to do our new married people justice, poverty increased instead of abating their passion for one another. That they submitted to every thing, is not the proper character of their conduct: There was no disagreeable, no mean office either could do for the other, that was not snatched at with the utmost eagerness, as a proof of love and gratitude, and that did not inspire the other's heart with an increased fondness, while it filled the eyes with tears.

My gay friend and his blooming wife had passed three years in this uncomfortable situation, when his father died, and left him in possession of a pretty fortune. I had kept up my acquaintance with them in all their distress, and promised myself infinite satisfaction in the continuance of it, now they were in happier circumstances; but alas! distresses, I find, are immediately necessary to some people's happiness.

Jack, who could before live upon almost nothing, now finds it difficult to keep within the bounds of six times his income; and the agreeable Polly, who was all affability, all good-nature in her former circumstances, is grown insufferably peevish, insolent, and exceptionous. The appearance of a woman better dressed than herself in a public place, gives her an insupportable anguish: it is pain to her to see a person of quality take place of her in public; and but a hint that seems to lean toward the remembrance of her having been once in less affluent circumstances, sets her in a flame, that nothing but the tears that burst out upon the occasion can allay. Her friends grow tired of her; her acquaintance are ashamed to be seen with her; and the unlucky husband finds ten thousand reasons a-day to wish to be unmarried, or else to be a beggar again. He has told me of her throwing the cards at his head, because he had forgot whether an eleventh, at whist, was an eight or a ten; and I was present yesterday at her sweeping the whole table, at one jerk of the cloth, on his presuming to fancy that a pheasant, which she called raw, might be done as some people liked it.

I think I owe the Lady, who could affront me so far as to make me a witness of this, no respect that should prevent my doing the world some service at her expence, as an example; and I beg every unmarried reader of mine to ask their own hearts, if ever they should be tempted under the same circumstances, whether if the one of these people had asked a parent's consent, and the other obey'd the commands of one, both might not have made themselves much happier in so important an article as marriage, than they have done by following mere inclination, even now that they are under the most advantageous situation in point of fortune?

Obedience to a parent is one of the most natural of the social duties: It is the only one to which a blessing is promised in this life, and the promise very seldom fails to be accomplished.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 31.

*Cuncta suo domino depromunt munera laudum,  
Seu semper fileant five sonare queant.* OVID.

MY friend Jack, who had the honour to be the subject, or at least half the subject, of my last paper, will, I am afraid, think the transition from a being of his importance, to a maggot, for such is to be the object of to-day's disquisition, somewhat too abrupt. There may, possibly, be some of his friends and acquaintance, who will fancy they see an analogy between the two, and, in all human probability, the generality of my readers would be ready to make my apology to him, by taking it for granted that some body else wrote one of the papers for me. I am no more inclined, however, to receive false praise, or to admit a false excuse, than to part with any share of my credit, such as it is, on this occasion; and I am therefore honestly to inform Mr. Easy, that I have no analogy, connection, or relation between the two subjects, in my thoughts. In a publication of this kind, the very soul of which is variety, transitions of this sort will be frequent without any meaning at all.

I was the other afternoon upon the ramble with my often mentioned little party; and as I always wish to set those who would follow me in my observations on a right scent, I hope no body will think me impertinently circumstantial when I add that Hampstead Heath was the scene of our observations. It cost us some wounds among the furze bushes, to make our way to a little bog, that stands on the declivity of the hill: At the lower verge of this quagmire, I pointed to a puddle of redish water, the surface

face of which was in continual motion; and desired the guesses of my company as to the occasion of that circumstance. After some had imagined that it was the effect of fermentation, some of the shaking of the bog under our feet, and some that it was owing to a spring bubbling up there, I desired, one of our party to dip in his hand, and taking out a quantity of what came first in his way, to give me, by that, an opportunity of explaining the motion to him.

I had loaded our equipage, on this occasion, with a large glass vessel; and a servant was ordered to follow us to the beath with it. The Gentleman who had dipped his hand into the water, brought up in it more than a hundred dirty shapeless animals, with much of the appearance of common maggots, but vastly uglier. They were brown, thick, short, and furnished with tails. I ordered these to be laid down upon the grass, and dispatching the servant for some clear water, sat down and called a council of philosophy to enquire into their nature, origin, and properties.

I had so often already informed my little auditory, that none of the winged insects were hatched in their perfect state from the egg, but that they all are first produced in form of worms, maggots, or caterpillars; or, in other words, covered with skins under which they live, move, and eat, and have the appearance of very different animals from their parents; that it did not appear strange to them, when I observed, that these creatures before us were not now in their ultimate state.

I informed them that they were the produce of the eggs of the *bee-fly*; an insect perfectly resembling the common humble-bee, in form, size, and colour, but having only two wings, instead of the bee's four, and wanting that creature's sting.

This fly is instructed by that universal guide and guardian, instinct, to lay its eggs about the edges of waters; its young, while in the worm state, are to live and feed in water; but the female parent cannot

not go about to deposite her eggs in that element, without perishing in the attempt. She lays them therefore on dry land, near the proper places of residence of her young; and the same instinct which instructed her to place them in such a situation, directs the young ones, as soon as they are hatched, to make their way into the water; and finally, when they have there acquired their full growth, and the animal within is ready to burst forth into a new life, and enjoy the regions of the air, to emerge out of it again, that this great event may be finished at land.

We had got about this far in our observations, when the servant returned with a little water in the glass, and with a larger quantity ready in another vessel, to add occasionally to it. Respiration, continued I is necessary to all animal life; but it is variously performed in the several species: the snake respire but once in half an hour, whence she can, without injury, bear her throat to be wholly filled, and even greatly distended, for so considerable a time, in the getting down her food: but it is yet more singular, that different organs may be employed in this office, and those situated in different parts of the body: and that while we, and the generality of other animals, respire by the mouth, this creature does it by the tail.

The insects we were examining were about half an inch long in the body, and their tails near an inch. I proportioned the water in the glass to this measure in depth, and, on our throwing them into it, their bodies naturally sunk with the head downward, and while they seemed searching after food about the bottom, the extremities of their tails were seen just above the surface, and in continual motion. This explained to my company the disturbance we had observed in the water of the puddle; and the impatience of any of the creatures, on our forcing the tail to the bottom, together with the air-bubbles sent up through the water from it in that situation, abundantly proved both that it was a necessary organ to the animal,

and that respiration was the office for which it was intended.

My little party, who have long since learnt to make every observation of this kind the source of adoration to the supreme creator, disposer, and preserver of all things, were admiring the care of his providence, in contriving thus amazingly that a poor reptile should not be suffocated while it fed, when I ordered a pint more water to be poured into the glass: they all cried out, at first, against my destroying the unhappy animals; but their admiration was raised much higher than before, when I observed to them, that they would receive no harm by this; that nature had not provided so partially for them, as to give them the means of life only in a puddle, which the first shower of rain would swell so as to drown them. I made them observe, that when the water was now raised to an inch more than its former depth, they lengthened their tails, so as to make their extremities still reach the surface, while their bodies were all the while, as at first, at the bottom. I told them this was about the utmost elongation the tail itself was capable of; but that they were not left without the means of life, even in a much more increased depth of the fluid: on adding a quart more water, it was soon found that the apparent tail of this insect was a mere tube, containing another within it much smaller, yet sufficiently large for the passage of all the air that was necessary to the animal: A fine slender pipe was immediately darted up out of this, and extended to the new surface: on raising the water to two inches higher, this pipe was immediately lengthened again as far as necessary; and so on till the verge of the glass suffered us to carry the trial no farther.

We never go out on these expeditions without all the necessary apparatus for examination. I opened, with a fine lancet, one of the insects after it had drawn in this lengthened tail, and shewed, by the help of a small magnifier, in what manner this inner tube lay folded in the body of the creature, ready to be

be explicated and lengthened with the utmost facility. The rest of the animals we returned to their native puddle, not more delighted with their restored liberty, than we with the observation of such an instance of the unlimited care of our Creator over what might be esteemed one of the most inconsiderable of his works.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 32.

*Philosophia nihil aliud est, si recte interpretari volumus,  
quam studium sapientiæ.*

CICERO.

I HAVE been long sensible there is hardly a man in town more generally known than the author of these papers; but I am sorry to find there is no one whose actions, principles, and conduct, are so much misunderstood.

Satire, levelled against a particular person, on occasion of some fault of which he is not guilty, loses its aim; a very moderate share of philosophy will enable a man to treat, with contempt, attacks that are founded on foibles that have no existence; and he who is more careful of the nature of his actions, than of their consequences, which is, I hope, the case with every wise and honest man, will find very little cause of dissatisfaction with himself, while the censures that are passed upon the events of his resolutions, are mistakenly applied to those resolutions themselves: while he sees the reflections intended to take place against his conduct, really falling only on the natural uncertainty of human actions.

I have been used, while possessed of no more important a character than that of one of the multitude, born to live and die, to pass half unnoticed, and half unnoticed, through this unequal stage of existence, to  
smile

smile at insinuations meant to convey great severity, and to pity the blindness of people, who, while they were mistaken in supposing they knew me, offered me no real insult in becoming the enemies of the thing they took me to be.

I hardly know a better lesson toward the giving a man, who does not intend to be distinguished in the world, that sort of tranquility which is very near of kin to happiness, if not the sole rational basis of it, than that which is conveyed in this honest confession of my own former conduct: but I find the case, in regard to myself, now greatly altered; and begin to perceive that I foresaw but few of the consequences of what I engaged in, when I vested myself with a kind of public character. When a man suffers himself to be taken notice of, he is no longer the simple individual whose duties, in a great measure, center in himself: example becomes, from that period, a necessary part of his care. It is no longer sufficient that he can reconcile his actions to himself: the world has a right to an account of them.

I could have been very well content with that obscurity which gave me leave to consider my conduct as relative to my own concerns alone; but since I am inadvertently drawn into a situation in which my actions are of more consequence to others, I cannot but esteem it a duty to the world to explain myself as ingenuously under this circumstance as I have already done in regard to the former.

Some persons, of whose favourable opinion a man that had more vanity in his nature than has fallen to my share, would be very proud, have been pleased to suppose they have distinguished some merit in these papers: rest their opinion on what foundation it may, I, who must be allowed the best judge of my own sentiments, do declare, that the single source on which I would build what little praise such occasional pieces may be thought to deserve, is candour and honesty of heart. This is, I am sure, the most rational basis, as this is in my power; for the rest, I can only say I shall be happy where I have the luck to please.

I am

I am not ashamed to confess, that the one great intent with which I have written, and shall continue to write, to the establishing *virtue, morality*, and that happy assemblage of all that is good and desirable, the *Christian religion*, on a better foundation in the minds of the generality of men, than I at present find it. I have no private end to answer by this: I am not qualified for accepting those rewards, which the intent of this work, whatever merit there may be in the execution of it, has appeared to some, who are in power in the church, to deserve: I speak of this serious subject solely as I think of it; I feel myself made happy by it, and I would throw that happiness in the way of a thousand other people, whom I see continually overlooking the means of it.

I should be sorry to find myself divested of the only claim I can suppose I have to the public attention, that of being in earnest; yet certain it is, that, no longer since than yesterday, a Gentleman, to whom I have long been known, gave it me as the sentiment of the world, that I was in the right to be an advocate for the established religion of my country, whatever were my own private opinions.

I do declare that my opinions on all subjects, but most strictly of all on this important one, are exactly what I speak them: and perhaps it may be some slight honour to a cause that cannot want it, to add, that, such as they are, those opinions have not been inculcated into me from infancy, or acquired their establishment in my mind by habit; but are such as nature, reason, and the common advantages of reading and observation have furnished me with. What I adore in our religion, what I am fond of in philosophy, what I know of letters, is all the mere effect of the natural beauties and advantages of those several subjects: I have, and so may every man, with application, informed myself of what I know of them, without a master. It is not very many years since I found myself a boy left to the wide world, without guide, guardian, or director: religion, under these circumstances,

stances, naturally presented itself to my thoughts, as the first good, the most desirable of all things, and it has continued to be my first and greatest study; philosophy I have called in as an aid to adoration of the deity; and letters I know no use of, but as the servants to philosophy.

That a youth, left thus to the sole guidance of that scanty prudence so little observation of the world could allow him, should run into many follies, will not appear a wonder. Crimes I hope I have not been accused of; I am not yet arrived at that period, when, as the wisest of men expresses it, *the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves; when the grinders cease, because they are few, and those that look out at the windows are darkened; when the silver cord is about to be loosed, or the golden bowl broken, or the pitcher to be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.* I am proud of having followed the admonitions of that sage, in remembering my Creator *in better time*; and if that natural cheerfulness, which is so far from being a mark of want of religion, that it is indeed its genuine offspring, has been unluckily mistaken in me for the effect of so different a principle from that which has in reality inspired it, I hope I am unhappy in this, rather than blameable.

I know nothing that is so difficult, or, in general, so impertinent, as an author's talking of himself; but I am content to be accused or censured on this occasion, rather than my future papers on serious subjects should want a recommendation they have so just a right to, as that of their author's being serious.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 33.

*Tu quoque clamabis nulla reparabilis arte.*

*The HAWK and his YOUNG ONE. A FABLE.*

SINCE our ingenious times produce  
Pamphlets and plays so pretty,  
That common sense grows out of use,  
And all the world is witty;

The brilliant pun, and quaint conceit,  
We leave to pens more able;  
And, while the Town o'erflows with wit,  
We'll venture on dull fable.

But will the moral countervail?  
Why, faith, there's room to doubt it:  
So, lest you miss it in the tale,  
We'll give it first without it.

When youths, in spite of sound advice,  
Neglect improvement's season,  
By turns conceit and cowardice  
Dethrone their conquer'd reason.

Much they resolve, but nothing's done;  
This ill success betides 'em:  
So close too late pursues too soon,  
'Tis not a hair divides 'em.

They think their own weak judgments best,  
So lose the lucky minute—  
But let the Fable speak the rest;  
'Tis time we now begin it:

'Twas

'Twas when Aurora had advanc'd  
To glad the glowing æther,  
And smiles of heav'nly radiance glanc'd  
On all the world beneath her;

The East was all the mountain-tops  
With streamy gold adorning;  
While vivid vales their silver drops—  
In short, 'twas one fine morning:

A sprightly lark, with agile spring,  
Leaps from the bed he sate in;  
And rising gay, with flutt'ring wing,  
Begins his grateful matin.

A hawk, that, with his new-fledg'd son,  
A neigh'ring bush was pressing,  
Ogles the prize, concludes it won,  
And triumphs in the blessing.

(And such it was; let none gainsay;  
There needs no further note on't;  
For small-birds nourish fowls of prey,  
As poor-men feed the potent.)

Paternal fondness stops his flight;  
He holds it best to speak first;  
So turns, and, "Fie, child, where's your fight?  
"Out, out, and take your breakfast."

Replies the hawkling, "Honour'd sire,  
"Indeed no harm will come on't;  
"Let him but mount a little higher,  
"He's mine in half a moment."

Thus he. The little songster pours  
His carols blithe and jocal;  
Fearless of danger, sings and soars,  
And makes the welkin vocal.

Th'im-

Th' impatient hawk still trembling stands,  
 And eyes the brisk advancer;  
 Repeats in vain the same commands,  
 And soon receives for answer:

" In point of fame, I should, I fear,  
 " Fall short of my relations,  
 " To seize upon a prey so near:  
 " Dear, good papa, have patience.

" You know, in every worthy feat,  
 " The more the toil the better;  
 " Th' advantage may be full as great,  
 " The glory's always greater."

Mean time the lark collects his force  
 To parts more distant tending,  
 With speed increas'd, and alter'd course,  
 Still length'ning and ascending.

Exclaim'd the angry parent: " Fly,  
 " Begone, and do your duty.  
 " Stay but a moment to reply,  
 " By heavens you lose the booty."

The younster eyes the distant prey,  
 And scarce from tears refraining;  
 In one short moment falls away  
 From vau'ring to complaining.

" Wretch that I am! but 'tis too late:  
 " T' attempt it now were nonsense;  
 " Who'd think he'd tow'r at such a rate?  
 " 'Tis too far off in conscience!"

The next—" What next, the fire reply'd,  
 " Thou offspring most untoward!  
 " Now sunk with fear, now blown with pride,  
 " Thou self-conceited coward!

" Unworthy

- " Unworthy of the least regard.  
 " Perverse ! can nothing please ye ?  
 " This instant what is now too hard,  
 " Was thought forsooth too easy.  
 " No more my just resentment urge ;  
 " But hear me utter this doom :  
 " Long fasting shall thy folly scourge,  
 " And want shall teach thee wisdom."



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 34.

*Sunt tamen inter se communia sacra poetis,  
 Diversum quamvis quisque sequamus iter.*  
 OVID.

**I** HAD the pleasure to find on my escritoire this morning among the papers and pamphlets sent in the night before by my printer, a poem, entitled, *An Epistle to the Right Hon. the Earl of Ossory, on his Edition of Pliny, by Henry Jones*. What I think of the subject of this piece, the world has been sufficiently informed already; if it could be necessary to add any thing on that head, I should say, that having, since the time of my giving those observations on the work, read it more carefully, I am, if possible, more confirmed in the high opinion which I then entertained of it.

The author of the poem, which has occasioned this second mention of it, I hardly know more than by report: that he has wanted the advantages of a liberal education, is a circumstance he is not at all averse to owning; but 'tis what the reader would not easily have discovered without the assistance of that information. His manner of expressing this, and his making it a

natural

natural introduction to the speaking, as he ought, of his patron, have great beauty and merit.

Penurious fate denies;  
 I ne'er on Latian lays shall feast these eyes;  
 Never shall Plato's golden mines explore,  
 Nor turn immortal Tully's treasures o'er:  
 Deprived their splendid beams, I mourn in night,  
 And from reflection only feel their light;  
 Yet even from thence some glad some radiance springs,  
 Since Homer's muse in British Homer sings;  
 Since Pliny's patriot soul my breast expands,  
 Shap'd and adorn'd by your illustrious hands.

The marks of genius, the true and genuine fire of poetry, are easily traced in these lines; and, I am apt to believe, they will not less please a candid and unbiassed judge, from the want of that laboured finishing, which a more methodically industrious writer would have given them, than if their spirit had been weakened, as is always the case, by those last retouchings.

The versification throughout the whole poem has merit; the lines are, in general, smooth and harmonious; the concurrence of vowels, and the hiatuses naturally arising from that incident, are as happily avoided as in almost any piece I have seen, and scarce any author has kept more clear of that disagreeable literature, which many of our good poets have fallen into through inadvertence, and some have by a false taste affected. We meet with nothing here like the *steering storms of state*, of *Davenant*, or the *helpless, hopeless, homely swain*, of *Dryden*; the former of which is as evidently an inaccuracy, as the latter an affectation. The whole carries the same spirit, and that in the same proportion in its several parts, and, to speak properly of it, seems rather a carefully written than a laboured piece.

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I am to confess there are some redundances in the stile, and that, in two or three places, if the sense had terminated with the lines, the passages would have had a more pleasing effect. I mention these as hints to an author, who, I am convinced, will thank me for them, and employ them; and would no more suppress an admonition that might be of use, than I would bestow an encomium that I did not think was merited.

The thought, as well as the expression, is beautiful in the following lines.

Conceit and judgment work such different ways,  
What the weak head wou'd hide, the heart betrays.  
Tho' truth, unchanging like the pole is seen,  
Such mists and vapours often rise between;  
Such rocks and shelves in fancy'd forms appear,  
When pride looks out, and passion's arm wou'd steer,  
Affrighted candour quits the helm with pain,  
And judgment points, and virtue toils in vain.

What follows on the subject of self-love is at once just and striking.

Self-love in man wise nature's purpose shews,  
Springs in his soul, and with his reason grows;  
Awakes each movement of th' exerted will,  
His guide thro' dangers, and his guard from ill;  
Yet, taught by custom's hand, it oft contends  
With reason's dictates, and defeats her ends.

The reader who is acquainted with the peculiarly unlucky fate of this author, in regard to his tragedy of the Earl of Essex, which was received at one of the houses, and had even a day fixed for the performance of it, and on the success of which he might have built very rational hopes of considerable advantage, cannot but sensibly feel the modest and resigned manner in which he alludes to that unhappy disappointment in the following passage:

Thou

Thou sacred muse, to whom my fancy flies,  
 O grant my wishes, what the world denies.  
 In spite of fortune, thou canst comfort bring,  
 And waft me cordials on thy kindly wing.  
 Celestial maid! in whom my soul delights,  
 Who sooth'st my anxious days, and cheer'st my nights.

His sentiments of retirement are full of justice, and are very beautifully expressed:

The heav'n-touch'd heart, the thought refin'd and clear,  
 To sacred solitude, to goodness dear,  
 At wisdom's beck, has ever sought the shade,  
 Where unreprouch'd delight with science play'd;  
 Where truth extends her disentangled clue,  
 And all her richest treasures spreads to view;  
 Where judgment holds, with steady hand, the scales,  
 In undisturb'd repose from passion's gales:  
 And where, wou'd heav'n indulge my wish, let me  
 On sacred wisdom wait, O Boyle! and thee.

These specimens will convince the candid reader, that there is merit enough in the piece to support more than I have said in its favour; and, when he has gone through the whole poem, he will say, these do the author but a very partial justice.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 35.

*Inter spem curamque, timores inter & iras,  
 Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.* HOR.

THE warmest advocates for the superiority, honour and advantages of human nature above that of all other visible living creatures, have allowed,

ed, that, if the present period of our existence were the whole of it, if we were to cease to be, when we cease to carry these bodies about upon the earth, our lot would be less desirable than that of the meanest of the brute creation. It is a very fair and rational conclusion from this, that we are not to perish on the dissolution of this frame; and it is as evident, from a consideration of his nature and attributes, who has given us these advantages, and placed us in this situation, that our succeeding state of existence, unless our improper use of this prevent it, will be infinitely the happier.

Unassisted reason would lead every fair and unprejudiced inquirer to the discovery of this; and our religion, in every thing consonant with reason, gives us its assurances of it. On this view of the case, how irrational are the fears of dying, and yet how universal are they! While our lives are of any use to the world, we are in the right to esteem the holding them an advantage; but in regard to ourselves only, assuredly, if we are conscious of not having deviated too grossly from the intent of our creation, it is our interest to lay them down.

I am afraid the general terrors at the thoughts of death have their origin from an uncertainty of what is to happen after it; but we ought to consider, that even this alone bespeaks our acknowledgment of a conviction that something is to happen after it; and the means of rendering that something advantageous and desirable to us, appear so easy, that one would wonder the conviction, and the necessary conduct dictated by it, should not be inseparable companions.

The distastefulness of this subject prevents our employing our thoughts on it, though we are sensible it would be to our interest to do so; but we know, that custom renders the most disagreeable things familiar, and that what would appear shocking to us in such a turn of thought to-day, would, a few days after, on continuing to employ our imaginations on it, be only disagreeable, and in the end familiar. A little resolution

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lution would get the better of all our natural backwardness in this; and common prudence ought to urge us to put that resolution in practice. There is not a man in the world who would wish to be taken off wholly without notice, and 'tis the fate of very few to be so; for the others, thoughts of this kind will crowd upon them as the period approaches; and when it is before them, and threatens instant access, these thoughts will be a thousand times more terrible than when they regard the subject at a distance, and are the voluntary act of our reason.

To think of death in sickness, and never to have paid any regard to such a consideration before, is alarming and terrible in the highest degree; to meditate on it in health, as a thing that must, at one time or other, but we know not when, approach us, is at first rather disagreeable than shocking, it will soon become easy and familiar, and, after this, it will commence pleasing.

One of the greatest businesses of our life is to prepare for the period of it. The first step toward preparing for any thing must be the thinking on it; it is certain, that every man will find himself naturally shy of such considerations; he will perceive himself naturally starting from them: but, as the man of personal courage does not avoid the object that alarms him, but approaches it, and always finds that as he does so it loses its terror; the man of resolution should habituate and familiarize himself to that which, whether he will or not, he must at some time approach to, and in regard to which there needs no more than to be acquainted with its true nature, to meet it as a friend instead of an enemy.

One of the greatest men of antiquity, we are told, erected his sepulchre in his garden, at the end of his favourite walk of retirement: and a countryman of our own, many years before his death, set up a tomb for himself in the church he frequented, and in full view of the place where he always sate at his devotions. On this his very name and character were

engraved at large, and a blank only left for the day on which it should be hereafter seen he died. I have known him arraigned and censured for this; and have heard the action itself attributed to very wrong motives; but I knew the man, and could always discover in him, through a strange inattention to most things, a serious regard to a succeeding state; and have often complimented him on having dared, in this instance, to declare with Job, *I have said to corruption, thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.* To disarm the most terrible of our adversaries of his whole power to threaten us, is surely a desirable attainment; and as surely every man who will, by remembering this period through the whole course of his life, and, consequently, by fashioning that life to the views beyond it, learn to look upon it as it truly is, not as a state of any kind in itself, but as a mere passage from one to another, will be able to smile, while he asks this dreadful assailant, *where is his sting*, and what is become of his power to menace?

The most rational of our delights, those which we have honour in acknowledging as such, are all the enjoyments of the soul; pleasures which it would be able to exert independently of the body, and unconnected with it: the pains and distresses to which we are subject, are, on the other hand, principally those of the body, and such as it might suffer without an immortal soul; such as brutes do suffer without one: all the harm we can dread in consequence of this bugbear, death, threatens the body only; where, therefore, is the rational terror that should attend a dissolution, by which the most disagreeable, nay, all the disagreeable things we have been used to complain of, as necessary and unavoidable in our present state, are to cease, without one threat against the least real pleasure?

Every man, whether he will or not, distinguishes between soul and body in his own nature; and every man prefers the soul as more honourable, and more essential

essential to him, though he indulges its companion at the expence of its future uneasiness: the same natural tenderness and partiality that makes us thus favour even the weaknesses and irregular instigations of this secondary part of our frame, will unavoidably interest us in its preservation, and it is a duty to be so interested; but when we carry our indulgence to it so far, as voluntarily to sacrifice the advantages of its superior to its false appetites, we lay the grounds for making that consideration, which ought to be of all others the most pleasureable, the most distressful.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 36.

*Parentum injuria!*

TERENCE.

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

YOU have given us many admonitions to filial duty, and bestowed many just encomiums on such as have been examples of it: I thank you for them: the world thanks you too. You have not been wanting, on the other hand, in equally recommending and praising paternal tenderness: but I am to inform you, that however well the public, in general, may have received your papers of that kind, the individuals have not sufficiently profited by them. I write to you under a very feeling conviction of the truth of this assertion; and desire you will, in your accustomed generous, disinterested, and virtuous manner, hang up a father *in terrorem*, and tell me, when you have heard his story, whether any criminal can more deserve it.

I had once, Mr. INSPECTOR! a friend: if you have had one too, you feel the due force of the word;

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if not, I must explain myself to you, by adding, that I do not mean by that name what its general prostituted sense expresses, a common acquaintance; but a man whom I loved because he deserved it, and whose fond partiality made him suppose he saw as much reason for the esteeming me.

He was the only son of a Country Gentleman, who, though he found all the neighbourhood fond of him, and heard every body full of his praise, as a youth of uncommon understanding, of distinguished learning, and a valuable heart, yet never admitted him to the rank of a companion, never honoured him with a moment's conversation, but issued his commands to him, which were generally unreasonable enough, with the same brow of sullen severity, the same harsh tone of voice in which he snarled at a dog that offended him.

The youth's obedience was perfect, but it was not always that he could understand the orders he received: if he mistook them, a blow was the return; if he understood as perfectly as he obeyed them, he was to suppose the old Gentleman was satisfied by his silence; for he never was honoured with a higher mark of approbation.

This behaviour to a man of three-and twenty, and the heir to a very considerable fortune, was what only my worthy friend could have born: but he endured it without reply or murmuring. Every body who visited in the family saw it; and if they loved him for supporting it, they adored him for not complaining of it. A neighbouring man of fortune, with whom he dined one day, took him into the garden in the afternoon, and spoke his sentiments on the subject: "So good a son, continued he, I am convinced, must make an excellent husband: my daughter, if you approve her, is at your service, and I shall think myself honoured as well as happy in the alliance."

The youth expressed his gratitude and compliance in very endearing terms: the father would have carried

ried him immediately to the Lady ; but he prudently declined entering into any advances toward a treaty in which he could not engage without the compliance of his father. " I am most sensible, Sir, said he, of the honour and advantage of this match, but shall I, in return for such generosity, involve your daughter in difficulties of which, perhaps, it may never be in my power to get the better."

The parent could not but applaud him very highly : he took his leave without seeing the Lady after this conversation : he proposed the alliance to his father ; but though it was an advantageous one in point of fortune, and what the old Gentleman must have liked extremely, if he had thought of it himself, all the reply the son received was the being knocked down at his feet, for daring to think of marrying before he spoke of it.

All possible endeavours were used on the part of the Lady's relations to bring on the match ; but in vain. The father, though he owned the fortune greater than he could expect, and the Lady's character unexceptionable, would never listen to any overtures, because the son had dared to think of it without his advice.

The period of my worthy, generous, virtuous friend's slavery, was continued two years after this, with additional rigour : he had, soon after the absolute refusal of the first offer, met with a Lady of great merit, and of considerable expectations, in the hands of a father of much more humanity than his own : he loved her ; he raised a mutual passion in her breast ; he obtained her promise of marrying him ; but he never dared to open his lips on the subject, either to his own father or to her's.

Four months since he married her, and immediately afterwards brought her to town. He applied to her father for his pardon ; and intreated some small portion of her future fortune might be settled on her : the answer was, That she should not have married without his consent ; but that as the families

were acquainted, and his expectations were equal to what his daughter might expect, he should overlook the disobedience; and, as it was over and irrecoverable, would settle on her in proportion to whatever his father would do for him.

The husband, with great joy, wrote now to his own father. He received for answer, That he had disinherited him, and would never look on him again. A thousand intreaties could make no change in his resolution; and the father of the Lady, thinking himself sufficiently excused to the world by the offer he had made, refused to do any thing for them under any other conditions.

The event has been dreadful: yet I scarce know how to blame my unhappy friend, even for the greatest of all crimes. He visited his father a few weeks since: what passed between them, that guilty wretch can only tell. The youth was found in the morning dead in his bed, with a pistol by his pillow; and his distracted widow is following him.

I have no motive for writing this, but that it is true: say you what you think ought to be said of such conduct, and such consequences of it.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your very humble servant,*

J. B.



THE INSPECTOR: N. 37.

*Inimici famam non ita ut nata est ferunt.*

PLAUTUS.

**T**HERE is nothing in which the generality of the world so much deceive themselves as in the opinion they maintain of their own decisions, as well in regard to the more trivial, as the most important subjects

jects of their thoughts. If the people who are ambitious after public praise, or in terrors about the censure of the world, were in the secret as to the origin of those marks of approbation or distaste; if they knew on how very few people what is called the public voice does in reality depend, they would find their several ends vastly easier of attainment than they appear to be. They would perhaps discover that there is a kind of mechanical way of securing the sense of the world in a man's favour in almost all kind of concerns; and that of the number of people whom we see honoured with this airy triumph in its utmost extravagance, most have owed the first tributes of it not so much to their intrinsic merit, as to these artificial means.

It is true that there are, in the number of actions, as well as in that of writings, some that are so striking; so eminently great, or so conspicuously contemptible, that every body sees for himself in regard to them, every body thinks alike about them, and there is no more possibility than occasion to attempt biasing the world on their part. Things of this kind of eminence are, however, but few in proportion to the infinity of those which are thrown out to the *arbitrium popularis aures*: as to the rest, that is as to very nearly all, it is at any time possible, on very easy terms, to turn the full tide of opinion either for or against them.

The people who really think, and determine for themselves, are extremely few, it is not so much as one man in five hundred that nature has qualified for the doing it properly, and of this five hundredth share of the world, so general an attendant is modesty on real merit, that there is not one in twenty that believes he is so; or that will not, at any time, take up the opinion of another in preference to his own; or who will not even repeat and propagate it, though even contradictory to his own real sentiments.

The people of true merit and qualifications, to whom nature has been so abundantly liberal as to give them also a boldness to trust themselves, and a courage

to pronounce their opinions because they are so, are very seldom sensible of the vast importance they are of to the public, or of the power with which they are vested: it were to be wished they were more conscious of their importance, that they might be less liable to the attacks of designing people, who are better acquainted with it; and consequently might be more upon their guard against leading a hundred thousand people into errors.

These are, in reality, the only *speakers* in this talking world, the rest are *echoes*, or *echoes of echoes*, to the third, fourth, and so on to the fiftieth degree of relation. Though every man, out of modesty, out of inability, or out of idleness, is ready to take up the opinion of another, instead of forming one of his own, yet scarce any one extends his humility so far as to acknowledge this to be the case: what every man takes up as another's, he retails again as his own, and pretends to lay down the very reasons that induced him to form such a determination: every man therefore appearing an original, though all but the first half dozen, perhaps, are copies; we meet with a determination as that of ten thousand different people, when, in reality, it is but the private opinion of three or four, and that, perhaps, taken up too much at random: this we suppose confirmed by the concurrent reasonings of multitudes, though it is, in reality, perhaps but the careless assertion of a few, and those, persons who never enquired with any degree of precision into the circumstances on which it ought to have been founded.

As in the places famous for numerous and repeated echoes, all after the two or three first are inarticulate, and rather a confused murmur, than a repetition of the original sound; just so it is in the affair of popular opinion: the three or four first retailers deliver it as they received it from the primary source; but, after this, the echoes of echoes repeat it so confused and indistinct, that it is often difficult to find out what was the original sentence. Upon the credit of these  
hundred

hundred thousandth retailers of other people's opinions it is that we usually build our decisions: where therefore can be the wonder that we in general so infinitely deceive ourselves?

Additionally to the natural indifference of the far greater part of the subjects of our observation in regard to praise or censure, there is scarce any one of them that is not capable of being represented in two lights. A man of address, when he throws out a subject of contemplation to the world, will first find means of insuring the favourable construction of one or two of the original sources of opinion already mentioned; and, from these, the best-natured representation in the world shall spread through ten thousand mouths in a day or two, every one of whom shall add something to the applause as he delivers it; and every one supposing himself bound in honour to maintain what he has once advanced, becomes a champion in a cause, which he who is immediately concerned in it laughs at him for defending.

Where an artifice of this kind is employed on a subject that is in itself totally indifferent, and of no importance to any body, the consequence is not worth regarding; but when the voice of the people is thus universally drawn in to support a falsity, or to censure a good or an important action, society is injured by it: the sufferer, in this case, however unjust he knows the sentence that is passed on him; however perfectly informed he is of the very sources of it; will find resistance impotent and ridiculous: he had better do that at first, which he must inevitably do in the end, submit to the determination, though he cannot acquiesce in it; and content himself with that applause which his own heart tells him he deserves; while he smothers the insolent smile that such a conviction must attempt to throw into his face, when he looks upon those who have given the sentence against him.

A consciousness of this kind, while prudence and modesty prevail sufficiently to suppress the effects of it, will to the man who dares be independant, more than

repay the loss of that applause to which his vanity might tempt him to allow so much regard.

Who meets his own, not needs another's praise,

is a glorious sentiment of Milton's, and contains a truth, that I will venture to affirm every man, who has experienced the uncertainty of general applause on his worthiest actions, has felt in a manner which he will never be able to express.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 38.

*Dii immortales homini homo quid præstat.*

TERENCE.

**T**HOUGH I have the modesty to suppress the letters of compliment which I have received as author of this paper, my readers, I hope, will forgive me that I for once employ a single sentence in it, to thank the authors of them. I shall add farther to these my unknown friends, what I always say to my personal acquaintance on the same occasion; which is, that though all this is so far right, that it answers the essential purpose of keeping up an author's spirit beyond any other method, yet there is another more friendly office, to which the same attention and discernment on their part will as easily lead, and which I shall be always more pleased with, that is, the pointing out my faults. The man whose sole ambition is after fame, will be always in raptures when he receives praise from the judicious; but he who wishes, at the same time, to improve himself, and to be useful to others, will be more pleased with admonitions than encomiums.

I am

I am sensible that nothing is so easy as to give praise, nothing so difficult as to administer reproof; but the intended purpose in regard to him who bestows them, is never answered by the first, while it is assuredly procured by the other, though it made no part of the original consideration. We hate and despise the man who loads us with applause which we do not deserve, even while we accept it; and, on the other hand, we have the assurance of one of the wisest of men, that *he who reproveth a man shall find more favour with him in the end, than he who flattereth him.*

Admonition, on occasion of errors, is the greatest act of amity one man can exert toward another: yet though the world never abounded more with what are called friends than at present, this honest, this worthiest office, was, perhaps, never in such utter contempt or disregard. A man's intimates are always the first to see his foibles, but they are the last in the world that will put him in mind of them: they would esteem it a breach of good-manners to tell him of his faults or foibles to his face, though they do not see that it is a breach of friendship to be merry with them in his absence; or even to make themselves the occasion of subjecting him to the ridicule of others, who would, for want of abilities or opportunities, never otherwise have found them out.

There is, indeed, but one circumstance under which people, who have called themselves by this name, usually break through the rule; that is, in case of a quarrel. But how disingenuous must it appear to a candid observer, to hear every miscarriage, every ill thing that two such people have known of one another, thrown out with virulent rage, to disgrace and vilify the person; under the warmth of an animosity, while not the least hint had ever been given of any one of them under the sanctity of friendship.

Reproof from friends, actuated only by that amiable principle, and delivered with candour, would seldom fail of its end: I know none among the so-

cial duties that is easier in the execution, none the obligations to which are more sacred or indispensable, nor any that is calculated so eminently for the benefit as well of the community as of the individuals. Little faults may be reprov'd with temper, and all faults are little ones at first: no man becomes abandoned all at once. Friends are the people who have opportunities of seeing these first approaches to ill, and they are those from whom private admonition will be best received, and will make the strongest impression. How just a pride would a man take in having prevented, in their infancy, ills, that, when grown up, would have been irremediable! How noble a triumph must it be, in his own thoughts, to reflect, that he has made a person a friend, and an honour to society, who would otherwise have been an enemy and a reproach to it!

The whole world will declare, that it is not reconcileable with a profession of friendship, to see a man throwing away his fortune, and not admonish him of it: but the very people who would not be witnesses to this without exclaiming against it, will see him throw away his virtue, his reputation, his eternal welfare, without one thought that it is their duty to put him in mind he is in the wrong. Custom has rendered this neglect familiar; but it is against all reason to be swayed by that custom: our friends, indeed, have a right to this assistance from us; and by that generous principle that makes every man our brother, that thinks *nothing of the human species unallied to it*, every one has the same lawful claim to it.

That excellent series of precepts delivered in some of the first books of the Old Testament, tells us, that if we see the ox or the ass of a stranger, nay, of one that hates us, going out of its way, or sinking under its burden, we are to bring it back, or to relieve it. There is not a humane breast but glows with a generous warmth on the reading a lesson of so noble charity; what insatiation is it then, that the heart, which receives with applause this command of doing good to  
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the brute servant of an enemy, should hesitate at performing it for the person of his friend!

It is not only in regard to our friends, indeed, that we are to look upon admonition as a duty; it is not less so to ourselves. Though human justice can only punish the person who commits the offence; conscience, and he who is to confirm that sentence hereafter, which conscience never fails to pass upon our faults when they are committed, will condemn the man who looked on and saw what he might have prevented, as an accessory to the crime.

I do not know a greater scandal to society, than the making ourselves merry with the follies or the crimes of others, who are not present: if we would prefer the being honest to the appearing witty, and give our censures a softer turn, while we directed them to the only ears that could be profited by them, we should cut off the very source of so infamous a pleasantry.

I am aware that the general excuse from so essential a duty to ourselves, so good an office to our friends, to the whole human species, and to society itself, as composed of them, will be, that it is doing a disagreeable service; and that it hurts a man of a tender or but of a polite disposition, to say any thing to a man he esteems that may give him uneasiness. For my own part, this is an uneasiness I shall always thank the man who gives me, and esteem him as one who mitigates a penalty I have incurred, and sets his private censure in the place of that of the world. I shall always laugh at the false delicacy that would suppress so important an act of friendship; and look upon him who calls himself my friend, and sees me running into errors, but declines telling me so, for fear of giving me pain, as I would do on the man who saw me poisoned, and would not help me to a remedy, for fear of informing me I was in danger.

The man who sees virtue and friendship in their true light, will know, that the latter cannot subsist, when the former is broken in upon: if not for his friend's

friend's sake, yet merely for his own, if he were happy in the acquaintance, he would, though he wanted a better motive, admonish him against things, which would make it necessary to give him up; if his private remonstrances failed, he would appeal to their acquaintances, as the judges between them; and if their voice had no effect to remove the cause of complaint, he would drop his acquaintance, as he no longer found him the man with whom he made it.

Such is the conduct reason and humanity require of us, and such are the precepts of that divine monitor, who has adapted all his instructions to our natural condition, and who, in the case of a trespass in a brother, advises us first to tell him his fault between ourselves and him alone; if he refuse to hear, to make one or two others the witnesses between us; if this fail, to refer the cause to more numerous and equitable judges; and if he refuse to hear those, to let him thereafter be to us as a heathen and a publican.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 39.

*Torva leena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam.*

VIRGIL.

THAT insatiable curiosity which I have long esteemed the source of one of the principal and most rational pleasures of my life, led me the other morning, while an agreeable party that I had attended at Putney bowling-green were galloping over the jovial hours to the sprightly tabor, to the edge of a little pond before the door, to see what quieter objects the unruffled face of nature, the burnt green, or the still pool afforded, that might court the contemplation.

contemplation of a mind devoted to the adoration of its Creator, and eager to find occasions of it amongst the minutest, the seemingly most inconsiderable of his works.

The surface of the water, in this scanty reservoir, was obscured by a thin green crust which the slightest motion dissipated, and which appeared to be composed of the mere unconnected particles of a fine powder. A common observer would have called this dust, filth, or the foulness of the water. I had, however, another opinion of it : I promised myself great satisfaction in the discovery of what composed it; but the present moment was no time for that investigation. The agreeableness of the place, the universal cheerfulness of the company that had crowded together there, and particularly the happy gaiety of my own party, of whom Euphrosyne herself was one, called me irresistibly back to the room; and all the respect I could pay to my intended object of observation was, the loading a servant with a quantity of the water to be examined at home.

How greatly entertained would every one who does me the honour to cast his eye over the description, have been, could he have seen with me to-day, that every particle of that which, to the naked eye, appeared lifeless dust, was, in reality, a living animal, formed with as complex an organization, as many parts as himself, all which served to as many purposes, and were sure to continue to the period of the creature's existence, in the same uninterrupted course of action.

Beside these animals, however, which the unassisted eye could distinguish to be existences, though wholly incapable of discovering their forms and qualities, every the minutest drop of the water swarmed with life, and was peopled with animalcules of another kind, in so abundant a degree that it must have been impossible for any of the humble inhabitants of the heath to have quenched their thirst at the place, at a less expence than that of the destruction of a greater number

number of animals than there are men at this time upon the whole face of the earth.

A drop of the clearer part of this water, so small as to be itself scarce visible, when applied before the microscope, entertained me with more than a thousand little creatures, all full of life and gaiety as the company from whom I had parted to obtain it; and all as insensible of the open jaws of two or three devourers of a larger kind, who lived among them, and were continually preying upon them, as those lords of the creation were of that universal grave of natural death into which one or other of them are to be daily dropping, though human prescience can never say whom it will first call upon.

The greater number of the inhabitants of this little portion of the water, which was extended to a sea by the power of the glasses, were mere little globules, and though full of life and jollity, seemed only a kind of inflated bladders, composed of nothing more than a thin membrane, containing, amidst a quantity of fluid like the circumambient water, a few organs of life and sensation: among these there rolled about the more unwieldy forms of two or three larger creatures, which were of a different shape, and seemed created only to devour them: they advanced continually among the thickest of them, and swallowed them by numbers at a time.

I had selected one of these larger animalcules for my observation, and was admiring the structure of its mouth, formed to take in the living bladders, as they appeared to be, and to burst them as they went down, throwing out the common fluid, and swallowing only their juices; when the drops of water beginning to dry up, and threatening the creature with instant dissolution, I replenished it with an addition of the same minute kind from the common stock. I had observed the little animal, as the agonies of death approached, extending the extremity of its tail in breadth, and sometimes thrusting out a number of threads all round it. I had then been solicitous to know  
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the use of such an apparatus, and I was soon after informed of it.

Clear and uninhabited as the additional drop had appeared to the naked eye, I quickly found that I had let in with it not only an innumerable fresh supply of the smaller animalcules; but there appeared also among them one of a sluggish kind, much larger than even the first observed destroyer of those creatures. This animal seemed even more than the other to have been formed by nature with no other intent than to destroy her other productions, and perfectly to answer the character the Latin poet gives of the generality of certain people whom he calls men, *Fru-ges consumere nati*. It was of an oblong shape, destitute of limbs, and, for all that I could observe, of any power of changing its place: it seemed only a hollow body, formed to be the grave of the rest of the inhabitants of the fluid, which it swallowed by hundreds at a time, without giving itself the trouble of seeking after them.

Nature, I soon observed, had furnished this creature with a kind of fringe about its mouth, which it kept in continual play, and which putting the water that was near it, together with all contained in it, into an incessant motion, just as the arms of another minute insect, described in one of these papers some time since, carried the lesser animals into its throat every moment, without its taking the least pains to find them. The larger animal I had been before examining at length found itself in the reach of this destructive whirlpool; and instinct, I soon discovered, had implanted in it sufficient terrors for the avoiding the destruction. When it first found it was within the reach of the current, it exerted its utmost strength to throw itself out of it. Several repeated efforts were made to this purpose with additional violence, but in vain: instead of disengaging itself, the unhappy animal found its strength every moment decaying, and its body nearer the scene of destruction than when it had more power to fly from it.

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It now shewed me the use of the expansion of its tail: the extremity of that part formed a broad smooth surface, which it applied to the plate of glass which the water was laid on, as we see boys do pieces of wet leather to stones, in order to lift them from the ground: thus fixed, it seemed, for some moments, to defy the power of the motion in the water to dislodge it: at length, however, whether its strength failed, or by what other accident I know not, it lost its hold, and was in an instant drawn vastly nearer the jaws of death: it now thrust out the filaments I had before observed from the extremity of the tail, and, after fixing the end of it as it had done before to the glass, it extended these to their full length several ways, and fastened itself by them, as by so many roots.

The whole multitude of the lesser animalcules had now been successively drawn into the mouth of this destroyer, and were extinct; the only remaining prey was this single animal, which had thus at length fixed itself as in defiance. Hunger now influenced the destroyer in a more violent degree; he exerted his power of moving the water with double vehemence; but the destined victim fixed himself so much the more firmly; The struggle lasted some time; and what would have been the issue is not easy to determine; but, in the midst of it, the drop of water, in which they were placed before the microscope, exhaled, and they both perished at the same instant.

It was impossible to avoid moralizing on an incident like this. What, exclaimed I to myself, is the tyrant whose nod commands ten thousand of his fellow-creatures to butcher one another, but such a hateful destroyer as this unwieldy insect! and what, alas! is the end of his conquests, and of his subjects terrors! the drop dries up, and they perish, and are forgotten together.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 40.

*Great wits, and valours, like great states,  
Do sometimes sink by their own weights.*

HUDIBRAS.

MY readers of this polite quarter of the town will be apt to smile at hearing that the INSPECTOR spent two hours and a half one morning lately at an auction of household furniture in the Minorities: but I am as eager in pursuit of characters, as the sportsman in that of a hare or a pheasant; and no more regard offending my delicacy than he does dirtying his shoes when the game is in view.

I am to beg Mr. Auctioneer's pardon for being one of the many who crowded his room with no intent of buying, which, indeed, if we had kept out any body that had such a design, I should have esteemed hardly honest; but if for the future we could find any way to come to an explanation, I think I should not grudge paying him poundage, in proportion to my own profits, for every character he could bring into my way that had such a claim to my attention as those for which I am at present beholden to him.

The company had been seated a quarter of an hour, and three or four considerable lots disposed of to the proper owners, when a tall, lank, rawboned, staring, strait-haired foot-boy with a strange mixture of terror and importance in a naturally vacant countenance, buffed through the three or four first lines. He threw down a form upon half a dozen people's heels who were standing before it; utterly deranged the curls of two beaux hair, turned the cap of a belle round upon her head, at one whisk of his elbow; and blinded a very decent matron, by drawing directly across her eyes

eyes the skirts of his coat, which had two or three rows of pins stuck in the lining. All this mischief was done in the fellow's making his way to an easy chair, which was set at the upper end of the fourth rank; and out of which he had no sooner displaced three people, one of whom had occupied the centre, and the other two the wings, than appeared the person in whose service all this devastation had been committed. She was a swarthy woman, of a short square figure, with a world of native insignificance, ill concealed under an affected majesty of deportment; an unconquerable meanness of aspect, as strongly visible through the disguise of a ridiculous insolence of air, and the furrows ploughed in her once smooth forehead as poorly hid under a couple of curls formed of the spoils of some younger brow, and artfully thrown forward: she walked up to the vacant seat with great solemnity of aspect, squatted herself plumb down into it with all the dignity of an Empress, and paid no farther regard to the complaints and murmurs of the lines of sufferers she had made her way through, than by observing that *if people's servants could not make way to their places for them, no body of condition would ever come into public.*

Mr. Squall had the, I don't know whether to call it, politeness or prudence, to stop the business of the morning till this important ceremony was adjusted, and every body in their places; but he no sooner recommenced it than I found the introductory scene was not all for which I was to be obliged to this eminent personage. That Gentleman no sooner had pronounced *let five*, in a very audible voice, than he was interrupted from the chair with "Mr. Squall, I thought you had more breeding than to have begun without me! Sir, it wants half a minute of half an hour after eleven by my watch now, and Sir Jeffrey set it by the regulator but o' Friday was se'nnight: if you don't keep your time better, Mr. Squall, I protest there is no such thing as supporting you, though one wishes you never so well."

Mr.

Mr. Squall's utmost complaisance, and all his apologizing, could obtain no more favourable an answer than, "Sir, I insist upon it the four lots already disposed of are put up again." The purchasers had no objection to this, and the Lady bought one of them at eleven shillings and sixpence, as she observed, not because she wanted it, "but only to shew them that she would not give any body trouble without making them a recompence."

From this time her Ladyship grew extremely good-humoured, communicative and entertaining. Every lot that was produced was honoured immediately after the auctioneer's naming it, with a comment of hers. If he declared a bed furniture to be of *Cheney*, she pronounced it *Harrateen*, and expatiated upon the ingenuous manner of Mr. Squall's dealing, who did not pretend things to be better than they ought, as your cheating Brokers at the other end of the town did, but made them worse than they were to give people of judgment an opportunity of speaking what they thought of them. Some Bow porcelain, which he modestly and conscientiously put up without mentioning the place where it was made, her Ladyship declared to be true Nankin by the tint of the white, and paleness of the blue; and a picture of a late Lord Mayor, which had like to have gone for ten shillings, she carried up to four pounds fourteen and sixpence, by assuring the company that she knew it was done by Sir Peter Lely.

If her Ladyship had at any time condescended to speak to any body during the disposal of a lot; or if she chose to make a pretence of this an occasion of supplying a deficiency of ideas, she immediately called out to Mr. Squall, to know what that sold for; to which the answer, be it what it would, produced a second question of, "Well, you don't think that was dear, do you?" The auctioneer's reply, which was sure to be in the negative, gave occasion to another query, of who bought it; and that necessarily introduced the compliment of her Ladyship's wishing the purchaser

purchaser joy, and assuring him, that she perfectly agreed with Mr. Squall, who was undoubtedly a very competent judge, in thinking it was a great penny-worth.

I had, till this time, been used to look upon the modern race of auctioneers as people who had the art of talking nonsense, and saying a great deal about nothing with as much fluency and volubility as any people; but from this incident, I wholly give up that opinion; since nothing is more certain, than that though the auctioneer was paid for speaking, and this fair assistant expected no other reward than the applause of the company, she uttered at least six times as many words, during the sale, as he did.

I grew much in pain for her Ladyship toward the latter part of the entertainment, as she seemed to have very nearly exhausted her whole store of phrases; and indeed it is not easy to talk for ever on the same subject: an episode, occasioned by a pair of blankets which her Ladyship bought about this time, gave indeed a fair reprieve of a quarter of an hour. "*Curtain*, exclaims she to her broker, who flew from the opposite corner of the room at the word, bid my footman come in, and carry them home—James, be sure you ask Sir Jeffrey what he thinks of them, and come back, and bring me word—Mr. Squall, make them be delivered, if you please—You don't think they are dear, *Curtain*, do you?—Nine shillings, was it not, Mr. Squall?—Pray, Sir, do me the favour to hand over the money to the clerk! there's a four-and-six-penny piece, Mr. Clerk, an eighth of a six and-thirty; I believe 'tis a very good one; Sir Jeffrey took it this morning for some anchovies: that's four and six-pence—And there's half a crown, that's seven—Then there's eight—There's nine shillings. Remember that I have paid you for them, Mr. Squall! but you'd as good write me a receipt—For Sir Jeffrey is very punctual in his accounts."

The necessary interruptions of the business of the place extended these detached sentences to the full period

riod already mentioned; but there were still eight lots to be disposed of; and I trembled heartily for the poor Lady, who I now found could possibly keep up the conversation no longer.

Fate often interferes in the cause of people who do their utmost; and thus it happened in this dreadful emergency. Before the Lady could recollect that she had not a syllable left in her whole imagination, a figure every way equal to her own, a short, squat fellow, in a bob wig, and weepers, entered the room, and, without paying any regard to the business or the company, told her, "My dear Lady Olive! I hope your Ladyship got no cold in going home last night: we were miserable after you left us! upon my soul now, that Sir Jeffrey's no better than an errant brute, humbly begging your Ladyship's pardon for saying so, to think eleven o' clock late hours for people of distinction." Neither had the Lady opportunity to answer, nor the auctioneer to proceed, before he continued, "O dear Lady Olive! I am all in a sweat while I ask you; but I hope Miss Chloe got no harm by my pushing her off of my knee t'other afternoon; but I was just going on a visit to Mrs. Quill's: your Ladyship knows what a nice woman Mrs. Quill is, and I protest the little creature, I believe, had been in the kitchen, for it left the print of all its five toes upon my stocking."

A surly cheesemonger, who sat next me, grumbled out a curse on this conclusion, and declared he supposed, at first, the fellow had let the child fall off of his lap. He added, that "he thought people as pretended to be gentlefolks might know better nor to disturb every body else with their nonsense. As for Mr. Fig, says he, I never heard as any body ever reckoned him half a degree above a fool; and for her part, I don't see what she can talk so for, without it is to shew her five teeth and a piece; for as for their calling her *my Lady*, every body here knows it well enough without that; for her husband was knighted

knighted in the rebellion, for being spokesman to the What-d'ye-call it that was carried from the Tower Hamlets."



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 41.

*Perge, age, vince omnem miles virtute laborem  
Et quantum humani possunt se tendere passus  
Arduus accelera.*

SILIUS ITALICUS.

I HAVE not been more surprized or concerned a great while, than on meeting with an account lately in the papers, of a Gentleman being that morning put under arrest on occasion of a challenge. I should have hoped that the unhappy events of two late duels, not to go farther back, would have implanted a horror in the minds of the most rash and violent, sufficient to have obviated any farther mischiefs of this kind, till some care had been taken to put an effectual stop to a pernicious custom; the root of which is not in hatred, nor its origin from the nature of the offence received, but which springs from a mistaken conception of that most valuable of all qualities, personal courage; and, in the particular instances, is almost invariably owing to a false pride, or the dread of a false shame.

One of our public courts has lately passed a sentence which, if extended to every offence of the same nature, would inevitably put an end to challenges; and nothing would be easier than to discountenance either accidental or concerted rencounters in the same manner. This is the proper object, however, of a superior power; what would more immediately fall under the writer's care, would be the rooting out of the minds of those who honour him with their attention, the principles on which this unhappy conduct

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is founded. Could that be effected, there would be no occasion indeed for the other; for, to talk with the doctors, when the cause is taken away, the effect naturally ceases.

As my ideas are generally my own, and as I shall always endeavour, on the most trite subjects, to avoid saying trite things, I shall set out, on this occasion, with what will, at first perhaps, appear an odd assertion; which is, that I do not look upon a man as the murderer, in the strict and limited sense of the word, of the person who falls by his sword in an appointed duel. Murder is, unless I misinform myself in regard to the original application of the word, the taking away the life of another without his consent; but that is by no means the case when the person voluntarily offers himself to the hazard. Though in this construction of the fact, however, the dead, could he speak, would have no right to accuse his antagonist of an injury, yet in communities there are claims which subsist independently of the individual's choice: though he who is killed would have no right of complaint against that destruction to which he willingly exposed himself, the King has a right to demand justice against him who has robbed him of a subject, and the father, the wife, the sister, nay the friend of the deceased, have all their claim against the person who has taken from them what they valued, what they perhaps depended upon for support, without their consent or knowledge.

These are considerations as old as the establishment of communities and kingdom, and as compulsive in their nature as any of the fundamentals of a state: these demand life for life, and on these have been built the laws in force in all nations against this brutal custom.

On the other side, though the offence toward heaven may not, under these circumstances, amount to the utter extent of murder, yet there is still in it the crime of robbing society of one whom he that created him had placed there as a useful member of it: and

there is this additional consideration, that though the engaging in a decision of this kind should not amount to all the guilt that it is accused of, in regard to the life of the antagonist, it evidently is chargeable, in regard to the person himself, with *suicide*, a crime which all the world have agreed to hold of a blacker dye than the other.

Decisions of this kind are, in general, the effect of passion, not of resolution; they are therefore proofs of rashness, not of courage: I have, for the last ten years of my life, had much acquaintance with the Gentlemen in the service; and I have found it an invariable rule, that the people of most heat among them have been those of the least bravery. In order to be properly understood on this occasion, I am to add, that I never did, nor ever shall, esteem the fighting a duel any proof of personal valour; while a heat of temper that banishes all reflection is the source of it, it is properly an effect of madness, not of bravery; and while a dread of the censure of the world is the grand promoter of it, it is rather cowardice than courage.

The field disputed with an enemy of our country, is the only scene in which true valour can be shewn; and, by the strictest enquiry into the behaviour on that occasion, I have always learnt, that the hottest tempers have been there the coldest.

I have known a man, who has fought about a trifle, desert his rank in the beginning of an engagement: while he, who never gave offence to any one in his life, has been found fixed in his post, with but half a dozen left of his company.

The coolest and the mildest, as well as the worthiest of all the young men I have known, was a friend, whose death I do not at this time know whether I more lament or envy; who, when the mention of a post of almost as much importance as danger, had driven the blood from every cheek about him, requested that he might have leave to maintain it. "I know the consequence it is of, said he, and I know myself

myself. I am confident of the firmness of my men, and I cannot fear our doing every thing the number can do." His commander embraced him, and turned away his head while he wiped off a tear, forced by a sense of his worth more than of his danger. My friend had scarce entered the post, before he was attacked: his men behaved as he had expected; but there is no resisting numbers: after a dispute of a few minutes, he found himself at the head of only eleven, all desperately wounded, and surrounded by five hundred. The French officer stopped the fury of his men, who would have put this remnant to the sword, for having resisted them so long; and calling out to the resolute commander, who had at that instant a musquet levelled in his hand, to surrender; told him, "It was more glory to surrender, after such a resistance, than to have conquered." "*Glory!*" replied the Briton, with an unspeakable disdain, my country is my care, not my own fame." He attempted to fire as he spoke; but missed. The Frenchman, though he saw a fresh party coming up, was so struck with this behaviour in his enemy, that he called out, "Yet your life is safe! surrender!" The reply was made not with words, but with the musquet, the butt of which he directed at his head with his utmost violence. The Frenchman beat down the blow; but it broke his leg: and the hero of my story had no sooner given it, than he threw back his arms, and casting up his eyes to heaven, as appealing thither that he had done his duty, received a hundred bullets in his breast at once; shared the fate of those whom he had led to the post of glory; and made the name of H—s immortal.

A scene like this would leave the glory of duelling, were it even justifiable, to the people at Broughton's amphitheatre! It is but the lot of few indeed to have an opportunity of exerting such acts of heroism; but those who would have us think they are possessed of the principles of them, should give us the same testimonies of it under easier circumstances:

those who would have us believe they could die like this noble youth in war, should live like him in peace.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 42.

*Nil ei beatum est, cui semper aliquis terror impendat.*

CICERO.

**T**HERE is scarce an instance of a human creature who has not, at one time or other in his life, acknowledged the advantages, nay the necessity of religion. The thoughtless, the dissolute, the most abandonedly vicious, the very atheist, have all been seen, unless taken off momentarily, and without the least notice, serious, affected, and even devout, in their last moments.

The ideas of a God are implanted in our souls, without our seeking after them ; and religion, if we understand by that word an adoration of this acknowledged Deity, accompanied with gratitude for his goodness to us, and a dread of his displeasure, is coeval with those ideas, and inseparable from them. Every thing we see about us, every moment of our existence convince us of the being of a God, and every instance of this conviction demands an acknowledgment that amounts to adoration. All we find that the worst and most degenerate natures can arrive at, is but the driving off these ideas for a time, the refusing, for the present, to think of, or concern themselves about them : and while we acknowledge that only the bad men can be capable of this, it must strike us with horror to consider on how many the stamp of *bad* is fixed by this criterion.

If, after all this pains to banish the thoughts of religion, we are convinced that we shall at one time,  
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and that the most serious and most important period of our lives, be obliged, nay be glad, to call it back again; if on that bed of death, which we are all some time to faint upon, we are sure to allow this the only good, the only desirable object of our thoughts, the only source of hope, the only preservative against agony and distraction; why do we refuse it admittance to them before? Why will we not accustom ourselves to a thing which we shall, in so interesting a period, find the only one that is worth our acquaintance, and which it is possible we may be cut off from that opportunity of knowing: which is infinitely more terrible, we may, on the looking back upon the contempt we have so long treated it with, despair of obtaining its advantages, while we acknowledge the inevitable destruction we are to be plunged into without them, and the utter impossibility of obtaining them from any other source.

There is not a man among the most abandoned votaries to vice and folly, but when he reasons coolly, when he asks himself his serious opinion of a future existence, answers in the affirmative: there needs no more than this to prove the infinite importance of the ends answered by religion; and there needs only a knowledge of religion to evince the folly of rejecting or but of delaying the means of them: for the few who come up to the exalted pitch of impiety implied in the former of these censures, there are multitudes who only err in the latter; for one who seriously determines never to think of religion at all, there are a thousand who resolve to make it their last resource, but who defer, till their latest moments, the putting in force that resolution. Which ever of these be the means of depriving the person of this sole refuge in the attacks of death, the consequence is the same; he who is robbed of religion loses all that can give him peace in that hour of terror; and it is of little importance to his thoughts at that instant, whether he have lost it by insolence or inadvertence.

The ideas and opinions we form of the nature of things, before we become possessed of, or acquainted with them, are often extremely different from those which they establish in us on a more thorough knowledge: perhaps this is a principle established in us for so rational and noble a purpose, as the laying us under a sort of necessity of arriving at the truth, before we determine upon things; of being acquainted with them, before we pronounce upon them; and of taking up our settled ideas of them from our judgment, not from our imagination. Be what will, however, the source of this natural propensity we have to error in our hasty determinations, there is no article of life in which that error so unhappily misleads us, as in regard to our ideas of religion.

That we so generally put by the thoughts of it, or even that we disclaim acquaintance with it, till the latter part of our lives, is not owing to any doubt of the advantages we should receive from it earlier, but it arises solely from an opinion that it is in its nature painful and disagreeable. This is the great source of our neglect of so important a duty; and this is no better than one of those false opinions taken up in regard to subjects before we know them, and which our acquaintance with them never fails shewing to be erroneous.

Much have they to answer for, who have described religion as sour, and rigid in its determinations, gloomy and sullen in its contemplations, and forbidding in its aspect. That there may be forms of worship, to which these ideas are applicable, I am not to deny; but to assert, that religion in itself, or that form of it which we have the happiness to profess, has any connection with this description, is an injustice of which a wilful ignorance of its nature alone could be guilty.

That religion denies us the enjoyment of the pleasures of this world, is an assertion not more common than false; and is indeed so far from an innocent accusation of this necessary duty, that it almost amounts

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to blasphemy against him who is the object of it. The unbounded beneficence of the Creator was the source of his giving us existence : He meant to give us pleasure when he gave us being, and to have delight in the happiness of the works of his hands : he gave us the means of pleasure, and he gave us appetites and passions that should dictate and lead us to them : as things the most beneficial in their use, are often, however, the most pernicious in the abuse ; and as he foresaw that what he had given us as incentives to pleasures, would, under too unrestrained a licentiousness, carry us into excesses, that would convert them into pains, and change our intended happiness into misery, he gave us reason to controul our appetites ; and reason dictates to us religion as the law of right and wrong, the arbiter between enjoyment and excess. I do not know that drunkenness is the joy of wine, or prostitution the pleasure of love ; that the amassing money is the enjoyment of riches, or the deceiving our friends the end of traffic : all these indeed, as excesses and abuses, religion denies us ; nor do they make us happy, when, in defiance of that principle, we plunge into them. All that is cheerfulness from wine ; all that is rapture itself from love, which indeed only can attend that passion when limited to one object, and when heightened by esteem ; all the true joys of wealth, that is, all the noblest uses of it ; all the real advantages of commerce, as the means of ease to others, and of affluence to ourselves ; all these religion allows us freely : It grants us, without restraint, every rational pleasure, every enjoyment that can be of good to others, and that ourselves can look back upon with satisfaction : and what, on the other hand, are those it denies us, but such as would be attended with mischiefs to society, and would entail pains and diseases upon ourselves ?

It is now some years that I have looked upon the world with an attentive, I hope with a discerning eye ; in that whole period of time, I most seriously and solemnly profess, that, of all the people I have

known, those who have enjoyed most pleasure, have been, without one exception, those who have had most religion. To bring the matter nearer home; what are my own ideas of this duty, may be known from what I have said in the course of these papers; and I agree with all the world who know me, in believing, that the author of them is the happiest man in it.

We err when we suppose the means of happiness limited to the great alone; they are in every body's hands; but religion is the only principle that can lead us to the proper use of them: that, and that only, can diffuse a peaceful calm, an easy tranquillity over the soul, without which true delight never is to be tasted. Religion is, indeed, to the mind, what health is to the body; it is not only in itself the first and greatest of all pleasures, but it is the only medium through which the others can be tasted.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 43.

*Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti  
Sufficit una domus.*

JUVENAL.

I HAD the honour to spend three or four hours yesterday at the very eminent and accomplished Lady Bloom's. Our company consisted of about a dozen; all of them people who make the greatest figure at this time in town: but as the stars lose their brightness, and, to appearance, even their existence, under the flaming splendor of the great luminary of day, all the men of our party were as totally eclipsed by the address and manner of the travelled Mr. Bend, who accidentally fell in among us, as the women by the native politeness and superior ease of the Lady of the ceremonies.

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A great familiarity in the family had added a happy air of freedom to the delicacy of manner which this Gentleman had just brought with him from one of the politest courts of Europe, and which created almost as much unwilling pleasure as rooted envy in the humble imitators of his behaviour; a profound attention to trifles gave him an air of consequence in the occurrences of every moment, and a masterly way of making every thing he was concerned in of importance, compleated the character in so uncommon a manner, that his very enemies were ready to allow he had a claim super or to all the world to the title of Polite; and that while others only used, or at the utmost did but improve the occasions that offered for civilities, he created them.

If he had occasion to cross the room in his services to any Lady in particular, he did it with such a graceful shuffle, attended with such genteel convolutions of the body, and so many graceful wavings of his hand, that he took in the whole company, in a manner, in one general bow, that seemed to say he hoped he had their approbation; and recovered his place again without ever turning his face from the Lady, with a concerted and very elegant retrograde scrape of the same kind, and with still lower contorsions; which, accompanied with a very elegant and judicious discomposure of face, seemed to apologize in the civilest manner in the world to the company, for his having been better bred than any of them.

If a drop of tea, from the unguarded motion of the cup, threatened a stain on a Lady's pettycoat, he was the first to fly to the relief of the distressed, and while he kneeled at the feet of the earthly divinity, to him the proper position to get at the seat of mischief; and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed again with his cambrick handkerchief to displace the spot, he would add ten thousand imprecations to the assurances he gave her, that nothing could be painful to him while he was employed in her service; and that he should be happy to spend his whole life in obeying her commands.

If he addressed a stranger it was with such a succession of compliments and apologies, that the meaning of what he said, even if it had been good, must have been poor to the elegance of the circumlocution; and if he saluted an intimate, it was with a stoop so genteelly low, that it was impossible for their hands to meet till they were considerably beneath the level of their knees.

A mixture of envy and despair kept the rest of the company silent and motionless, while this mirror of politeness played the whole scene himself; and it must be confessed that he filled the stage during all the time with great elegance and propriety. The party broke up sooner than it would probably have done, if the company had been in better humour with one another: I staid after the rest were gone, and as I have an honour of an intimacy in the family, sat down to supper with them.

One of the first questions her Ladyship asked me, was, whether I did not think Mr. Bend the most of a Gentleman of any body I had met with? I make a point of it always to speak my thoughts without disguise: I flatly answered, No! "My ideas of the behaviour of a Gentleman, I am sorry to find, said I, are extremely different from your Ladyship's. It is a character of which every man of figure is extremely ambitious; but which no one, who professedly aimed to come up to it, ever arrived at. An ease of deportment is the first requisite toward it, and this must be native, all laboured attempts after it are contradictory to its very nature; the second is an open generosity of heart, an universal benevolence of disposition, or, to express it in one comprehensive phrase, an unaffected good-nature. Where both or either of these are wanting, all attempts to genuine complaisance will be not only deficient, but to me ridiculous; where they are happily combined, where they are combined as in your Ladyship, they cannot exert themselves in vain; and where they have good sense for their director, they never fail of giving the original of what,

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that which in this particular Gentleman appears in so advantageous a light to your Ladyship, is in reality but a paltry copy."

"I would if possible convince your Ladyship, continued I, that I am in the right in this, because I shall doubt whether I am or not, if I fail doing it: to me the copy this Gentleman exhibits of politeness is an exaggeration that amounts almost to a burlesque on the original: it is what the painters call a caricature formed on the lineaments of an elegant portrait. The ease, which must have been the striking grace in the original, is wholly lost in this copy, and the gestures, which, when restrained by prudence, certainly express civility, become, in the unguarded use this Gentleman makes of them, grimace. This affectation of politeness, like that of learning, in my opinion carries more of the appearance of pedantry than knowledge; and as I should sooner suppose the person who overwhelmed us with Greek and Latin quotations in common conversation, a teacher of scholars, than a man of literature, I rather esteem this affectation of the appearances of politeness the behaviour of a dancing-master, than of a Gentleman.

What to me distinguishes the Gentleman in his behaviour, is so far from being the same thing with this affectation of civility, that it is, in most particulars, the exact contrary to it. The natural ease in which he finds himself happy, he constantly wishes to diffuse through the rest of the company: his manner is as plain as his delivery, and his gestures as unaffected as his conversation: he does not suppose he has any particular right to your attention, or that the trivial occurrences the other makes so troublesome a bustle about, have any right to his: he addresses a stranger with a decent familiarity, a friend with an unrestrained freedom: he is glad of opportunities of doing you acceptable services; but is not ambitious of offices that might as well be performed by your maid or your footman. He would, perhaps, neglect running up stairs for your fan, while he would go post to Dover,

to bring you an account of your friend's having embarked in health and good humour: and, while he was ready to engage his life or fortune in your service, he would suppose you had a right to his good offices, and consequently say nothing about them. The Gentleman of your Ladyship's opinion would confound you with professions and protestations, in consequence of his drawing on a glove, or handing your capuchin. With the Gentleman of my ideas, you are always easy, without seeing by what kind of address it is that he makes you so; with the other, what you flatter with the name of civilities, are troublesome."

The Lady frankly gave up her cause; but asked me, with a sigh, where Gentlemen of my description were to be found? "Multitudes, Madam, replied I, approach toward the character, though few have the qualifications necessary to the arriving at perfection in it. I know there was one who did so, the late Duke of Richmond; I think there is another, the Earl of Chesterfield."



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 44.

*Felices ter, & amplius*

*Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis*

*Divulsus querimoniis*

*Suprema citius solvet amor die.*

HORACE.

**A**MONG the multitudes of undone men that this unlucky age daily thrusts into our view, I am afraid the utmost tenderness for the fairer part of the creation cannot deny but that two thirds of them have owed their fate to women. Before censure is passed on the plain-dealing INSPECTOR for this rigid determination, let it be remembered that, according to his own principles delivered in a very serious paper a few days

days since, the most beneficial things, when improperly enjoyed, become the most destructive. There are many things the rational use of which is always attended with happiness, but their abuse with destruction; and in the first rank of these is woman. It is to this very superiority in the power of communicating happiness, that the sex owes, as a necessary second principle, that of being authors of the utmost mischief. The best and most efficacious medicines are, of all others, the most fatal, the most destructive, in improper hands; and the sword which, rightly employed, is our guard and defence from insult and violence, when turned upon ourselves, becomes the means of death.

Harsh as the first assertion in this paper may appear, I am to profess myself so perfectly devoted to the sex on which the censure seems to fall, that I not only acknowledge the greatest of all human felicity to be solely in their disposal, but that we owe to them the true relish of every other pleasure. Man was created as a social not a solitary creature, and the omniscient power that formed him with that purpose, has not only implanted in him a natural tendency and inclination to the society of his fellow-creatures, but has fixed another latent quality in his heart, the effects of which are seen every moment, though the cause is sometimes disallowed, which universally pleads for the participation of his gladness; and will not suffer him to enjoy any thing truly till a friend is rejoiced with the knowledge of it.

It is on this first principle that community is founded. Man finds it necessary to share with another the joys his own private occurrences bring him: intimacy succeeds to a mutual confidence of this kind; and to intimacy friendship: such is the first association among men; and from a number of such associations, mutually inclined to extend the bounds of the relation, rises community. What gave origin to the general union, still keeps, however, its pristine rank and dignity: friendship allows social benevolence a high place

place in the list of the good and useful effects to which it gives birth, but it keeps itself at an awful distance above, and would think the man guilty of treason to its nature, who attempted to confound it with the other, or to raise so humble an imitator to its level.

On so natural, so necessary, so amiable a basis is friendship founded; so just are its pretensions to our private acknowledgments, and to the esteem of the world. So desirable, indeed, is it in its nature, that it were scarce to live as men without it; so intimately and essentially is it connected with our happiness of every kind, that he whose surly soul denies it a place, is mistaken when he supposes he is capable of true satisfaction.

That man may make a happy friendship with man is hourly evident, and that such friendship may continue inviolable, is possible: but it is with woman that we are formed for carrying this amiable association to its utmost height; and it is with woman alone that nature has contrived that it should, and that reason assures us it will, be lasting.

Men have ten thousand pursuits and views in which they may interfere with one another, ten thousand objects are formed for equally affecting both, and for equally engaging the interests, the wishes, nay the very passions of either; and where these clash, what is to become of friendship? The success of one of the two, in an attempt, instead of giving to the other that joy which friendship exacts, shall often separate them for ever; or a common mistress shall draw their swords against each other's breasts.

Whoever understands the least part of the value of friendship would wish it to last for ever; whoever knows the least of human nature will see that a duration of this kind, in such intimacy, is not to be expected: where the same kind of union, indeed, is commenced with a person of the other sex, there is no one of all these causes to threaten its dissolution; there are no views that can interfere, no pursuits that can create animosity or rivalry: the thoughts are as  
much

much united as the inclinations, and the interests as connected as the hearts.

Reason dictates to us to seek the perpetuity of that in which we have delight; and the same reason tells us; that the sum and source, as it were, of all delights is friendship: what then does it point out to us, but to engage our hearts where a mutual warmth is most sure to meet them; and where, so long as virtue influences our actions, no accident can part them? Reason, therefore, as well as inclination, points out to us to take to our bosoms one select acquaintance, and to engage our hearts where ties of a tenderer kind will endear the union. Nature who, in an amazing manner, keeps up the proportion between the sexes in the human species, tells us, by that lasting miracle, that this is her intent, who has provided one of each sex for either: she forms the union between consenting hearts; and human polity, conscious of the frailties even of the best of the individuals whom it connects and regulates, adds a tie which makes that union lasting and indissoluble.

Such is the origin, such the intent, and such the effect of marriage; an institution under which woman becomes as certainly (unless vice and folly prevent) the supreme happiness of him who possesses her, as, under the unrestrained licentiousness of the libertine, she is the ruin of him by whom she was herself undone. There is not a more unhappy mistake, in the oeconomy of the generality of the world, than that universal opinion of the dissolute, that the pleasure of woman is in the variety: what is love in its most exalted form, in the friendship I have been recommending, descends, under these circumstances, into a passion, which we pay the brutes an ill compliment when we suppose we enjoy it in common with them: *only the brute of reason* has it, and he scarce ever fails to meet from it his destruction.

Pleasure is unquestionably the end we have in view in all pursuits of this kind, and it is rational and laudable that it should be so; but nothing is more certain

tain than that those who set out in the search of it on these wild principles, never find it. I defy the most successful libertine to tell me, that he ever once thought the purchase, in the morning, worth the price, or the pains that it had cost him over night; or that he even esteemed the face he had deified the day before, other than distasteful, and even contemptible, upon the morrow. This is the natural, the necessary effect of taking the person, without the inclinations; of rushing on love, unconnected with friendship: on the other hand, I am apt to believe, that he who had first won the heart of the object of his adoration, has never failed to find that additional charm converting joy into rapture; ennobling friendship with what is truly, properly, and only love.

That my observations on this important head may have their full weight with such of my readers as are not yet happy, I shall add, that all this is not empty theory; that I am no unconcerned speculatist on the occasion; that these are the dictates of the heart, not of the imagination; that they are the cool reflections of one who has known the scenes from which he argues; who has been married; and who declares, that he never knew what was happiness till that period of his life, nor has ever found it since.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 45.

*Sanctius his animal mentisque capacius altæ  
Deerat adhuc & quod dominari in cætera posset :  
Natus homo est, siue hunc divino semine fecit  
Ille opifex rerum mundi melioris origo.* OVID.

THE candid reader who has looked with indulgence, perhaps with satisfaction, on my accounts of flies, worms, and even microscopical animals,

malcules, creatures too minute to become the immediate objects of our senses, will not, I flatter myself, be displeased if I occasionally look into the wonders of that more important, more amazing structure, the human fabric: let it not be supposed that I intend by this to give treatises of anatomy, or to point out the wisdom of the creator in placing our heads erect, or in giving us two legs. What every common-place writer has retailed to the world, or every puny lecturer in anatomy can dictate to his gaping audience, will not find a place here; but where there are subjects yet to be investigated, or disputes yet to be determined, where any thing new and important can be advanced, within the limits of this science, I shall never suppose the gates of it, or of any other, are shut against the INSPECTOR.

The great powers and properties of animal life, sensation and motion, our sight, our hearing, our smelling, tasting, and feeling, all evidently depend on the ministry of the nerves. What pity, that of all the visible parts of which the body is composed, these should be the least understood! they are sufficiently large to be obvious to the anatomist, and they have been traced from their origin to every part of the body: but what they are, what is their structure, and in what manner their functions are performed, remains a mystery, a point disputed among all, and determined in the most different manner by the ablest writers.

That there were such things as nerves has been well known from the earliest times in which any thing was discovered concerning the structure of the body: they were originally supposed vessels, and it was asserted, that as the veins and arteries carried blood to and from the heart, these gave passage to another fluid, called *the animal spirits*. Many offices of importance were attributed to this fluid, and distemperatures of it, or of its containing vessels, were laid down as the occasions of many diseases.

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In after-times, when people supposed they grew wiser, all disorders said to arise from obstructions, &c. of the animal spirits, were laughed out of the world, and it became an established doctrine, that there was, in reality, no such matter as this nervous fluid; and such is the general opinion at this day. One of our greatest physicians, one of the greatest, perhaps of any age, has indeed deduced many disorders from causes which suppose the existence of such a fluid: but another, whose name ought never to be mentioned without great respect, seems to banter the opinion, and makes those supposed vessels, the nerves, mere ligaments; and, in fine, a third, than whom I know no better anatomist, who has written lately on muscular motion, seems to adopt a middle doctrine between both, and to allow a fluid under the name of an *Aura* to the nerves, serving to their offices and functions.

How are we to determine among these different opinions established by men, all of them of such deserved eminence? Why just as if no such men had ever delivered any opinions at all; by paying no regard to any of them, farther than as conjectures, and by examining the subject with our own eyes, with a sufficient accuracy and attention.

I have a few days since been at the pains of a dissection, solely and purposely on this occasion; and, after tracing the whole number of the nerves, from their origin to their minute ramifications, which are so universally distributed through the whole body, that there is not a space of it that can be covered by the head of a pin that has not multitudes of them, I fixed upon what anatomists call the *ischiatric*, or the *posterior crural nerve*, which is composed of the fourth and fifth pair of those of the loins, and the first, second, third, and fourth pairs of the *os sacrum*, and is the largest in the human body, for my more particular examination.

This nerve, large as it is, appears to the naked eye no other than a solid body; but, exposed to the stricter scrutiny of the microscope, it shews itself much other-  
wise

wife. I have examined transverse sections of it with the most powerful single magnifiers, and with an improved apparatus, in which I use two object glasses to the reflecting microscope, making the whole number four instead of three, beside the reflector: by the assistance of these glasses, this nerve, as is indeed the case also in all the others, is seen to be composed of a great number of white, cylindric bodies, connected together by surrounding membranes: each of these cylindric bodies is, by this apparatus, evidently seen to have its regular cavity; and, while the segment of the nerve continued moist, it was as plainly visible that these cavities all contained a fluid.

Things thus evidently made the objects of the senses, are not to be disputed; nor can any thing be more certain than it is by this experiment, that a nerve, though not a simple vessel, like a vein or an artery, is formed of a congeries of bodies, each of which is such a vessel, and conveys from the brain and the spinal marrow, which indeed is properly a part of the brain lodged in the back-bone, to all parts, and every the minutest portion of the body, a fluid, which was known to the ancients under the name of the animal spirits, which is of the utmost importance to the animal economy, and the distemperatures of which may occasion all the disorders and diseases that have been attributed to that cause.

It is amazing that writers at all acquainted with the human frame, and with the laws, connections, and dependencies of its several parts, could fall into such an error, as the supposing the nerves mere ligaments: it is evident that they are of more immediate necessity to the several parts than even the veins or arteries. If the principal of these are tied up, cut through, or destroyed, the limb will retain its motions, and perform its functions; but if the nerve be cut asunder, the sensation, motion, and nutrition of the part into which it was continued, all cease, and it seems no longer a part of the body: nay, even the tying up a nerve

nerve will have, in a great measure, the same effect upon the part below.

After proofs like these of a fluid, though hitherto invisible, being contained in the nerves, what ought we to think of those who have boldly and confidently denied the existence of it, merely because they had not knowledge enough of the powers of glasses to discover it? Might they not as well deny the being of those myriads of animals which inhabit a drop of water, though imperceptible to the naked eye, and suppose that the microscope, which discovers, creates them?



THE INSPECTOR. N. 46.

*Qui in amore precipitavit, pejus perit, quam si saxa saliat.* SENECA.

**T**HERE are very few people of whose company I am fonder than my own; hardly any party from which, if it last more than an hour or two, I am not tempted to make an escape into solitude. I do not know in what light this declaration may be accepted by the world; but whatever construction it may be liable to, these dissertations, such as they are, are in a great measure the effect of it, as they are the genuine result of my own, not of other people's opinions and determinations.

I left one morning lately no less agreeable a party than that of which I have had occasion to say some civil things once before, entertaining themselves and a hundred people beside, in the great room at Kendall-house, to court the more tranquil beauties of solitude and contemplation in one of the most retired walks of the gardens: as I was there admiring the address with which an insect, smaller than a mite, was making its way, with all the skill of a miner in a siege,  
between

between the upper and lower membranes of an apricot leaf, I was surprized with the soft sighs of a heart that I could easily distinguish to be in honest earnest, accompanied with a mixture of sounds which died in inarticulate murmurs before they reached my ear.

I could not but be curious to know from whom this profusion of real tenderness was breathing, and to whom it was addressed : a slight separation between two branches of an old elm soon gave me an opportunity of satisfying this natural impertinence of our nature. It discovered to me a youth of about seventeen pleading, with a world of native rhetoric, to a Lady somewhat younger than himself, in favour of a passion on the success of which his looks, his whole deportment, told her the happiness of his future life depended ; and, as he pressed her hand, frequently calling in the assistance of an eloquent silence to declare what all words would have been poor to the expressing. I would not, for the world, have interrupted so amiable a scene, but I could not deny myself the pleasure of attending to it. I sat down under the covert of a thicket, where I could see without disturbing : I wish I could add, that I admired without envying that to which this happy post had given me an opportunity of being, as it were, a confidant.

An eager fondness was the distinguishing character of the lover's address, but all the rash expressions it might have dictated were checked by a respect to the object of it, which amounted almost to that reverence one would pay a Deity : Love was evidently at its utmost height of enthusiastic transport in his mind, but it was strictly kept within the bounds of honour. On the Lady's part fear was the reigning passion : this threw a colour of uneasiness over her whole deportment : it strove to counterfeit an unwillingness to hear what she dared not own she was pleased with ; but it was easy to discover, under the reserve of an uncommon modesty, that what appeared in the form of dissatisfaction, was rather shyness than disinclination.

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I do not know a more amiable state than a courtship between two persons, neither of whose hearts had ever found themselves susceptible of the passion before. There is in it a chastity of sentiment, a consciousness of an unalienated affection, that it is impossible either of them should ever enjoy afterwards, when paying or receiving vows and protestations which they know, or which they suspect (for that in love is as bad as knowing) have been already prostituted to a number of other objects.

Such are the terms in which the INSPECTOR would pay his congratulations to these envied lovers; but they must not think him influenced by any indirect motives, when he tells them, that they may sleep to-night secure of having tasted the utmost transports this famous passion is capable of giving. The consequences that may hereafter attend a union, even thus full of amiable presages are, they may be assured, as much inferior to the expectations of them, as the death of the stag is to the pleasure of the chase.

This is a kind of ill-natured truth; but I am not without my reasons for advancing it. If I prefer the state of courtship, under these circumstances, in point of mere satisfaction, even to the marriage which is to succeed it, it is on this honest principle, that I am confident a marriage between lovers of this kind is not to be hurried. A Lady is scarce ever a proper judge whether she ought to comply; and if she is prudent, if she looks forward, and would secure to herself a life of happiness, she ought to leave the decision of so important a point solely and intirely to those who have experience, and who, she is assured, will employ that experience only to her service, as their love to her will be their sole motive in the determination. As to the man, he, even if the choice were left solely to himself, ought to defer his resolution, till he knows very well on what basis it is founded.

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The woman who has once given her heart, and fixed her inclinations and affections on her lover, never, unless under strange provocations indeed, removes them; but I am sorry to confess, that it is not so with the men. No man loves his mistress on any other foundation than that of his thinking her the most beautiful, or the most accomplished of her sex: while he continues to think so, he will continue to love her: but, as soon as he sees another that more deserves that character, or that but appears to him to deserve it more, he condemns himself for his mistake, and changes the object of his adoration.

Such is the natural disposition of that unstable thing the heart of man. Reason will tell him, indeed, that he is not to suppose the most amiable of the other sex is to fall to his share; but how seldom is it that he will listen to reason; nay, how almost impossible is it that he should, when his passions are concerned. What reason however may, and indeed almost always must, attempt in vain in this case, experience will generally provide. The man who has failed in his attempts upon some of the most accomplished women of the times, will at length condescend to suppose something less eminently great may be as much as he has a right to expect; but he who never has tried, and therefore who cannot know how difficult it is to succeed with some, will never be brought to believe, when he has given up the means of attempting it, that, if he had endeavoured it, he should have failed.

An observation of the manners of the men of gaiety, from fifteen to thirty, will at any time evince the truth of these general assertions: and what is the result, but that he who marries the first object of his adoration, is too likely to repent of it: that he who supposes one woman the finest, the most desirable in the world, before he has been abroad in the world to see a thousand others, who have claim to the same pretensions, will no sooner see them, than he will suppose some one at least of them preferable to her

of his own choice, and will, in consequence, reproach himself for having made it: while he who has had opportunities of observation, who first has seen the different claim of different objects to this character, and has found those of one half of them ill-founded, and the possessors of the others beyond his reach, will, when he makes his choice subsequently to such experience, never afterwards repent of it.

To reduce the whole to one short maxim: Let no woman marry without the concurrence of those who have experience, and who love her; nor let any man prefer one woman to the rest of the sex, before he has examined their pretensions, and we shall hardly have such a thing as an unhappy match among us.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 47.

*Si adolescentes male morati evadunt, id primæ ætatis formatoribus potissimum imputandum est.*

To the INSPECTOR.

S I R,

I AM sufficiently convinced of your being a man of discernment; yet I can put you in mind of a character very common and very important in this age, which, by some accident, has hitherto escaped your notice: I mean that of a young man of family thrown out immediately from the nursery into the great world.

I think if you had not some way overlooked these, you could not have thought them too inconsiderable for your notice. Their numbers would have intitled them to your observation; and their utter incapacity to take any care of themselves to your protection. I beg you will look about you the next time you honour Ranelagh with your presence, and if you set down every

every male creature you see there in an outer waistcoat in the place of a coat, and neat leather breeches, under the list of my *Babies*, you will, I am apt to believe, errors excepted, produce a catalogue that will make you blush at having been so long wanting in a due regard to its members.

You will, perhaps, think the term *Babies* rather too contemptuous for a set of people who esteem themselves not only men, but who imagine that, together, they constitute that many-headed creature called *the Town*; but when you have made yourself as well acquainted with them as it is my ill fortune to be at present, I am confident you will find they are as wholly unacquainted with, as wholly unfit for, and as totally incapable of helping themselves in the world, as an infant of an hour old in the nursery; and will, I flatter myself, allow that, to us, these stalling vacancies are as absolute Babes as the squalling existences, generally called so, are to the priestesses of Lucina, or to her virgins, the maids and nurses.

You are to know, Sir, that I look upon you as a kind of Tutor-general to the present age, or if you will rather hear it in a plainer expression, *the nurse of our great children*; and I do assure you, I never see an enormity, in public, that renders the person who commits it at once troublesome and contemptible, but I blame the INSPECTOR as much as I should do the intendant of a nursery, on little master's crying for a top-knot, or wiping his nose with his sister's stockings.

It has been with me a complaint of long standing against you, that these pretenders to manhood and importance have been suffered to run into a thousand sorts of mischief with impunity; but I am now a sufferer of a higher kind from this neglect of yours, having just had one of the helpless and troublesome creatures in my own family.

You will find, by the place from whence I date this, that I am a citizen, and I am rather proud than ashamed of adding, that I have, by great application, got into a road of business by which I now clear be-

tween one and two thousand pounds a-year in the linen trade. I began with a younger brother's fortune, which I have now improved to twice the amount of the family estate, in the possession of the elder, and hope to continue yet increasing it some years. My brother lives on the family spot, and has added nothing, though he has not cut off any part from the inheritance; we have both children that are at this time marriageable; and it is but about a month ago that this Gentleman of the family condescended to propose doubling the importance of it, by marrying his only son to his cousin my eldest daughter. I had no answer to make to this, but my desire to see the young Gentleman. In a few days I had the honour of a visit from him; with his father's request that I would shew him the town, and entertain him in my house without any limited time, except that there was a slight hint that he intended the visit should last till he had engaged my daughter's affections.

We are very apt to form descriptions of persons in our minds, whom we only know by report or by idea: I had expected to meet in my nephew an awkward boy with an old-fashioned coat, lank hair, and a vacant diffidence of countenance; but how was I shocked and surprized to see, in the place of so innocent and agreeable a character, the *Jemmyest Fellow*, so he expresses it, *of the age*, enter my counting-house, after an overture performed by a smack of his long whip, which made the shop echo from every corner; and to be immediately saluted with a hearty shake by the hand, and "how dost thou do my buck?" I would fain have supposed it was some acquaintance of my brother's, not his son, who had accosted me in this familiar manner; but I was informed of my error by the letter he delivered me. I had no sooner read this than I received him with as much civility as my natural abhorrence to the appearance he made could permit, and introduced him to my family.

I had the honour of his company in my house no longer than a bare week, though he is still in town,

in

in a properer place; but, in that time, he gave me so indelible a character of the infants of his turn, that no period of my life can be without a remembrance of it. He set his mistress a crying the first day, by telling her, that, as his father had bade him, he should marry her, he believed, though it was disgracing his family; and, on his endeavouring to justify this in the shop, by asserting that all trades-people were mean, mechanical wretches alike, and that, if folks lived by selling goods, he did not know any difference between a mercer and a tripe-woman; my journeyman, who is a man of spirit, knocked him down.

The next morning he had the mortification to receive a kick on the breech from a porter, whom he had expected to go out of his way with a load upon his back, because he was a Gentleman; and, on the same evening, he had a lighted candle thrust in his face, at the next coffee-house, for having taken it, without any apology, from an officer of the excise, who was reading the news by it, to adjust a curl of his periwig at the glass at the other end of the room.

From this unlucky day the youth took an aversion to the city, as a land of brutes, a place inhabited by savages, who, not being Gentlemen themselves, did not know how they were to treat one. He afterwards only honoured my house for the three first nights with sleeping in it, and the succeeding four days with coming home at about four in the afternoon, to dress for dinner, and entertain my daughters with his praises of the neck of Polly Wren, the eyes of Lucy Cowper, or the leg of Charlotte, or with some other excellence in the partner of his last night's repose.

The other hours of this short period he employed at the coffee-houses about St. James's, where he was bubbled out of his cash, and kicked down stairs for suspecting he was cheated; and at the places of public diversions, at one or other of which he generally had the honour to treat a dozen people with a supper, whom no body else would be seen to speak to; and the spirit to sweep down the plates and glasses after  
K 2  
supper,

supper, by way of wit, and to pay three times their value to the waiter, to convince his company he was above examining an account. In all this time you might as easily have found a man that liked, as a woman that did not laugh at him; and as probably have heard prophecies, as a syllable of common sense from his mouth.

I was writing to his father, to intreat his taking him back again, when I received a short billet from him, dated from Covent-Garden roundhouse: I waited on my accomplished Gentleman, and, with some difficulty, bought off the evidences in what might have been construed into felony. I found on a farther examination into his affairs, that my house was no place for him in his present situation; a surgeon, under whose care I put him, has found him a proper lodging for six weeks, at the end of which time he will only have about a hundred and fifty pounds to pay for broken heads, and broken sconces, and punchbowls, and may then go down into the country, and tell the people he has seen the world.

I am sure you cannot be of opinion that such ignorants as these should be permitted to break their necks down stairs, or run into the fire in this manner unrestrained. I beg you will devise some means to establish a better regulation of them; and, till that is done, I wish you could compel all taylor's, who make up these narrow-sleeved and no-skirted coats, to sew leading-strings to the shoulders for them, by way of informing the world, that the wearers are not yet in a condition to go alone.

*I am, Sir,*

Cheapside.

*Your humble Servant,*

JEREMIAH GULIX.

The



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 48.

*Audi alteram partem.*

I WAS lately present, I may be allowed to say happily so, at as extraordinary an occurrence as perhaps any man ever met with by perfect accident in the street. A woman of figure, of uncommon elegance of person, and with a great deal of unaffected dignity in her deportment, was, as I passed along a narrow street in the city, pleading, with a most remarkable earnestness, to those who were nearest her of a vast cluster of people; and endeavouring by remonstrances, not by violence, to disengage her hand from a young fellow who had hold of it, and who was forcing her to a hackney coach which stood at a little distance.

I shall claim no merit in stopping on this occasion, as the crowd rendered it impossible for me to do otherwise, nor indeed in alighting, as curiosity alone, without any tincture of a better motive, might have led any man to do it. The mob, as I first mixed among them, seemed a good deal divided in their sentiments on the subject; but a piece of address on the youth's part, immediately after turned the determination wholly in his favour. "You, Sir, said he, just as I came up to him, applying to a young fellow with a vacant face, and pretty suit of mourning, are a Gentleman: I beg leave to appeal to you in this case, and I will stand wholly by your determination. This young woman has not been at home these four days: she has run away after a young officer in the guards, who, I don't doubt, is somewhere hereabouts now, and whom I wish I could find that I might treat him as such a rascal deserves for deluding

deceiving her: my father has almost broke his heart about her; my mother has been in fits the whole time, and all the neighbourhood are in tears. Only make it your own case, Sir, continued he, or any Gentleman that's here do the same: suppose you had a sister that had done this, and a fine young creature as she is too, a match for any man in the kingdom, would not you, if you met her by chance in the street as I did, force her to go home, if she would not go willingly?"

The answer was given in the affirmative; the umpire laid hold of the other hand of the Lady, in order to assist in dragging her to the coach, and the crowd followed her, with many coarse expressions of their dissatisfaction and resentment. I believe no body but myself paid her so much attention as to observe that she was earnest to say something in her behalf: I told the people, as I hurried among them, that they should always hear both sides of a cause before they came to a resolution how to act; and encouraged by the general assent declared in the frequently repeated words, "Ay, that's right, that's right," which were pronounced from every quarter at once, I got between the coach and the Gentlemen, who were forcing the Lady to it, and insisted upon their suffering her to be heard.

From the rudest clamour I think my ears were ever stunn'd with, all was in an instant a scene of tranquillity; all was attention, and not a syllable of what was uttered was lost to the most distant of the crowd. "I am indeed, said she, the person this Gentleman tells you (for he had named her family) my father is \* \* \*, his house is in \* \* \*, but I have no more been guilty of what this person tells you than I have of sacrilege; I know this man very well; he has persecuted me these four months with a dishonest passion; he knows he cannot succeed in it by persuasion, and he has made this strange attempt to do it by force. He is no more my brother than you or you are, addressing herself to two of the foremost of the mob; and I am sure, continued she, now you know this,

you

you will protect me from him, or else some of you go with me, if he forces me away from you."

The youth protested, with a thousand oaths and asseverations, that this was a mere trick, and that what he had told them was the truth; that she only wanted to give her lover an opportunity to rescue her, and that he was determined to die, rather than submit to it.

The mob were divided in their opinions; and I do not know where the thing might have ended, had not I desired the Lady to accept of my carriage to the next magistrate, and the Gentleman to accompany me thither in the Hackney Coach, to confront her. This proposal appeared so equitable to every body, that there was no refusing to comply with it. It saved the Lady; but the event was not what I had intended. Not one of the parties ever found the way to the magistrate, whose office would have been so worthily employed on the occasion. The Lady no sooner saw herself out of the reach of the crowd, than she ordered the coachman to drive her home; and the Gentlemen who were to have accompanied me to meet her at the magistrate's, made a not very honourable retreat. The pretended brother damning her for being a scandal to her family, and declaring he would give himself no farther trouble about her.

As I went home, I could not but reflect with terror on the power of a mob, and on the ease of directing that power against the most innocent objects, or employing it to the most unjustifiable purposes. Kingdoms have been overthrown by no greater means than an address of the same kind with that which this infamous young fellow had employed, in this case, against the virtue of the woman, whom he ought to have revered for refusing him.

We have, in the Eastern history, an account of a revolution which displaced the regal family from their throne, and shed the blood of fifty thousand people, brought about on these principles, and in this very manner. A conspirator, of another lineage,

for many years courted the popular favour, by an affected clemency; and cunningly took care to have the reigning Emperor, and his whole family at the same time, accused of a thousand acts of cruelty. He had no sooner established his own and the Emperor's reputations on this footing in the general opinion, than he seized on the opportunity of a general festival, when the people were all swarming about the streets in idleness, and finding means to get a vast concourse together in an appropriated spot, he employed a fellow to be there whipping his mule in an unmerciful manner, and had emissaries among the crowd, to spirit them up to the utmost against him, for his barbarity.

All this was so carefully managed as to time and place, that, just in the height of the general resentment against the mule-driver, a soldier was passing by from the place of punishment, with his cloak just hung over his bleeding back, to keep off the air and insects. "If you have humanity enough to be affected by the misery of that beast, exclaims a person appointed for the purpose, what will you say to see one of your fellow-creatures in this condition!" As he spoke, he threw the cloak off the soldier's shoulders. The sight of Cæsar's wounds did not exasperate the Romans more against his murderers, than this pitiable spectacle those who saw it against their lawful and their innocent sovereign. They rose at once into a rebellion, which terminated in the destruction of the reigning family, and the setting that of the artful contriver of the scene upon the throne: nor did they find out, till a second slaughter had made way for the re-establishing the former line, that they had been, in their first rising, tools in the hands of a villain; employed in massacres and murder, under the pretence of justice: that the whole scene that had given rise to the original tumult, was a concerted one; or that the soldier, at whose punishment they had been so enraged, had received it by singular lenity,

lenity, in the place of death, for a crime which the laws of the country made capital.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 49.

*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

A Correspondent of yours, in pointing out the characteristics of what, according to the phrase of the polite of these times, we are to call a *Jemmy Fellow*, has had recourse, as one of the essentials, to a pair of leather breeches; and I believe it must be allowed, that, excepting only for the emptiness of the head, and poltroon pertness of the behaviour, of those princes of the times, it would not have been easy to have hit upon a more infallible mark of distinction.

As I have indeed, long before this occasion, accustomed myself to direct my eye downward, in examining the male part of the rabble at our common places of entertainment, and have exerted my talents with double vigilance since, I begin to fancy that I have some right also to speak about it. Certain it is, that I have of late paid an attention to this part of the habit, which no body else has thought it worth while to bestow on it; and have extended the distinctive marks to be collected from it much farther than either your Correspondent, or any body who has written on the subject of dress since the days of the celebrated, though not much regarded, pedant *Gocleanius*, who so elaborately commented on every part and appurtenance of them, in his dissertation on the use of shirts, and the advantages of washing.

I know you pay a proper regard to every communication that is calculated for the real use and benefit of mankind, and therefore have been at the pains of methodizing my thoughts on this head, as you will find them in the course of this epistle, which I doubt not your readiness in communicating to the public, especially when I recollect it will save you the half-hour \* it would cost you to write a paper in its place.

If I intended to make this a regular dissertation on the origin and structure of galligaskins, I would begin with the etymology of that almost inexplicable term, and thence proceed to the explication of the more familiar and obvious one *breeches*. I would, from this, enter on the consideration of their form, materials, and use; but neither the limits of your paper, nor the attention of your humble servant, will allow him to do so due honour to the subject.

I shall only casually observe, that the first breeches we have account of were made of a fig-leaf; the same substance to which the Ladies aprons also owe their origin. From this slight hint I am apt to believe the mutual and natural affection of those two parts of the human habiliments to one another, which has so long puzzled the philosophic world to account for, might be very easily and satisfactorily explained on the principles of the Newtonian attraction; but I have no room here for digressions.

From fig-leaves, which were the original matter of breeches, the ancients all agree, that the leaves of the *plantane*, the *parow-tree*, the *burdock*, and the *coltsfoot*, with a long etcætera of others got into use; some on account of their size, which saved the trouble of piecing; some for their strength; and the last, in particular, for its softness. In short, I am apt to believe, that if the history of some of the first people in the world had been delivered to us with as much punctuality as that of Garagantua by the ingenious and ac-

\* This Gentleman is in a mistake as to the time; I always allow three-quarters.

curate Rabelais, we should find the first man made as many experiments, to find what was the best material for covering this part of the body, as that Bahy giant did to discover what was best calculated for its cleanliness.

The modest restraint that preserved the animal world, by supplying the necessities or luxuries of men from the vegetable creation alone, was of no longer continuance, in regard to the coverings of the body, than to its sustenance : no sooner had the liquorish priest learned to eat roast meat, by sucking the gravy from his fingers at a sacrifice, than the whole world was clothed with the spoils, as well as fed with the flesh of animals.

Olaus Rudbechius has written a very large and learned dissertation, to shew that the terrestrial paradise, the seat of which the modern geographers have been so long perplexed to find, is Sweden ; and has been at much pains to prove, from the remains of the old Swedish customs, yet preserved in the several parts of the world, that all those parts, the disjunct America not excepted, were peopled from this ancient nursery of heroes. He has instanced several marks of antique usages, preserved to this day among the boors of that kingdom, to prove that they still keep up sufficient marks of their primævity ; but it is amazing that a man of his accuracy should have overlooked a circumstance which it falls immediately in my way to add in this place, and which, to me, seems to prove more than all he has advanced in this way, the origin of mankind to have been there.

Sweden is the only place in the world where the peasants wear breeches of the undressed hides of common cattle : a goat is no sooner dead, than the wife of the cottager (if a man may be dignified with that appellation who makes a hole in the ground serve him by way of a house) cuts out a pair of breeches from the skin, which he wears with the hair outwards. We know that, even in the time of the Roman invasions, our warlike ancestors wore shoes made

of untanned hides of oxen ; and nothing can be more certain than that this other part of the habit was originally of the same materials ; and consequently that the Swedes, who preserve the custom to this day, are, in reality, the only people who can give that proof of earliest antiquity.

The first improvement from the raw-hide coverings was, doubtless, that of tanning the skins before the sewing them together for this purpose ; and if, from this, Sir, you should be inclined to assert the antiquity of the *Femmy fellows*, and declare them to have been prior to the venerable *Gregorians*, or even to the descendents of *Hiram* and *Solomon*, I shall have more prudence than to enter the lists in a dispute with you.

The native strength and toughness of the skins of animals could not long satisfy the busy spirit of the world, that is eternally thirsting after new inventions, which, though in general I think they make things worse than they were before, are always dignified with the name of improvements : the fur, the wool, or by whatever other name the natural covering of the animal's hide may be expressed, was soon taken off ; and while the generality of the people of the times were valuing themselves upon the coolness and cleanliness of their shorn habiliments, some *Footie* of that unenlightened age, some genius of that rude period of the world, struck a bold stroke, and appeared in an artificial covering, made of the refuse-wool that had been pick'd up at their clippings. Such, doubtless, was the origin of the woollen manufacture, such the first steps towards the making the broad-cloth which has since rendered the name of Great Britain immortal, which has made her the clothier of a thousand nations ; and of which one *Virgil*, but not he who wrote a *Tom Jones* in verse, under the name of the *Æneid*, has written so learnedly, and to so little purpose, in a thick, ill-shap'd duodecimo, on the inventors of arts and manufactures.

Our

Our grandfathers great grandfathers progenitors, in all probability, though I don't know that we are absolutely certain of so much, contented themselves many years with the spoils of the creatures on which they fed, for the manufactures of these their necessary coverings; but at that period of time, when the paps of pregnant sows, the palates of carps, and the tongues of nightingales, came in fashion for the table, luxury, not content with ravaging all nature for the stomach, directed her eye toward the labours of the lesser animals for the cloathing; they found, as Milton phrases it,

*Millions of tender worms,  
Who in their green shops spin the small hair'd silk,*

and employed their arts to fabricate that into a more elegant web than the threads of the flax and hemp had before added to their manufactures. Hence a new inundation of ornaments, in the place of mere coverings; and hence, when the fund of materials seemed quite exhausted, the form became the sole object of the fancy and genius of the polite.

Pray, Mr. INSPECTOR, did it never happen to you that your preface swelled into such a length as to leave no room for the dissertation? Whether you will own so much or not, I cannot pretend to conceal that my prose Pegasus has run away with me, on this occasion, and that unless you will give me leave, on some other opportunity, to send you my discourse on the use and characteristical nature of breeches, the beau monde must wear all their extravagancies in peace, and your readers be contented with a dissertation on their origin. I am, with great respect,

S I R,

*Your very humble Servant,*

RALPH GALLIGASKIN,

THE



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 50.

*Pars non temnenda decoris.*

OVID.

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

I HAVE given you a dissertation on the origin of galligaskins, in which I endeavoured, with what success indeed I don't know, to adapt my manner and language to the seriousness, dignity, and importance of the subject. The business of that communication, however, was mere matter of speculation; I beg your permission now to descend somewhat below the custom of modern authors, and speak of their use. As to what regards warmth, convenience, decency, and many other vulgar considerations on this head, I shall leave them all to vulgar writers: what I mean by the use of breeches, is what the polite part of the world who put them on, seem also at this time to understand as the true use of them; that is, the serving to distinguish the character, quality, understanding, and temper of the wearer.

The several materials for the making these necessary, these characteristical parts of the male habilliment have been already treated of. Their colour, which is a circumstance of as much importance, and is indeed immediately essential to my present purpose, I have not yet touched upon.

You are very well apprized, I doubt not, Sir, that the wearing red breeches was, in the last century, an allowed proof of wit; one of the best Comedy writers of our nation introduces a man of taste very happily laughing at a pretender to discernment for not finding this to be the case: but as the most rationally appropriated

priated determination will fail in time, the quality denoted by that colour in this part of the male habili-  
ment became, by degrees, so diametrically opposite to the original one, that in the beginning of this age it was universally understood to denote courage. How compatible these qualities may be in the same breeches, I shall not pretend at this time absolutely to determine, but I believe, Sir, you will allow me that we have, at present, very few instances of their inhabiting the same heart.

Some unlucky scrapes into which this fighting colour drew certain peaceable Gentlemen of the city, who, though they did not choose to fight, did not choose to be out of the fashion, gave such a turn to the aspect of affairs in this point, that from that period the red breeches became universally understood as tokens of a man's being desirous to be supposed one who dared fight, instead of one who would do it; and in consequence of this, their pitch of credit is at present so very low that, I think, excepting where a uniform exacts it, few people put them on but such as are not averse that the world should know they will at any time submit to be kicked on condition of being paid for it.

To the utter abolition of that flaming colour in this part of the dress of the beau monde succeeded the use of crimson; and as that royal dye never shews itself to so much advantage as in velvet, it became unorthodox to wear it in an other materials. The reign of these regal ornaments would probably have been longer, but it unluckily appearing soon after, that the hint of the fashion was taken from the domestics of a foreign minister, and at the same time a discovery being made that they were subject to indelible stains, on the most common occasions, they vanished at once from the Mall, and the other places of polite rendezvous: but, as out of the multitudes of them that had been made, scarce any were worn out at the time of their disgrace, they serve at this time, as one occasionally meets with them, to denote  
at

at once the œconomy and ambition of the wearer, who, it may be always presumed, has found the way to the land of gaiety and grandeur through Monmouth-street.

To these succeeded the long uninterrupted reign of white plush; it is true indeed, that a very eminent and egregious beau made a bold push, during a short interregnum that happened between these periods, to establish the use of yellow velvet; but this laudable attempt was destroyed by so inconsiderable a creature as the dwarf fan-painter of Bath. This fellow exhibited, on his next fan, the yellow breeches, as they had strutted along the parade, on the first day, on the slim limbs of the little beau who set the fashion; accompanied with a green and silver waistcoat, a black velvet coat and blue stockings. So little things are able to overturn such noble projects. From those days to these, I think, no yellow breeches have appeared, beside that original pair, which I, who have always had my eye upon them, have traced through the hands, if I may so express it, of a Tragedy monarch at Southwark fair; a singer at New Sadler's Wells; a writer to a Gentleman of eminence in the Temple; a Scotch captain, of an unknown regiment, who paid his addresses in them to a fortune in the Minorities; and of the valet to the original proprietor. From this period I had wholly lost them, till the evening before the last, when they straddled full upon me, new vamped up, at Vaux-hall, and, with the assistance of jet buttons, served as the second mourning of a knight of the industry, who, if you have not honour enough to keep my name a secret from all enquirers, I am afraid will cut my throat for this history of them.

The use of white plush, which this long episode has somewhat unfairly broken in upon, lasted till it was observed that they were a part of the uniform of one of our troops of horse; from which period you may depend upon it, that, whenever you meet with a pair of them on a man of five feet nine inches high,

he

he is a Gentleman of this corps out of his regimentals.

To the fashion of these succeeded that very laudable and decent one of black silk, which has been in a manner universal ever since : It is to be acknowledged, indeed, that some frowzy people have attempted to raise up worsted in emulation of them ; and that one of the prettiest fellows of this age is at this very period attempting an innovation in the colour, by wearing white ones : I am very ready to confess, that the people of Goodman's-fields Wells, from whose dress the hint for these might possibly be taken, make a very clean figure ; but, unless rope-dancing should become a more estimable employment, I am afraid we shall hardly make the custom universal.

One farther attempt, however, upon the prevalence of this fashion, though an effort of a genius of another nation, I must not omit to mention ; having just received information from Paris, that a celebrated *buffoon* there (the English reader is desired to take notice, that this, or a word very like it, is at present understood in France, to the great honour of the *littérati*, to be synonymous with philosopher) appeared in his office of *Intendant de Jardin du Roy*, in a pair of dove-coloured breeches, made of cob-webs. This was the result of a project of the celebrated Mr. Bohn, which would certainly have succeeded very well in his time, but that he could never find the means of making those quarrelsome insects live peaceably together.

Breeches, of whatever form, of whatever colour, or of whatever materials, we very well know became, in a certain state, the emblems of philosophy, whose indolence is too great to mend them, and whose passions too cool to need the defence of exterior bands to repress them.

It is not only philosophy, indeed, that deigns to take its symbol from the breeches, royalty itself is not above it ; and custom seems, on a very just and equitable footing, to have made them the images of  
governance.

*governance.* Since the establishment of the Salique law in France, all the civilized nations in Europe have allowed, that to rule and to wear the breeches, are terms of perfectly the same signification; and, I think, to this day, in England, Bath is the only place where a wife presumes to wear them.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

R. G.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 51.

*Nubere si qua voles quamvis properabitis ambo  
Differ, habent parvæ commoda magna moræ.*

OVID.

**T**HERE never was a greater master of the subject of love than the author to whom I am obliged for this motto; nor has he, in any part of his writings, shewn himself more so, or any where given a more invariably true and useful admonition than this, in which he pleads for the deferring a marriage for a time even where both parties are eager to have it consummated.

An earnestness and precipitation on both sides, in an engagement of this kind, is indeed so far from being a rational exception to the general rule, that it is the circumstance of all others under which it is most necessary to be complied with. Every the most minute article in the disposition, temper, and affairs of either, ought to be perfectly understood by the other before the entering into an union in which every after discovery of a wrong kind must prove a source of irreparable discontent. Time alone can, in the common situation of things, shew all that there is to hope,

all

all that there is to fear, in any one's turn of mind; and surely not a shorter, but a much longer period is necessary to effect this, in regard to a person who is under the influence of the most violent of all passions; and who is interested in the concealing every thing that might but lead to the knowledge of whatever greater or lesser blemish he may be conscious in his natural disposition.

I am aware that my younger readers of the other sex will be very ready with the good old adage, "that many things happen between the cup and the lip:" but I am to answer them, that it were infinitely more eligible that all these things should happen in that period, than that the least of them should occur to embitter the draught, when the whole must be swallowed, however well or ill adapted to the palate.

It is true that a thousand incidents may happen in the course of deferring a concluded alliance of this kind, which may prevent its consummation; but if we recollect them all, and set them before us even in their worst colours, we shall be obliged to own, when we will let reason, divested of passion, determine for us, that it is better they should have happened, and prevented the match, than that it should have been concluded without a knowledge of their being possible. The man whose temper grows rough under such a delay, would have been insufferable without it; he who changes his mind during that period, would have changed it otherwise, at a time when he could not have been discarded for doing so; and she who, during the interval, can be capable of receiving a more advantageous proposal, was not worthy of the first. There may be pain in losing the person one's fancy had mistakenly pitched upon under circumstances like these; but there must be anguish, and almost despair, in discovering that we ought to have lost her when it is impossible we should do so.

The accidents that generally direct a man, among the multitudes of agreeable women, to the particular object for his addresses, are in themselves so trivial and

and uncertain, that it is a shame for a rational creature to own being influenced by them: the woman whom I should have overlooked at court or in an assembly, becomes the mistress of my imagination because I have happened to meet her on a familiar visit: or she who would have passed among the unnoticed crowd at our public diversions, receives my adoration from her happening to be of a party with some Lady with whom I am intimate: from the possibility of paying my addresses to her arises an inclination to do it; and the approbation with which I saw her in the evening, is in the morning elevated into rapture.

No better than this is the source of the generality of a man's original determination as to which of the many equally agreeable women he has seen, shall receive his addresses: from this determination he immediately proceeds to make his proposals, and if his fortune be not inferior to the Lady's expectations, the relations countenance the application; and, to prevent disappointments *clap up a marriage*, as they express it, between two raw creatures, who like one another's faces, and are to grow acquainted with each other's tempers and humours afterwards.

There is a natural fondness for novelty in the mind of the whole human species, which gives charms to an agreeable object on our first acquaintance with it, that never fail to decrease from that moment: it is on this foundation that beauty soon grows familiar to the lover, and that familiarity makes hasty advances towards contempt. It is possible, indeed, that the husband may find, connected with the personal charms that first struck his fancy, a heart susceptible of friendship; and it is possible also that the wife may find the husband capable of enjoying the pleasures of such an union; but how ought both of them to shudder at the thought, that it is equally possible nothing of this may be in the disposition of either, and that the certain and inevitable disregard (not to express it by so harsh a word as contempt) to the person of the associate, may have no secondary allurements to supply its place;

nor

nor may a farther acquaintance discover any thing in the unalienable companion of the succeeding years, that is not more contemptible.

The great source of unhappy marriages, I have long been confident, is the too great attention paid, on all sides, to the fortune of the persons: great inequalities in this respect, I am ready to allow ought, in the eye of reason, to be always objected to, as giving a natural superiority on one part, which is incompatible with that free equality that ought to be, and indeed that must be, in a state of social community, that is but expected to be an easy one; but I would no more, were I a parent, fix my child to any particular offer that was made, because of the equality of the fortune, than I would refuse the pretensions of another, because it was reasonable to expect a tenth or a twentieth more in the estate.

The parent should consider, that he who offers, and is a proper match, is not the only one that can or that will offer: he should remember, that the world affords a number such; and, under this consideration, he ought to look upon the lover's fortune as only placing him in a state of indifference, in which it would be prudence, both in himself and his child, to examine candidly and disinterestedly into his pretensions to those qualifications that are much more essential than riches, to happiness in the married state. Infinitely better were it to take these in another, with a somewhat smaller estate, than to accept a larger, without them, from one who will be always conscious of his having bestowed a favour, when happiness can solely depend upon the having received one.

Were I of the female sex, and had my choice of more offers than one, there is nothing I should be so cautious of as the receiving an obligation from my husband, till I was thoroughly assured of his disposition. There are indeed tempers to which a generous mind would wish to be obliged; there are men to whom the utmost felicity would be to exceed the expectations of the woman they loved; who would find  
a trans-

a transport in giving, greater than it is possible to have in receiving ; and who would have no sense of the obligation they conferred, but what arose from the happiness it gave to the object of their affection. These are, in my opinion, the marriages which promise most certain, and most durable pleasure. The man can have no interested views, who sacrifices interest even in the act of marrying ; yet even these are dangerous, without the prescribed delay. If a start of passion alone has given rise to the determination, that passion will no sooner be satiated, than he will repent the having made it ; but if a continuance of his acquaintance has first proved that esteem is its foundation, the happiness which attends it will last as long as the source of that esteem continues.

This is at once making a wife happy, and putting it in her own power to determine how long she will continue so : it is giving her an invariable pleasure in the exerting those virtues which first demanded it as their reward.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 52.

*Non aëre, non igni, non aqua, pluribus locis utimur  
quam amicitia.* CICERO.

THERE is no office of friendship so difficult, no one of the social virtues that requires such a delicacy in the exerting, as that of telling the person we love of a fault. This alone has deterred many from doing so honest and acceptable a service in cases where they were sufficiently sensible of the necessity of it : but there is another circumstance, which has perhaps much oftener prevented it, even in those who would have done it at all adventures, if they thought

thought there was any prospect of advantage ; which is the extreme unwillingness people have to mend of their faults. Habit is a very powerful antagonist on these occasions ; but there is another latent principle which, though less attended to, is more productive, even than this, of the ill we complain of ; that is pride : it hurts us to see another judge better of our own concerns than ourselves do, and though we are ever so conscious that it would be right to follow the admonitions we have received from such a one, yet the acknowledging ourselves in an error, is a submission to the judgment of him who points it out to us, that accuses us of less discernment, and that we know not how to stoop to. While a change in our conduct would bespeak such an acknowledgment, or argue such a submission, this false pride will not permit us to admit it, though the refusing it be at the expence of the continuing in known errors.

This must indeed be acknowledged a discouraging circumstance, in regard to the giving advice in this essential point ; but the man who suffers it to prevent him from doing his endeavour, at least, to be of service, where his heart is thoroughly inclined to it, robs at once himself of that greatest of all pleasures to a rational mind, the consciousness of having done its duty, and the man whom he loves of the means, perhaps the only means, of adding to his happiness, or of avoiding ruin. I would fain have the world enter with me into the spirit of this most familiar and most pleasureable observation, that there is an honest, heart-felt joy, in reality superior to most that fall within our reach, in the sense of having done what we ought, independently of any of its consequences, and utterly unconnected with its success.

The man who would admonish his friend whom he saw in an error, from this disinterested, this generous and unbiassed motive, would find a content of heart in consequence of it, that would amply repay the natural ungratefulness of the office ; and, I may add, he would have the pleasure, in most cases, of seeing all

all the good effects he could propose to himself from its influence, though not acknowledged as its consequences, nor immediately attendant on it. We are to bear with the frailties of those we love, especially when they are rather the frailties of human nature, than of the particular person in whom we see them: we are to set down this false pride among the number of those frailties, and in consequence, we are to wink at the man's affecting to disregard our advice, who we know must be sensible it is right, and will; when he thinks we have forgot the giving it, pursue the paths to which it directed him. Many a man is disingenuous enough to affect to despise the counsel that he is determined immediately to put in execution; but of those who do not come up to this dishonest fallacy, the far greater number will seem to pay no regard to what they set down upon the tablets of their hearts, and of which they determine in secret to reap the advantages.

The man who gives admonition for the sake of shewing his superiority of judgment, will be dissatisfied at its being thus received; but the friend has a very different principle from this ostentation to actuate him; and if he truly deserve that name, he will overlook, with a smile, the defect of that gratitude it would have been a pain to the man he loves to have paid him, and be perfectly satisfied with, and generously happy in the event of what he did with no other view but that of bringing about such an event. This is a pleasure which every man who has felt, will own is not at all the less for the necessity of its being enjoyed in private; and it may be added to this, that, independently of our own private satisfaction, we are to look on it as a duty enjoined by him who has placed us in a situation in which we cannot suppose we are formed for ourselves alone; and in which we ought to know this a first condition of our happiness, that in things, the means of which, though not the events, are in our hands, we are to do that which his laws, whether delivered from his mouth, or implanted by nature

nature

nature in our hearts, direct us, and leave the success to him.

The dread of a censure of impertinence for but looking into the affairs of another, is a farther circumstance that deters people, who wish ever so well to those they are acquainted with, from advising them; the sense of a restraint of this kind has grown even into a proverbial maxim; and the man is supposed wise who takes care of himself, and wishes *every one to mend one* among his acquaintance. Whatever seeming prudence there may be in this, there is little charity, little of that disposition which it is the prerogative of Christianity to inculcate, and which is the great honour to Christianity. I believe nobody ever looked upon the speech of Cain, *Am I my brother's keeper?* as one that did credit to him who spoke it; and surely the reserve and self-interested conduct inculcated in this seemingly wise adage, is too much of the nature of that temper of mind which influenced the other. How mean must this appear in the eye of the candid observer, in comparison of that generous, that humane and noble advice of the apostle, *Look not each of you at the things only which concern yourselves, but pay a regard to those which belong to others?* This is Christianity, this the effect of that benevolence, which is at once an honour and advantage to our nature. How a precept so opposite to it could have got footing among us, under the title of a wise and good one, is not easy to say.

We are not created only for ourselves, nor are our actions, though circumscribed enough, limited to so narrow a sphere: we expect good from others, and they have a mutual right to it from us: there is scarce any man who would be willing to allow so mean and interested a principle as self-love, as the reason of his not having done a good office, to which another had a right; yet, when we examine candidly, what but this is the principle of action in that man, who, from the dread of being called busy and impertinent, declines

clines the doing a thing that might save the person he professes to love from destruction ?

I shall not deny, that many a friendship has been broken by the conduct I have been hitherto recommending ; but I am equally sensible that every one of these have been friendships better broke than kept. Even admonition given with the utmost imprudence, ought only to anger the man to whom it is addressed for the present ; if he be worthy the name of a friend, he will pardon it as soon as he grows cool ; and will forget the manner of the action, while he remembers and loves the person, for the tendency and intent of it.

It has been very justly observed, by one of the wisest men who ever wrote, *that he who rebukes a man, shall afterwards find more favour from him, than he who has flattered him.* We are interested in our own concerns ; our passions never fail to influence us too strongly, to give our own judgment and reason leave to exert themselves, even in points in which we have most need of their assistance : not one of us but acknowledges this, and while we acknowledge it, what do we less than plead for the assistance of that judgment which the unprejudiced may exert more happily in our favour.

There is this great consolation to our pride, indeed, in the receiving admonition, and even reproof, that it is evident he who gives it, supposes we have reason enough to discern whether it be right, and prudence, if we find it so, to put it in execution. In this light, it is not an affront to our understandings, but a compliment to them : for my own part, I should never hear any thing of this kind, but I should understand it to be prefaced by, " Your own good sense will immediately perceive the truth of this, and you would have said it to yourself, if your passions had not overborne your consideration." In this sense, the man who is capable of giving advice, will always receive it ; and in this sense he undoubtedly looked upon

upon it, who tells us, with the utmost justice, that it is more desirable to have the rebuke of the wise, than to receive the applause of fools.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 53.

*Qui vultus Acherontis atri,  
Qui Stygiam tristem, non tristis videt,  
Par ille regi, par superis erit.*

SENECA'S Agamemnon.

I HAVE often reflected with great pleasure on the moral conveyed by the ancient Mythologists under the story of Chiron, who, when his father Saturn offered him immortality on earth, considered the conditions and refused it. How noble a lesson against the common dread of death is a determination like this thrown into the mouth of a character eminent for wisdom! if such was the resolution of mere prudence, among a people who had but very dark and uncertain expectations of a future period, how ought we to be scandalized at the terrors we see so universal on this occasion, who have assurances, from the very mouth of heaven, of what their Socrates and their Cato were happy when they could but shew to be probable from reason?

Fear is in itself a mean and contemptible quality; but of all the circumstances under which it can influence us, it is most hateful when it thus robs us of every rational enjoyment of our lives, by the terrors of an event which no art, no power, can evade, and which the ancients were perfectly right in determining that it would be folly and madness in us to escape even if we could.

One of the earliest notices we receive in the course of our lives is, that they must have a period, and every succeeding day not only puts us in mind of this, but gives us proof of it in the deaths of multitudes about us: would one suppose it difficult for people to resign themselves to an incident that they see so universal, that they know so unavoidable? yet nothing is more obvious, than that of the millions who are continually submitting to it, there is but once, perhaps, in a dozen ages, a man who appears resigned.

Had we received our lives, such as they are, without this condition, without the means of parting with them, we might with great justice have complained of them as an insupportable burden. Men remarkable for their wisdom have ventured to say, as it is, that no one would accept of life, if offered to him at a time when he was able to judge of it; but how infinitely more justifiable would this assertion have been, if life had been imposed on us without a period. To enjoy it easily, under whatever circumstances, is one of the most difficult attainments of human reason; but to leave it gracefully is yet more difficult. A consciousness of having employed it rationally, of having used it to the purposes for which it was given, is the great, indeed the only means of laying it down without discomposure; or to quote from a book which I shall always be proud of professing an acquaintance with, *the way to die the death of the righteous is to live their life.*

It is infinitely oftener that we deceive the world than that we impose upon ourselves: it is consequently much easier to keep up an affected spirit through the whole prior course of our life, than in the single moment of our leaving it: the love of fame, or a thousand other motives, may support the dissimulation, while we regard the world as connected with us, but when that is no longer the case, when the moment is arrived at which it is of no farther concern to us what is thought or what said of us, it is no longer worth our while to dissemble. The mask drops off, and we shew

shew a face of which our very intimates have no knowledge.

It is on this principle, that the hour of death has been always declared the test of our actions: their events, and even our resolution in the conducting them, the world may have been before acquainted with, but the principles that gave origin to them, and their real motives, are often, I could almost say, are usually, concealed till that period.

When Epaminondas was told that it had been warmly disputed, whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or himself were the wiser and better men, he coolly answered, we must all die before that can be determined. One would not, after this, doubt the temper of his soul at the approach of what is, to others, an hour of so much terror; the calmness of his reply to a debate that would have roused the passions of almost any other man, bespoke him perfectly easy under the expectation. We are not, however, without an instance of another sage of the same country, who was more than resigned to death; who treated it, even in the instant of its approach, nay at a time when he might have avoided it, with a glorious indifference, with a contempt that scarce any man since his time has been able to equal. I believe it is scarce necessary to explain myself by mentioning the name of Socrates: when this great, this innocent man was solicited at his trial to speak in his justification, and stop the sentence that was about to be passed upon him, "my friends, said he, if I should plead in favour of my life; if I should request these my judges that I may not die; how can I be assured that I speak not against myself? I know not what it is to die, I am not informed what good or what ill there may be in it: those things which I know to be evil I avoid, those which I know not to be ills, why should I fear? death is of this number: I know not, continued he, addressing himself to his judges, whether it be more eligible to die, or not to die, I commit myself therefore to you; determine of it as you shall think good."

I am sufficiently aware that modern names are much less pompous and sounding than those of Socrates and Epaminondas, and that great actions appear much greater, when seen through the mist of a length of years; yet, under all these disadvantages, I shall not scruple to place in the same list of fame with these venerable Greeks, the English Laureat: the whole conduct and deportment of this amiable Veteran in a late sickness, in which death was every instant before his eyes, was uniformly calm, uninterruptedly easy; every breath seemed to say,

*Vixi, & quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi,*

and every accent contributed to the convincing all about him, that himself was the only person unconcerned at what seemed approaching.

In what appeared to himself, as well as those who had the care of him, his last moments, he was visited, among a multitude of other truly afflicted intimates by Mr. Jones, the cruelly treated author of a tragedy that has not yet appeared. The dying friend took him tenderly by the hand, asked him with a faltering voice, what was his christian name, and called for pen, ink and paper. The tears of Jones declared his supposing him delirious; but what was his amazement, after a few moments, to read in the paper which he delivered to him, desiring him to give it to the Duke of Grafton, the following sentiments:

*May it please your Grace,*

**I** Know no better way of repaying your favours of the twenty last years of my life, than by recommending the bearer, Mr. Henry Jones, to the vacant laurel: My Lord Chesterfield can tell you more of him. I do not yet know the last moment of my life, but while I live I shall ever be

*Your Grace's most obliged,*

*And most devoted humble Servant,*

COLLEY CIBBER.

The

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The Nobleman, to whom this was delivered, has done its author the honour to preserve it in a frame, as a testimony of his esteem; and the INSPECTOR is not afraid to declare it his opinion, that it wants only to have been written in Greek or Latin two thousand years ago, to be revered at this time, as a first testimony of Spartan courage or of Roman virtue.

I shall conclude my sentiments of it by adding, that I am not at a loss to know the source of the Laureat's tranquillity under the approaches of death, when I recollect that, but a little before, he left one of the agreeablest parties in the world, at which I had the happiness to be present, to spend an hour or two, as he confessed to us, with greater joy, among two or three happy children of his children, who owed that happiness to him.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 54.

*Elige de vacuis quam non sibi vendicet alter  
Si nescis, dominum res habet ista suum.*

OVID.

I HAVE observed, with great dissatisfaction and uneasiness, the attacks of a known man of intrigue continued for several evenings lately at one of our places of public entertainment, on the character, at least, if not on the virtue of a Lady, whom I take to be one of the happiest married women of this age; who, I am confident, deserves to be so; and whom I know to be the wife of a man whose esteem and tenderness for her cannot fail to employ every means of making her such. I would tell the person who has given me, and I hope the Lady, so much uneasiness on this occasion, that a behaviour of this kind, so open a prosecution of so dishonest and hate-

ful a purpose, is an affront to every one in the place, which he who is but one of a number of people who have all an equal claim to be at ease there, has no right to give any one of them ; but I think too favourably of him to suppose him more sensible in the character of the polite than of the honest man.

I know the principles, the natural reserve and love of virtue in the Lady who is the object of these shameless attacks, too well to be in any dread of their consequences on her chastity ; but if it be possible that her eyes are not yet open to them, as the wisest of us often are of all people the blindest to our own concerns, I intreat of her to let the looks of every body about her, when he is next present, direct her to the object of their displeasure, and when she has discovered it, to act like one more concerned than any of them in the censure, and who has too much wisdom, and too little of that arrogance which is unhappily a frequent attendant, on a consciousness of superior abilities, to run counter to the sense of the whole world.

I am well assured, that if it were possible for this Lady to suppose herself in danger of falling into the greatest of all social crimes, and that under the aggravating circumstances of committing it against the man who of all the world most deserves her affection and esteem, no more than a sense of that danger would be necessary to make her immure herself, or fly to the utmost verge of the earth to avoid it. Lectures against the crime would be as impertinent as unnecessary to her. But as it is possible the consciousness of her own integrity may lead her, and a thousand others under the same circumstances, to hold all attacks upon their virtue in a contempt, that will not suffer them to condescend to discourage and discountenance them, it may not be an ill office to a person I so much esteem, and to a large part of the female world by her means, to put her in mind, that far without the limits of any thing actually criminal in this incident, there are considerations of no less importance

portance to her than the esteem of the world, and the happiness of the person most dear to her in it, which demand from her an attention that she may, on a slight view, be little disposed to pay them.

The heart of a woman, even the chastest heart in the breast of the most reserved of the sex, has a natural pleasure in her being admired. Women who have views, and those who have none, are equally susceptible of this satisfaction; and the opinion that it is an innocent one, leads them into an encouragement of those from whom they receive it, which with the more unwary is often the source of ruin; and even with the most resolved and cautious, of infinite disquiet. I rather look upon the formidable effort which has given occasion to this paper, as an attack upon the character, than upon the virtue of my fair friend; but if she unhappily should not regard this distinction, how ought she to tremble at being reminded, that while she is triumphing in the safety of the latter, she may be for ever sacrificing the former, and with it the regard of the whole world, the peace of her friends and family, and possibly the life of the man in comparison of whom the whole world is indifferent to her!

The women of this time little imagine with what an unrestrained freedom men talk of them in their public parties. I doubt not but the Lady in whose cause I have urged thus much, will be strangely startled to hear that she is the common toast of her admirer in drunken companies. I am well assured she would have been shocked, as she ought, if she could have seen, as I last night did, the partners in the revelry drink bumpers on their knees to the success of the attack, and heard the man, supposed the most judicious among them, add, "Ay, ay! he'll have her: I saw with what a pleas'd inadvertence she swallowed every thing he said to her this evening." The INSPECTOR has hitherto been a very bold writer, and in the cause of honesty and virtue he will always continue so: when I have added, to what I have already declared

on this occasion, that I know this Gentleman, though in other respects as much the man of honour as any one in the world, to have boasted of success in an attempt of this kind by way of revenge for a refusal; I am assured the Lady who is most concerned in this admonition will feel with horror, that she has inadvertently gone already as far as it is possible to go with any safety to her honour; and will tell him to-night, when he joins her company, that she begs he will pardon her insisting on it that he never is particular to her again.

To women whom a careful education, a native chastity of inclination, and the happiness of good example, have fixed in the principles of virtue, to be put in mind of the hidden danger of such an attack, is sufficient security: on the other part, where custom, however unjustifiable, has given a natural loose to the passions; where things in their own nature the most criminal are looked upon as acts of gallantry and proper subjects of pride and triumph, it would be much more difficult for a moral writer to be attended to with any degree of advantage: I shall not pretend to urge on these Gentlemen so rigid doctrines as those which expect men to be void of all passions, or even to be at all times perfect masters over them; but this the most indulgent principles must allow, that there is always an open way for the making them, as they were intended, the band of union, and the source of the utmost happiness to society: and that where the means to this desirable, this only truly happy end, do not immediately offer in a form fit for acceptance, even vice itself may be submitted to at a much less expence than that of the destruction of the same and eternal happiness of the object pretended to be beloved, or of the peace of families.

Whoever will be at the pains of considering the obligations and consequences of the social duties, will find that even the least of these crimes are in their own nature ill, and are, for his own sake as well as that of the community, to be avoided: but  
even

even the libertine surely must be struck with the difference between indulging a criminal appetite at the price of the continued scene of ill in one who was before abandoned to it; and the doing it under circumstances in which the ruin of an innocent person must lie at his own door, and in which he is heaping infamy and misery on numbers of innocent people, and even injuring, in the blackest manner, persons yet unborn.

A distinction in the degrees of ill cannot, in the breast of an unprejudiced judge, plead at all in favour of committing that which is least, but, in all, it ought to implant a dread and horror of the highest kind in regard to the greatest.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 55.

*Ingenium quondam fuit pretiosius auro.*

OVID.

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

I HAVE long been of opinion, that there is no kind of treatment received at the hands of mankind in general, that is at once so unjust, so cruel, and so ungrateful, as that contempt with which the inventors and improvers of arts and sciences are universally stigmatized. We find them constantly ranked by the ignorant part of the world, that is by nine-tenths of mankind, in a sort of middle class between fools and madmen, under the name of *Projectors*, and basely devoted to infamy and ruin by the very people whom they are all the time endeavouring to serve.

It was much otherwise, Sir, in the days of the ancient Romans. Virgil, I remember, has assigned one of the highest places in heaven to those

*Inventas vitam qui excoluere per artes ;*

“ who were the inventors of useful arts for the accommodation and happiness of life.” At present the lowest rank on earth is, by an ungrateful world, judged too good for them.

You would not wonder, Mr. INSPECTOR, to hear me speak with so much warmth on this subject, if you were informed of what I have myself felt on the occasion. I am now, Sir, in my fifty-seventh year, and though I have produced every twelve-month, for the latter half of my life, discoveries and improvements which, in any country but England, would have made a man immortal, I have been all the time starving. What am I to think of myself, Sir, or of the world, while I see old women enriched by parliament for quack medicines, and raw boys encouraged by the patrons and Mæcenases of the age for inventing ways to kill butterflies, at the same time that I find the reward of a series of undertakings, the least of which took in the payment of the national debt, or the making gold out of bruised gun-powder, is that I am disregarded, or worse than disregarded, pointed at with contempt, by the bankrupts whom I would have cleared, by the beggars whom I would have enriched.

But, Sir, I don't intend this as a letter of complaint to you, or to the world through your means : I blush at the consideration of sinking myself so far as the condescending to mean employments ; and urge these instances of the degeneracy of mankind since the days of ancient Greece and Rome, as my excuse for stooping, after the honour of discoveries that would have enriched the world, to regard my own private concerns, and feeding at once myself and others, by keeping a cook's shop.

Matters of good to posterity, and even those of entertainment to the individuals, are disregarded, witness the ill success of my late plans for the public service,

vice,

vice, and of Croza's operas ; but eating is a business that will always be attended to, and consequently it is one under which a man may always eat.

You would have done me the justice to suppose, Sir, even if I had not informed you of it, that I should hardly debase my talents quite so low as to emulate Tom Pierce or Chloe in devising new sauces : my plan is of a very different kind, and depends upon a knowledge in physics, at which wretches of this low stamp can never be supposed to arrive : it is indeed so far from depending on the common principles of making any thing good with good sauce, that the great benefit of it is, that it makes any eatable thing good without it : but to swell my prefatory observations no farther, you shall hear not only what is my plan, but what gave rise to the thought of it.

I had the honour of being admitted, about three weeks ago, behind the sacred curtain which, at a coffeehouse near Covent-garden, separates the wiser few, as Mr. Lee's cave of retirement did, from a foolish, an ignorant, or a mad world. I there found myself incircled by a set of men who to me appeared creatures of another mould from those that make up the common run of mankind ; and took in sounds which, as Milton expresses it, *might have created a soul even in the ribs of death*. Knowledge seemed the natural food, the very vital principle of every man among them, and I could not help looking on them as people who eat, drank, smoked, chewed, spoke, looked, felt, and breathed philosophy.

Electricity, a thing of which the world would probably never have understood the laws and nature, if Mr. Freke had not written about it, was one of the subjects of their disquisition. I attended with infinite satisfaction to the methods of setting fire to water, killing oxen, irradiating the heads of modern saints, and conveying the virtues of medicines by its means ; but what struck me most of all was, an observation for which the person who made it was pleased to apologize as a trifling one, before he ventured to utter it:

it: this was, that *the flesh of animals killed by electricity was, when dressed, much tenderer than that of others.*

Thus much of my plan I acknowledge, Sir, to have borrowed from these ingenious Gentlemen; and it was upon this observation that I first laid the scheme of my cook's shop: but as people who start the first hints of useful discoveries rarely bring them to perfection, I have added so much to the original thought, that I am apt to believe the world will do me the justice to give me all the credit of an inventor. I tried the experiment before several of the best judges of eating, who all gave it in my favour, against the best and most renowned cooks in Europe, not excepting even his Most Christian majesty\*; and, in consequence of this success, I set up an *electrical cook's-shop*, which I beg you to inform the world is in Capon-street, St. James's, and at which every man, who chooses to eat like a philosopher, may dine at a much more moderate price than at the King's arms, or Star and Garter, and with infinitely more gratification to his palate.

I have, in this place, Sir, erected the largest electrical apparatus ever put together; and have a continual supply of chickens in my *Basse-court*, hatched not by means of kitchen-fires, or dunghills, instead of hens, as the coarse genius of Mr. De Reaumur lately proposed to the world, but by electrical heat alone: I keep these of all ages, and the Gentlemen that do me the honour to dine with me choose for themselves, from the full grown Darking, to the squab, prematurely robbed of its shell, to be swallowed in a spoon; I kill them solely by the electrical shock, and afterwards roast, boil, or fricassée only by the electrical fire, a continued stream of which is directed from certain magnetic bars, either to the body of the fowl, or to the pot, or stew-pan.

\* We are informed that this Monarch has the best hand of any man in Europe at dressing a mutton chop *à la mantle*, and frequently amuses himself with toasting his own dinner.

It is inconceivable, Sir, what a goût there is in food dressed by elementary fire ! what a delicate tenderness through the whole ! and I am to add to this, that it is of so easy digestion, that a man may eat of it, as the English say of bread and cheese, till he is hungry again. This, Sir, is all of my plan that I have brought into practice ; and indeed the number of my gueſts, at preſent, will not give me time to go farther in abſolute working ; but, as the mind will always be employed, I may venture to inform you, that I have an intire new ſet of diſhes in theory, which being leſs expenſive than the viands of taſte in the preſent age, will be of excellent uſe, when the polite people have got rid of ſo much of their fortunes at White's, that they can no longer purchaſe the old ones.

I have a method, by means of a few drops of philoſophic oil, of elevating bream and roach into abſolute carp and tench ; and an infallible way of converting barble into freſh ſalmon : the turning mutton into veniſon, as it has been ſo often done already, and as the change is in reality for the worſe, I ſhall not value myſelf upon ; but the raiſing beef into turtle, is, I think, an improvement worthy the notice of the world. Every body knows, that the ſeveral parts of that coſtly reptile have the different taſtes of veal, beef, lamb, and mutton ; I have, by a careful examination, found that this variety of flavour proceeds ſolely from the different quantity of heat admitted through the thicker and thinner parts of the ſhell ; and I have found that, by giving my electrical fire in different proportion to the ſeveral parts of the beef, I can with eaſe produce the calipath and calipee, and every other difference that people are uſed to rejoice in at Pontac's, at a Turtle feaſt.

I have much more to ſay to you, Sir ; but Lady Taſte has juſt ſent, to order a fricaſſee of electrified frogs, and I can only have time to tell you how much I am

*Your ſincere friend, and humble ſervant,*

NICHOLAS DARE.

THE



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 56.

*Regenda magis est fervida adolescentia.*

HORACE.

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

I AM one, I believe, of a very considerable number of people who were extremely pleased with your late history of *a great babe without leading-strings*; and who heartily thank you for it. It is natural to imagine these characters, when they flow from the pen of a writer of spirit, to be all ideal, the foundation only in nature, but the superstructure the mere work of the author's fancy: I am to confess that I looked upon the nephew of Mr. Gulix to be as much an imaginary man, as the uncle an imaginary correspondent; but my intimacy with a surgeon of some eminence in this town for healing the wounds got in the fields of love, has accidentally brought me to the knowledge of the real character. It is with infinite satisfaction that I see your portrait in that paper was a closer copy of nature than I could have imagined; and that I find myself able, with your permission, to add something to the history of so renowned a hero.

It has been observed by the moral writers, that the extremes in our several characters and dispositions easily run into one another; but it is not only the extremes that do so; there is a gradation; I find, in all the several qualities at which a great spirit naturally arrives; though very unlike in their original appearance, they by degrees ripen as it were into one another: you will have an instance of it in the course of this letter, in which you will find the transformation of a

*Jemmy-*

*Jemmy-man* into a *Buck*, is of the number of those that come on in a natural succession, without any extraordinary assistances; is indeed rather the elevation of an imperfect into a perfect character, than the change of one thing into another.

I have already mentioned to you, that I found your great baby where you left him, doing penance in flannel for sins that could not be honoured with the name of pleasures. The tenderness of his uncle had insisted on the surgeon's keeping him within doors till he was perfectly recovered; and his impatience had groaned under the confinement a week after his being, as he thought it, well; when the day before yesterday he dropt out of a one pair of stairs window to renew his acquaintance with the street.

The first post that he met with rejoiced him with the notice of a cock-fighting at Hounslow: at this he signalized himself by laying odds on the wrong side; throwing his hat at a country justice, who very good-naturedly observed, that it was hardly fair to win a Gentleman's money who he believed was disguised in liquor; and finally, by taking one of the combatants off the area by the neck, with the lash of his hunting-whip, to win a wager of sixpence which he had laid with the town barber, that he would shew him how the stage-coachmen stole geese in Lincolnshire.

The evening he concluded with making as many people drunk as would keep him company; with setting the bells a ringing, because it was the birth-day of his grandmother's favourite kitten, and finally with making a bonfire before the door, of the furniture of the room he was to lie in. This last exploit, however, as it has been before practised with much greater éclat by a buck in high life, I have too much respect to men of quality to give my youth any praise about it.

The morning of the succeeding day was ushered in by some very earnest vociferation of the landlord on account of his goods, attended with certain clenchings of the fist, which the company could not but observe had an evident effect on the countenance of my hero.

hero. From what motive this proceeded, however, I shall not presume to determine, always remembering that so excellent a judge of human nature as the author of Hudibras has observed, that

Men will tremble, or look paler,  
With too much, or too little valour.

Whichever of these might be the case with the Buck of my history, the consequence was his giving a draught on his uncle for the value of the furniture he had demolished. As soon as he had done this, he galloped through the town, attended by huzzaing crowds; and after half a dozen falls, in which that providence which is always watchful over people who are not in condition to take care of themselves, reserved his neck, perhaps, for a different catastrophe, he rode over the headborough of one of the little hamlets he passed through, as he was going to church in his formalities to hear an annual sermon; lost fifty pounds in the afternoon at a dog-battle at the booth at Tottenham-court road; and getting toward evening to Chelsea, determined to conclude the day at Ranelagh.

At this genteel rendezvous of the polite he entered, with his hat in one hand, and his wig hung upon the other; he kept time to the music with smacks of his whip, as well as a man could who had no ear: he sung a song; danced a hornpipe: entertained a polite company with the pedigree of his mare Little Breeches, and the excellent qualifications of his bitch Jowler; tore half a dozen Ladies gowns and aprons with his spurs; threw himself down two or three times, in endeavouring to disengage himself; and once made an attempt (under colour of getting these ornaments of his heels disentangled from the fringe of a woman's petticoat) which nothing could have prevented shocking her modesty in a strange way, but the happy incident of her having no remains of that troublesome quality about her.

These, however, were but the exploits of the soberer, that is, of the earlier part of the evening: toward  
nine

nine he fate down to supper; drank himself to a pitch in which he might have filled the chair of grand president of his order with due dignity, and then summoning the company about him by a loud holla, he began with the glasses, and thence proceeding to the plates and dishes, he very victoriously, partly by knocking them against the table, and against one another, and partly by throwing the bottles at them, reduced every one of them to shivers. After this, he turned his breech upon five hundred people, who, by this time, had formed a circle round him, and leaving them to moralize on the spectacle, fell himself into a sound sleep upon one of the benches.

I am not for doing a man of this stamp the credit to suppose any thing he does is premeditated: I doubt not, however. but he will commemorate this annually as the greatest exploit of his life; and tell his wife's children's children, if ever there should be so happy a woman, and so honourable an offspring, that, upon the twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one, he commanded the attention of all the people of quality, then in town, at Ranelagh; and went to sleep with a circle of Lords and Embassadors for his attendants. I hope we shall hereafter see some thoughts of yours upon this exalted station of your Jemmy man: but, to prevent mistakes, pray let me tell him, in the mean time, from the same Hudibras, that,

Th' extremes of glory and of shame,  
Like East and West become the same.

And that as to his numerous attendants,—

No Indian Prince has to his palace  
More followers than a thief to th' gallows.

*I am, S-I-R,*

*Your humble Servant,*

R. B.

THE



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 57.

*Dic verum mihi, Marce, dic amabo  
Nihil est quod magis audiam libenter.* HORACE.

**I** AM sorry to accuse a part of the world, and that not the most ignorant and inconsiderable share of it, of so much disrespect to what of all things has the greatest right to our esteem and veneration, as I must do, by observing, that I have more anonymous attacks in regard to my Saturday's papers, than to those of the whole week beside.

One would think, to look over these letters, that religion was a thing professed only by designing and ill men, and regarded only by fools. One of these writers accuses me of delivering as truths things which I can't myself believe; another tells me, I am the only man of common sense he ever knew a bigot; and a third, whose letter indeed gave the immediate occasion to this paper, reproaches me in very severe terms for my bold affirmations and *ipse dixit*, as he calls them, and recommends it to me to learn from the ancients, of whom I affect to be so fond, some of that modest doubt which they included under the term of *Scepticism*.

I am perfectly of this Gentleman's opinion as to the benefit of doubting, where the knowledge of things is to be attained. In this case nothing so palpably shuts the door of information as too ready a concurrence; nor does any thing lead others so blindly into error as the positive assertions of a writer of whose talents they have some opinion. This, however, is a truth of no force in the present cause: we are not in search of the truth in regard to religion; we already have it before us, laid down by infinitely

surer

surer and safer guides than our own frail understandings; and consequently, where inquiry is at an end, doubt has no rational place.

The INSPECTOR very readily agrees with this Gentleman, or, in other words, with the whole set of modern Sceptics and Infidels, that there are many subjects beyond the reach of our comprehensions, and in which we can have no right to determine any thing: but I am to tell them that religion is not of this number. It must be obvious to every impartial inquirer, that gratitude is due to him who has made us happy; that supplications are judicious to him who is able to continue us so; and that an obedience to his will is the means of arriving at this desirable end: and what is a system of worship more than this? The propriety, nay the necessity of a religion is thus beyond the reach of doubt; nor can it demand a moment's hesitation from a man but of common understanding, on examining the variety of those now established in the different parts of the world, to find that our own is the eligible one; that it is that which gives us the most exalted ideas of a Deity, and which points out the rational way of obtaining his favour and protection.

I do not pretend to blame the uncertainty of the philosophers of old on this important subject, or to censure them for remaining in doubt, where the means of conviction were not in their power. But with us it is otherwise; nor is any thing more certain, than that there was not one among those doubting Sages of that time who would have doubted now. I would be understood, in this assertion, to mean the great and rational inquirers of those unlightened ages; but as to the heroes of my warm antagonist, the professed Sceptics among the Greeks, I am to tell him, that when he has considered their doctrines and their lives as impartially as I have done, he will treat them as I do, not with reverence, but contempt.

The great author of the sect, *Pyrrho*, from whom the French, who have incidents we happily are without,

out, for countenancing the doctrines of it, call it *Pyrrhonism*, seems to me to have deserved the name of a Madman rather than that of a Philosopher; and all who have been eminent in the same sect, in my opinion, have either been men of the same disturbed imagination, or a set of whimsical dissemblers, who took a pride in being singular, and in delivering things which they laughed at those who regarded. Their very pretensions to knowledge were, upon their own principles, absurd; and their terms played at contradictions with one another: what need of that *speculation* implied in the name *Sceptic*, to people who made it a first principle that no inquiry could lead to certainty? Or of what was the use of *searching*, expressed by their other name *Zetetics*, where avowedly nothing was to be found.

So bad motives as arrogance and malice seem to have been the foundation of the sect: they were fond of opposing all knowledge, tacitly insinuating by this, that they had infinitely more than those who had not found out their own and others ignorance; and they seem to have been doubtly happy in this, as it at the same time established themselves a sort of reputation, and intirely destroyed that of all other people. I do not see with what sort of propriety those could be called philosophers, that is, lovers of wisdom, who pulled up, as far as in them lay, all knowledge by the roots, while they did not so much as endeavour to establish any thing in the place of it: whose suspension and doubt were not in order to form a surer judgment, but whose resolution it was for ever to sit down in despair of knowledge.

A worthy system this, to be, in our happier times, set up against the truths of a religion, every principle of which carries its temporary, as well as future advantages along with it; every doctrine of which tends at once to the honour of our own nature, and of him who formed us: A proper champion Pyrrho, in such a cause as modern scepticism! a man eminent for no one good action, or good sentiment, throughout his whole

whole life; whose stupidity was such, that he would not go out of his way for a loaded carriage, or to avoid a precipice; who would cry because he could not walk over walls and houses, and was obliged to be watched like an idiot; who had no more concern for others than for himself; but could hear of his brother's house being in flames, and never tell him of it; and see his dearest bosom-friend in a ditch, without reaching a hand to help him out.

I think it will be about equal to the other principles of the modern infidels to ennoble the brutal stupidity of this broken painter with the name of philosophical indifference; but, for my own part, when I look over the histories of these sages, as they are called, of old time, I know not how to reconcile the ideas their countrymen had of them to the actions which they have themselves recorded, unless by supposing that the Greeks of that period, like the Mahometans of this, had a way of reverencing fools and madmen.

My fondness for antiquity will never lead me to revere the blemishes that appear in it; and in this contemptuous light shall I always, in the cause of religion and virtue, look upon such of the writers of that period as have laid down doctrines that are capable of being urged against either, and on such of the moderns as think it an honour to apply them.

Reason is not indeed averse to investigation and inquiry into the nature of all things, nor does religion enjoin us to an implicit obedience to its doctrines. To search into the nature of things before we give a preference to any, is not only the rational way of doing that as we ought, but is the only means of remaining satisfied with our choice. I would, in this light, propose the religion we profess to the unbiassed judgment of every man who is to be made happy by it, in fair competition with all others; and would rather he should accept it upon conviction, than take it up in course, because it was the persuasion in which his relations educated him.

It

It is doing more honour to the cause to select it, than to acquiesce in it; and there can be no fear of error in the choice. In this light the inquiring spirit of the Sceptics would have its use; and, indisputably, examination of things, by whatever authority or advice it may have been instituted, is right: to establish principles, however, is much easier, in these cases, than to draw proper conclusions from them. What an amazing difference between the use made of the same principle by the Greek philosopher, and by the Christian apostle! Pyrrho says, *Examine all things, and determine nothing*; St. Paul, *Try all things, and hold fast that which is right*.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 58.

[ *Sæpe summa ingenia in occulto latent.*

PLAUTUS.

To the INSPECTOR.

S I R,

I AM one of those unfashionable people, who, in an age like this, have not yet quite divested myself of an antiquated quality called humanity: nor do I limit myself in the exerting it only to the worthy, or the more numerous objects: I have so much of the old Roman in me, that I think *nothing that is of the human species foreign to my concern*. I bestow that commiseration, which I confess is often all I have to give on these occasions, as liberally on the people, whose private follies have reduced them to a state that demands it, as on those whom public calamities, or the vices of others, have plunged into the same state; and I am as much moved at a species of distress that affects but two or three people in an age, as at that

which

which crowds our *Locks* with repentants, or our *Bed-lams* with triumphant wretches.

I plead all this, Sir, in apology for my confessing that I have been heartily struck by the complaints and remonstrances of your electrical cook: I think he has great reason on the side of every thing he says; and that, if there be any sort of merit in designing well, he and the whole race of projectors have as great a title, as any unfortunate men in the world can have, to our pity and assistance.

I have, in consequence of this good natured consideration, busied myself so successfully in his service, that I have already procured him the promise of serving the calves-head society on every Thirtieth of January, and of dressing an electrical dinner annually, exactly at the distance of nine months from that day, for about ninety people, of uncommon qualifications, at a crown a-head. I endeavoured very strenuously to introduce him into the good graces of the old club at White's; but the utter absence of *sauce* in all his dishes has rendered that project abortive: and my success was not a whit better in an endeavour to make him the city cook on feast days, which I found it impossible to bring about, from the utter impracticability of making electrical custards.

I have, however, beside the two public parties already mentioned, engaged him the friendship and patronage of a pretty considerable number of private families, in which there are young Ladies, whose teeth begin to decay at two-and-twenty, as the hair of some other families does to grow grey at that period; and I am not without hopes that, by the concurrence of messieurs *Rutter* and *Lardamie*, I shall introduce him, on account of the tenderness of his viands, to all those people who, if they lie alone, only wear teeth, as some people do modestly, by daylight.

I am apt to believe, that I have, by this generous and humane assiduity, laid the plan of very happily providing for one of these ill-treated men of public spirit; especially as I have (which I had like to have

forgot to mention to you) added to these private promises of employment as a cook, a plan of his making electrical apparatuses for public sale: he is now applying, with great justice, for a patent, to insure him the sole vending of them for fourteen years; and I have been at the pains of drawing up a recommendation of them to the world. In this, barring the expence of repairs, is included a calculation by one of our ablest mathematicians at this time, proving that the whole price of the machine will, in a moderately large family, be saved, in the space of four years, nine months, and three days, in the charge of the vinegar which our cooks used to pour down the throats of chickens and turkeys preparatorily to their killing them, before it was discovered that the electrical shock communicated a tenderness to the whole compages of the animal in a much more regular and agreeable manner.

But however well I may have provided for this my electrical cook, a man of my principles cannot be content with assisting a single object in unmerited distress, while he is conscious that there are others under the same unhappy circumstances. I do assure the world there is nothing that is the source of so much happiness to the human mind, as the consciousness of having given happiness to another, and under the strength of this recommendation, I beg that I may interest mankind, in general, in so worthy a cause. I shall judge that your inspectorial worship has done your duty when you have published this my letter as a general invitation to all the distressed schematists of this kind, to meet on this day se'nnight at the hour of dinner, at the sign of the man in the moon in the King's road, near which place there stand the four sides of a building erected by a head of the unlucky tribe, for a purpose that succeeded like every thing else which men of genius offer to the world. The remains of this building will, I flatter myself, conveniently lodge our little company till provided for, and here all well disposed christians may have an opportunity of seeing their numbers, and contributing their share to some establish-

establishment worthy of the attention of so honourable and so important a body.

I shall not pretend to dictate to the public in what manner it will be proper to reward a set of people who have so unhappily destroyed their healths and fortunes in their service, only to prevent the effects of certain malevolent dispositions which I know will be at work on this occasion; I think it would be well to get it enacted under a severe penalty, that no man presume to thwart, by thought, word, or deed, the designs of this our undertaking, and that to prevent that eternal clamour raised against projectors, a name almost as fatal to the person branded with it, as that of *mad* to a dog, that every person who shall from that day presume to speak against the possibility of the transmutation of metals, shall be never after esteemed a philosopher; and that if any person should be so daring to suppose it is not possible to make men immortal by electricity, that he be fired out of one of Moore's new cannon.

All that I shall at present venture to propose farther in behalf of these distressed personages is, that they be immediately set above the care of the necessities of life, by being furnished, at the expence of the first contribution, with board, lodging, and charcoal: heaven knows philosophic living is not dear! and that as it has been the general fate of these Gentlemen to be snatched away by the unmerciful hands of officers, just as they were arriving at the point of perfection, that in order to secure them for ever from such, and all other the like attempts upon their persons, they may be formed into a colony, assisted with some German Ladies who are all born mineralists, and are, in general, good breeders; and as it can be no regret to them to leave a country in which they have been used in a manner so very unbecoming their merit, that they be sent over, with all the implements of husbandry and chemistry to the new island; as soon as ever Commodore Rodney shall have found out where it is, and taken possession of it in the name of the King his master.

The planting colonies of husbandmen and sugar-makers is an old project, though I don't know that it has been yet thoroughly proved whether the mother country is, in general, the better or the worse for them; but this establishing a nation of philosophers, is a thought which I think never yet has entered into the head of the wisest statesman: what blindness to our natural interests? what wrong-headedness to have been envying the Spaniards their America, when we have been all this while possessed of a number of men in our own dominions, the least of whom, if we will but believe their own writings, is able to make as much gold in five minutes as the whole mines of Peru will furnish in as many ages.

*I am, S I R,*

*Your humble Servant,*

HERMES.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 59.

*Qua dignum de laude feram qui pæne ruenti  
Lapsuroque tuos humeros objeceris orbi.*

CLAUDIAN.

I ESTEEM it one of the greatest advantages I owe to the having appeared in character of the INSPECTOR, that I have been introduced by it to the acquaintance of many persons whom it is a happiness as well as an honour to know; and to many of whom I should, in all probability, have otherwise remained a stranger.

As I am not fond of obligations, nor have any temptation to lay myself under them, these acquaintances are kept up with a spirit of equality that very rarely is to be found among those of unequal fortunes; and,

and, as I had no favours to ask for myself, I set out in this agreeable perquisite of my office, with a resolution of never breaking in upon that disinterestedness on which the great pleasure of it depended, by urging requests in favour of others. It is a rule I shall in general be careful to keep up to, for my own sake; but I have for once departed from it, and I owe to that breach a happiness I could never otherwise have obtained, in the knowledge of a character as much the first in the rank of virtue, as the person who possesses it is in quality and hereditary honours.

I had been pressed, at several successive visits, by a person of fashion, who was pleased to suppose he had obligations to the INSPECTOR, to point out some method by which he might make me a return. After repeated and unavailing refusals, I at length told him it would be a very ample recompence if he would recommend to the charity of a Nobleman, whom I knew only by report, an unhappy man of worth, with whose misfortunes I had long been acquainted, and who at that time was in a prison, in consequence of an obligation into which he had entered to preserve his father. The person to whom I proposed this, expressed some surprize at the nature of the reward I seemed willing to accept for what he was pleased to understand as services from me; but when he found he could press no other upon me, and saw I was thoroughly warm in the cause of the sufferer, he promised to engage his utmost good offices for him.

A few days since the object of my good wishes was with me, to tell me the result of the application that had been made in his favour. I thought I read in his very face a satisfaction that had been a stranger there since the days of his happier fortune: he told me, that the immediate consequence of his being mentioned to the Nobleman I had found means of recommending him to, was the discharging the debt for which he had been confined; and that he had received, at the same time, an additional sum sufficient for all his immediate purposes, and was informed that

he might wait on the person to whom he owed his liberty, with his thanks. He paid them on his knees: his tears spoke what no words could have expressed. His patron raised him, and desired he would compose himself: "Since you was first mentioned to me, Sir, said he, I have had opportunities of hearing much of your story, and of your private character: I am grieved that a man of your worth could be so long distressed, and shall always esteem myself obliged to Lord \* \* \*, who gave me an opportunity of serving you."

Looks, but such as the pencil of Guido never expressed, were all that the youth could return to such a declaration. Great gratitude, like great grief, is silent; but the eloquence of eyes swimming in floods of thankfulness, strikes deeper on a heart capable of discerning it, than all the rhetoric of a Cicero. "You must not imagine, continued the benefactor, that I desired to see you for the ostentation of being thanked; or that I can suppose I have deserved it, if I only relieve you from one distress to let you fall into another. Tell me what I can do that will give you continued happiness."

Astonishment now sealed the lips of the obliged as firmly as gratitude had done before: no word escaped them till the patron of his fortune had put into his hands a sum sufficient to purchase a commission, the only post he judged the proper one for a man of family, and of personal merit, bred to no employ, but not without the principles of ambition.

I shall be sorry if my readers pay so ill a compliment to the age, as well as to my veracity, to suppose this an ideal act of beneficence: if the circumstances and manner of a single generosity like this should lead them into such a suspicion, what will they think, when I inform them, that the person who conferred it is continually doing things every way equal to it? How amiable a character, how worthy of imitation, but how unlikely, alas, to be imitated, is that of this Nobleman! this honour to Nobility! who  
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avoids all the pomp and parade of quality; who discountenances all that ostentatious ceremony, attention, and deference, in the receiving which others suppose the great glory of their exalted station to consist; who devotes the far greater number of his hours to retirement, to the study of virtue and true wisdom; who, after the duties to his God, knows nothing so desirable as the attainment of knowledge, though he would no more boast of that, than of his benevolence, or of his piety.

Only those who accompany him in his studies know his improvements in them, and, in general, only those who receive his charities are acquainted with his bestowing them: but what must be the inward content of mind of the man, who rises conscious every day of having, on that before, given more to the necessities of the honest unfortunate, than \* \* \* has lost at White's, or \* \* \* squandered upon his seven Mistresses.

If the world would pay the just attention to the difference there is between pleasures that rejoice us on the remembrance, and such as we are, or ought to be, ashamed of, on recollection; we should have a great number reformed, even on the principles of prudence, who would not be brought to it out of regard to virtue. What difference must there be in the sensations that arise in the breast of the person, a sketch of whose character is given in this paper, on his meeting many years hence, the man whose fortune he has made, raised to a higher post for services done his country in the field, where, without his assistance, he could never have appeared; and those of the abandoned, the mistaken creature, who calls himself a man of pleasure, on meeting the woman reduced to a common prostitute, on the destruction of whose innocence he had employed a sum as considerable.

It is not in every man's power to do acts of such noble generosity as that recorded in this paper; but it is in every man's to do something. If the INSPECTOR could prevail with but one half of his

readers to retrench from their vices the expence they are certain to be ashamed and sorry for the effects of, and to employ it in emulation of such examples as they have here before them, he is very well assured that we should have a much smaller number of the unhappy than crowd upon us at present; and that the relieved would not be the only party who would owe their happiness to his admonitions.

I do not know in what light the person, whose beneficence I have commemorated, may look upon my informing the public of it: I am as sensible as himself can be how infinitely more greatness of mind there is shewn in doing so noble an action in secret, than in blazoning it to the world's eye: but there is a duty of example that must be forgot, under the influence of a too strict reserve of this kind; and as actions like this are unfortunately too rare among us, the INSPECTOR would not have thought he had honestly executed the business of his office, if he had not drawn so eminent a one out of the obscurity in which the person, who had enough of greatness of soul to arrive at it, had also modesty enough to conceal it.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 60.

*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis  
Eget.*

VIRGIL.

**M**ANY a good cause has been set in an ill light by an ignorant, though an honest advocate: this, perhaps, has never happened oftener in regard to any thing than religion. I love every man whose warmth in so good a cause urges him to whatever he but supposes in his power: but I would have every one, before he ventures to speak where there are many hearers,

hearers, and much more before he presumes to give his thoughts to the world in print, consider what are his own abilities, what is the real exigency of the case, and who have been the champions that have gone before him.

I have been led into this observation by the discourse of a worthy but weak man, in honour of a subject that deserves and that demands the attention of the greatest, to which there were too many hearers at that time, and which I am grieved to receive information that he intends to print. Some disquisitions of a too free kind among the ignorant gave origin to it, and one of the first assertions in it against the continuing the use of such enquiries was, that reason is not an assistant to be called in on this subject: that religion is of too sublime a nature to be levelled to its investigations; and that it is an indignity to its honour to reduce it to such assistances.

I believe there is scarce any thing that has done religion in general more discredit and more mischief than this enthusiastic veneration; this degrading of that principle in regard to it, by which it is calculated most strongly to affect and to convince us. I do agree that there may be religions in which the artifice of those under whose care their concerns are placed, may be well employed to keep off enquiries that would be troublesome and disadvantageous; and which there can be no way devised at once so certain and so pompous of preventing: but it is the prerogative of truth to bear the strictest scrutiny, to rejoice in it, and to come out from it, like gold from the furnace, equally pure, and with all its weight. In pleading against examination we prompt the inquisitive spirit of man to inquire into the subject the more nearly, and we bring him on under the disadvantage of a prepossession against the validity of it. Invite him to investigate its principles, and we convince him of its divine origin; but by this reserve, I am afraid the very foundations of the Christian faith in the unreformed churches have been undermined; and the seeds of irreligion and infidelity, and

in consequence of these, of atheism, have been sown in hearts that would otherwise never have been acquainted with them.

Reason is the sole basis in our own minds on which we build our determinations, our regard, our expectations, and our dependencies; if we are commanded not to hear this, the very being of a God is no longer evident to us, and the authority of the scriptures themselves is at an end; for on reason our certainty of these things is built, and on thus taking it away from us the whole superstructure of our faith falls to the ground, like a magnificent fabric built on the surface of a sandy plain, whose support every blast of wind carries from under it.

Instead of separating the ideas of reason and religion in a vain imagination of serving the cause of the latter; unquestionably the most acceptable service we can do it, is to join them as intimately as possible, to shew the perfect agreement there is between them, and to shew that they are mutually a relief and a support to one another. We no sooner explain the perfect agreement there is between them, than we convince both ourselves and the world, that religion is not chimerical, groundless, and imaginary, and take off from the name of reason that most unreasonable, though too frequent, charge, of its being in its nature profane and irreligious.

The origin of this unfair charge has been, that men have advanced doctrines under the name of religion, which were at once a dishonour to the object of their adoration and to themselves; and finding that these could never stand, unless that insolent inquirer, reason, were discountenanced, they have set up loud cries against it under the name of carnal reasoning, and the wisdom of this world, while they have declared it incompatible with their systems. Let religion be true, and it will always, and in all articles, be consonant to reason: let reason be unbiassed and unfettered, and it will always be the ally to religion.

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While unjustifiable opinions and irrational ceremonies, while doctrines that contradict the laws of nature, and forms that put our understandings out of countenance, are called by the sacred name of religion: or, on the other hand, while the flights of a vitiated fancy, and false consequences deduced from chimerical principles, are honoured with the title of reason, it is no wonder that such religion disclaims all intercourse with reason; or that such reason declares itself the opposite of such religion: but as certainly as we experience the contrariety of these, so invariably shall we find the perfect agreement of true religion with genuine reason.

Religion in its just and unrestrained sense, expresses the worship of God, and the sum of those duties we owe to him, and, by his appointment, to our fellow-creatures: the duties of religion, in this its largest and fullest sense, are comprised in the two things, worship and virtue. The first comprehends all those that immediately relate to God, the other all those that concern our fellow-creatures and ourselves.

Reason is the exercise of that understanding which the Creator has given us as our rule, our guide, guardian, and director in all the affairs of the world; and exists in the conclusions which we draw from principles that are in themselves indisputable. The principles of reason are those inbred and fundamental notices of things which we find, not acquire; which he who created our souls, created coeval with, and implanted in them; such as do not arise from sources so vague and uncertain as external objects, or our particular fancies, humours, or imaginations, but are necessarily and immediately lodged in our minds, independent on all other principles and deductions: These command an immediate assent, and are equally acknowledged by all mankind: these are the true principles of human reason; without such as these, eternal uncertainty and error would confound us; and that these are innate and common to all mankind, I should not fear to assert even against the author of an unhap-

py doctrine that is founded on the contrary, were he alive to enter the lists about it.

Of the number of these are, that there is a Being, who gave us our existence, and that he is a Being of all perfection, and has unlimited power. These and some other such are to us what instinct is to other creatures; and these are the principles of reason: under the other part of conclusions came all the notices inferred from these, and, by means of these, from all the other observations of sense.

It is in this light that every man of candour and discernment looks upon the sense of the words religion and reason: and, in this light, nothing can be so great an affront to either, as the asserting that it is an enemy to, or is incompatible with, the other! nothing can be more evident than that true religion has its very foundation on the principles of reason, and that the greatest end to which reason can serve, is the supporting it.

I am fond of speaking in the cause of religion, but conscious of great inequality to it: something more may certainly be deduced from the principles with which I have closed this paper; and to prevent, if possible, the torrent of an ill directed zeal in the place of argument, from a champion, of whom I confess I am more in fear for the cause, than of the greatest enemy to it, I shall devote one subsequent paper to what may be naturally inferred from them.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 61.

*Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.* OVID.

**T**HERE is hardly a person who is not ready to give a character of others in the most positive terms; and yet there is scarce a man in the world of whom

whom any other person is able to give a true one. It is from this source that the misrepresentations of people, so injurious to themselves, or so fatal to others, have in general their origin : We are ready to believe what is asserted to us, because our utter ignorance of the person gives us no room to dispute it ; and when we have thus taken up a character on trust, we retail it among our acquaintance. If any thing contrary to our account be afterwards asserted, we find our pride called upon to support what we have once advanced ; we are ashamed to say upon how slight a foundation we ventured to report what was our opinion, and are ready to adopt as matter of personal knowledge that which was perhaps delivered to us only at the twentieth hand, from some body who was an acquaintance of an acquaintance in that remote degree, of the person who was the subject of the assertions.

It is on this foundation that good characters, as well as ill ones, are in general obtained ; and it is no wonder, therefore, that when we happen to meet afterwards with the people whose names have been prefixed to them, we find they have no right to, nor any connection with them.

It is not only from strangers, indeed, that we are to expect vague and uncertain characters of people ; those of their most intimate acquaintance are, in general, but little qualified to give them with any degree of certainty. It is not the actions of the man upon which the true knowledge of his disposition is to be founded, but his motives to those actions ; and I have accustomed myself so long to this distinction between causes and their effects, that I have often found occasion to reverence and esteem a man for ever, from an event that has by no means corresponded to the motives that gave it origin, and to despise another for an action, of which I have seen meanness as the true source, while the world have applauded it as an instance of heroic virtue.

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I can pardon, nay even congratulate, the man whom accident has thus covered with applause, from things that had in themselves no real claim to it; but I never fail to treat with the highest contempt him whose artifice and address have deceived the world into paying him a respect to which he has no better a right than the other. These artfully established characters are, in reality, a general affront upon the understandings of mankind, and ought to be understood as an insult too gross for pardon; the more pains there have been taken to establish them, the more ignominious ought to be their fall as soon as the fraud is discovered; and the contempt and indignation with which the artifice is returned, should bear a proportion to the respect and esteem that it had unfairly procured.

Of all the characters in social life there is none so amiable in the eyes of the generality of mankind as that of a generous, good-natured, and humane man; it is no wonder, therefore, that there is none so often as this affected by people who are not possessed of one fair claim to it. A love of popular applause stands in these people's breasts in the place of compassion and beneficence, of every virtue that should be the source of generous and worthy actions; and as he alone who does them knows the secret springs to which they are owing, while he thinks it worth while to keep up the farce, scarce any body has opportunity of looking behind the curtain; and he receives the praise with a smiling countenance, while his heart calls it a fulsome tale, and laughs at those who bestow it.

If the pretended generous and humane man would bring himself to be consistent and uniform in all his actions; if every body shared the influence of his deceit; if his family, and dependents, were as happy under him as the ostentatious objects of his beneficence, the cheat would come so near a reality, that, unless in compassion to himself, it would not be worth while, even if one could, to set it in a true light.

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But this is by no means the case; many an aching heart pays in private the price of this boasted humanity; many a relation pines in want for the pride of this public profusion; he who in the street appears the friend of every one he meets, at home is the enemy of those who have a right to his warmest sensations. While he can listen to the complaint of a beggar, he can frown into silence the just and reasonable remonstrances of a child.

Accident has lately brought me acquainted with a man who will, by this censure, find I now disclaim him, and who is at the head of this set of ostentatious savages. The person I mean is Sir Civil Surly, a man whose character has in it as much contrariety as his name; and of whom, those who know only half, adore him, while the few who are acquainted with the whole, despise and hate him. I met with this man by accident, a few days since, on a bench in the Park: He was in company with a young man of great modesty, and who seemed to conceal under it all that merit of which it is usually an attendant. The person of the INSPECTOR is almost as well known as his writings: the Knight turned to me with great good-nature in his countenance as soon as I had seated myself, and, after thanking me for the justice I had done the character of the Duke of \*\*\*, by commemorating so generous an action as his providing for Captain \*\*\*, told me, "I am not only an admirer of yours, Sir, but a professed pupil: I am just at this time doing for this worthy young Gentleman as much as his Grace did, at your recommendation, for the other." I have no great relish for frothy applause; but here was a claim to my attention, that I could not wish to elude: we became, from that moment acquainted; we met almost every day before dinner in the Mall; and it was with infinite satisfaction that I observed the universal benevolence of the Knight exerted to all objects, and that with an affability that added graces to every donation. I was not indeed without my suspicions from the visible ostentation

ostentation with which he bestowed every portion of his generosity, even of his benevolence : I could observe that he would speak to a man of merit in distress with the tenderest affection and condolance, if twenty people were within hearing ; though he would turn his head another way, if they met in a more retired part of the walk : and that the most visible necessities would escape his notice, while we were walking alone ; whereas, if a crowd were about us, he would look twenty ways at once for an object of his bounty.

This could not but give me suspicions, and I was doomed yesterday to be confirmed in them. Our intimacy had hitherto gone no farther than the joining one another in public ; but he now invited me to dine with him. I am apt to believe he was not without his wishes to keep up the good opinion he saw, or thought he saw, I had entertained of him ; but no motive, I found, could restrain him, when once got within his own walls, from shewing his natural disposition.

With what amazement did I see the children of a man, whose looks had never failed to give joy to the stranger who was unfortunate, tremble in expectation of his frown. An air of surly superiority took the place of that affected humility and good-nature which I had been used to see smile on his brow ; and though nothing passed at which it was possible for him to take offence, he was too haughty to be pleased. No ! pronounced with a kingly pride, was the best-natured answer I heard him give to any of his family ; and *Hellhound*, grumbled with an inexpressible mixture of resentment and disdain, was the common address to his servants. At dinner his good-nature could not prevent his finding fault with every thing that appeared, and calling tears into the eyes of the Lady at the head of the table every time he did it ; and, after the second glass, his complaisance to a stranger was not enough to keep him awake.

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The young Gentleman whom I had at first seen with him took the opportunity of his nap to repeat to me all the arguments he had been, for several days, using, to engage him in doing a very unworthy action; and told me, that, when these had failed, he had at first insinuated, that it was possible his good intentions toward him might be perverted by his obstinacy; and when this proved in vain, that he had thrown off all his affected affability, and set his power in the most formidable light in which it could appear against him.

I left him in his slumber to tell the world the story; and, as I have no intention of seeing the master of the family again, shall take this opportunity of saying to the youth, that the anger of his patron is better obtained in the cause of virtue, than the utmost marks of his favour, purchased at the expence of an action of which he ought to be ashamed.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 62.

*Sed nos in vitium credula turba sumus.*

OVID.

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

**A**S you seem to have set yourself up for a receiver-general of complaints, and make no scruple of opposing the general opinion of the world, when it is not founded on reason, I venture to apply to you in my own cause, and in that of a number of fellow-sufferers, against the most absurd, irrational, and ruinous establishment that ever fashion exacted.

When I have told you that I am one of those people who have devoted the more valuable part of my life, and spent a very considerable share of my fortune in  
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the acquiring a profession by which I don't expect to get my bread these twenty years, I need not explain myself by saying, I am a young physician. My father, who was a man of great worldly prudence, happening to have an intimacy with Sir Hans Sloane in the height of his great run of business, determined that he could not breed his only son to a better profession than that by which he saw it was so easy to get four thousand pounds a-year; and consequently I was dispatched to one of the universities as a student in physic.

I don't know whether I am to attribute it, Sir, to the peculiar greatness of my own capacity, or to the little that was taught where I studied, but I am not afraid to say, that I digested it almost as quick as I swallowed it; and by that time the period of my leaving the place was arrived, I found myself much at ease, well assured that I was master of all that had been delivered there, and consequently satisfied that I was a perfect physician.

London I well knew the only place for a man to make a fortune, and I sat down there to practise. I blush to tell you, that I no sooner was admitted into the intimacy of three or four of the fraternity here, than I found I had been studying something else instead of the cure of diseases; and in so many words, that I knew nothing of the matter. However much I might feel the shame of a retreat from such a post of honour and consequence as I now occupied, I found myself by no means equal to the task of filling it unworthily; I had too much modesty to maintain myself in a station in which I was not qualified to fill the duties, and too much conscience to murder my friends by keeping them out of the hands of others who could save them.

I quitted my house, discharged my servants, took a quiet lodging near one of the hospitals, and getting into the acquaintance of some who frequent the medical coffee-houses, and are an honour to their profession, I spent the five succeeding years in obscurity, in a  
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close observance upon the practice of the physician to the house that I attended, in regular courses of lectures in anatomy under one of our excellent instructors, in improving myself by an hour or two's conversation every day with my friends of the faculty, and in close study and careful private dissections in my room in all the intermediate time. In this manner, Sir, it cost me a period of time in which I thought to have made advances toward a fortune, and with that the greater part of my remaining stock, to go through a regular course of education after I thought I had finished it.

It is now half a year since I made my second emergence from the obscurity of a student; and not to incur your censure as a coxcomb, I think I may say that I know as much of the matter as others of my time. I appeared among the medical people, but I did not find that any of them chose to herd with me: I visited among my acquaintance, and talked like a doctor: I had the satisfaction to see that they generally looked on me as a man who knew a great deal, but I could find that they always shook their heads when I talked of physic as my profession; and I heard universally, that my best friends said behind my back, I should never make any thing of it by my practice.

Alarmed at so terrifying a prediction, I set myself down to examine seriously to what it could owe its origin, and I soon found, that the being a master of the science was but one very short step toward the making a figure in the profession: the pert and insolent air of college pedantry, which I had brought almost six years ago from the university with me, had been thoroughly humbled at the first stroke of my finding how little pretensions I had to it, and had now, by degrees, dwindled into a sheepish bashfulness, that would scarce ever suffer me to speak loud enough to be heard, or to look any body I talked with in the face. My close attention to dissections had rendered me as meagre and pale as one of my bodies: the charcoal of my furnaces had planted a lasting begrimedness on my face; and an utter inattention to dress, added to these  
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unhappin<sup>ess</sup>es of figure, had rendered me much like an inhabitant of another world, or like what Nicholas Klimius must have been at his leaving the planet Nazar, if he had kept his old cloaths till that time.

I had not attended to it before, but I now found that I was not at all like the other people of the profession: I instantly sent for taylor, shoemaker, barber, and all the other assistants to dress, and after a week's immuring myself, again sallied out as regular a doctor as ever was made by a great periwig.

I found myself now much better received among my friends of the faculty than before; but I did not get any nearer to business. I walked in the Park, I took as much pains to put myself as forward as possible. At length I had a patient: the case was not desperate: and I cured her. I could perceive a sullen uneasiness in the family, and even in the friends whom I met with there on visits, during the time that all was going on as successfully as possible; and even when the cure was compleated, I had the mortification to hear a relation say something about "people that one never heard of;" and add, that "she wished there was not a relapse."

I continued my visits in the family as a friend, after my business was over as a physician; and though I was all attention to learn the cause of the visible dissatisfaction that I saw in every face, I never should have made it out, if by accident I had not heard a fine Lady, who came in on a morning visit one day, after asking many questions about me in an adjoining room, all which were answered much in my favour by the patient, scream out at the last, "angels! a walking doctor!"

The hint was enough: I was happy to have heard it, and I instantly purchased a chariot. From that period I live a new kind of life; but by no means so agreeable a one as I did before. Instead of employing most of the hours of the morning in study or dissections, I am now called upon by my coachman as soon as I have breakfasted and am dressed; and as I am very  
sensible

sensible that the being known to keep a chariot is the only use of one to a young physician, I constantly suffer myself to be dragged about the streets in triumph for five hours, before I give my horses and myself the refreshment of a dinner, to prepare us for the fatigues of the afternoon.

As I have no places of business to call at, nor have so many friends and acquaintance as to be able to make a visit of form every day, it was long before I found out a method of doing nothing with any tolerable grace; but at present I have a plan from which I never depart, and in consequence of which my chariot keeps its rout through all the principal streets of the town, at the hours of business, as regularly as a stage coach. I go from my own door to a bookseller's, from the bookseller's to a coffee-house; from the coffee-house to another bookseller's a mile off, and from the other bookseller's to another coffee-house. In this manner I am seen in every part of the town every day; and as I continue regularly to visit all the three medical places of drinking chocolate at the proper times, there's not a physician who frequents any one of them but sees me every morning.

This, Sir, is the modern way to be known; and this the method the arbitrary, the foolish world prescribes for a physician to get into business. Pray use your influence to persuade them, that these hours might be employed much more to their service: and, if possible, demolish nine tenths of the chariots of this kind, that wear our pavements to pieces; by convincing the owners of them, that he is not much better than a madman, who pays two guineas a week for his horses, when he does not get one by his profession.

*I am, Sir,*

*Your humble Servant,*

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THE



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 63.

*Nam neque decipitur ratio, nec decipit unquam.*

MANILIUS.

**I**N a late paper on the subject of the natural connection of religion and reason, I advanced, as the definitive sense of those words, that religion consists in worship and social virtue, and reason in the exercise of the understanding on certain fixed principles, and conclusions deduced from them: and that, according to these definitions, they are not enemies, but a support and honour to one another.

The best inclination in the world cannot always be alone the source of our acting as we ought: a duty cannot be performed without a knowledge of what it is; nor can we ever suppose ourselves perfectly and assuredly right in it, if we have not some principles to direct us: such of these principles, as point out to us the duties of adoration of the Deity and of social virtue, and guide us in the performance of them, are called the principles of religion. Is not reason the foundation and source of these? How then can the same reason be an enemy to their consequences?

What are the fundamental principles of religion but a knowledge of the being of a God, of his providence over his creatures, and of the nature of moral good and evil? And whence have we this knowledge, but from reason? The certainty of the being of a God, and of the perfections of his nature, is the first requisite, since, in order to pay any tribute of worship, it is first necessary to know that God is, and that he has the attributes which are the sources of praise and prayer: nor are we to stop a moment

under

under this conviction : truth succeeds to truth in a swift progression : from his nature and attributes we learn, that his providence is over us ; we no sooner know, that *it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves*, than our eyes are opened to the farther truth, that he preserves us in the existence which he gave us, that *his tender mercies are over all his works*, and that he daily averts mischiefs from us, and provides for us the good things which we enjoy.

Hence the propriety of adoration, and the necessity of prayer ; without these considerations, supplications and thanksgivings were the acts of idiots ; with them the omission of those duties is reconcileable only to madness.

After these comes the regard to moral good and evil. On this are built all the social virtues : and whence have we the knowledge of these but from reason ? These are the three fundamentals of religion, and these are deduced only from that source. What then is the origin of natural religion but reason ? And what is there in revelation but, so far as our limited capacities are able to carry us, is perfectly agreeable to it ? What then can be so consonant to one another as religion and reason ? What so absurd or so derogatory to either, as to deny the connection it has with the other.

To the knowledge we have of the nature and attributes of the Deity from reason, a knowledge which, at the same time that it fills us with adoration toward him, might also fill us with terror at the consequences of our crimes ; he has been pleased, by revelation, to shew himself in a light that takes away all our fears : He there appears to us a God who will assuredly pardon us if we repent ; who will assist us if we but endeavour to repent ; who will accept of services ever so imperfect, if sincere ; and who, though he will punish the obstinate in ill, will reward us in a future period of existence for every good intention we have indulged in this : who has attoned for a crime in which we were not personally con-

concerned, by a satisfaction beyond the stretch of our utmost comprehension, and in which we have no personal share; and whose intent in our creation is not answered to his pleasure, if we are not happier in consequence of an obedience to his injunctions, than it is at present possible for us to conceive.

These last considerations, it is the prerogative of the Christian world alone to know; the rest are the result of reason, and may be called the general religion of mankind: the principles are self-evident, and the duties are their necessary consequences. Natural religion, therefore, is not only consonant with, but dependent on reason; and in what does Christianity differ from this? only on its being carried to a more exalted state.

Christianity acknowledges all the principles, and takes in all the duties of the other; advancing these to higher degrees of excellence and perfection; and encouraging us, by new motives and additional assistances, to the practice of them; while it confirms and explains the foundation on which they are built, and adds the discovery of a multitude of other concurrent testimonies of their truth. This is religion; this the true, the Christian religion; and this is in all things connected with reason, and will always be honoured and elucidated by being examined on its principles.

The two fundamentals of this system are the being of a God, and the divine authority of those writings in which his will is revealed to us, and in which the foundation of our religion is laid. These are not only proved by, and established on the basis of our reason, but it is only by that, and solely on that foundation, they can be proved at all. A knowledge of the existence of a Deity is every where given us by his works: what is necessary to be known of him, has been at all times manifest: *The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament shews his handy-work.* Nor is any thing more certain than that, as St. Paul observes to the Heathen, *The invisible things from the creation*

*creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made.* Reason, indeed, assures itself of not only the being, but the attributes of God, from the beauty and order, the ends and usefulness of the whole creation, and its several parts: these are demonstrative arguments of the existence of a wise and omnipotent being, who has so regularly, and in such wisdom, formed them all: and that Being is God. Thus much then it is evident, that unassisted reason proves to us; and the second article, the divine authority of the scripture revelation supports itself on the same basis, and is, like the other, to be proved by that only, and by no other means.

The doctrines laid down in the New Testament are indeed in themselves so pure and perfect, that their origin might well be concluded from that only to be divine: but conjecture was not enough in a matter of this importance. Actions supernatural were called in to vouch for those important truths; and our Saviour himself appeals to his miracles as his obvious credentials: *Believe me, says he, for the works sake*: and in another place, *The works that I do, bear testimony of me: and if I had not done among them things which no other man ever did, they had no sin!*

The apostles, with one voice, followed the example of their master: they urged his miracles and their own, as the great evidences of the truth of their mission; and pleaded constantly that great miracle, his resurrection from the dead, for the conversion both of the Jews and others.

Miracles are the immediate seal of God on what he reveals to us as truth, and reason establishes them as the test of that truth: it tells us they can only be wrought by his power; it tells us also that he is good and true, and that he would not commission any one to cheat the world by means of them: it concludes, therefore, that whoever works real miracles for the confirmation of any doctrine, is taught of God, and is commissioned by him to teach us.

That the miracles recorded of our Saviour and his apostles were really wrought by them, is matter of testimony and authentic record : those who first related them could not be deceived themselves, nor would wish to deceive us ; nor were their accounts of them ever contradicted, even by their enemies : the fact therefore is certain that such things were done by the persons who delivered those doctrines ; and that the persons who penned those doctrines were inspired immediately by God : from this consideration alone it follows, that the gospel is the word of God ; and from that it is equally evident, that the Old Testament is so, because it is frequently referred to in the New as such.

The two great fundamentals of our religion, therefore, the existence of a God, and the divine authority of the scriptures, are proved from reason ; and all the subsequent principles and conclusions are as evidently deducible from, and as strictly consonant with it : what then is the result of the whole, but that, instead of denying reason its place in the examination of religion ; such a use of it alone, on sound principles, is sufficient to convert an infidel.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 64.

*Torva leena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam  
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*

VIRGIL.

THE suberviency of the several series of beings in the visible creation to one another ; the order in which each of them appears in that appointed season, in which only it could answer the purposes of the others ; and the preservation of a sufficient number of every species, amidst the seeming wild and unbounded

bounded havock that reigns throughout; are equal proofs of the amazing, the incomprehensible wisdom of him who formed them all; who at one great fiat called the individuals into existence, and gave them laws that should preserve them.

Let the man whose wild imagination would put that chimera, chance, in the place of his Creator, look into the works of his hands, and he must blush at his own absurdity: to me these living testimonies of the being and the attributes of a God have ever appeared infinitely superior to the best arguments that the understanding of man has been, or indeed ever can be able to advance. In these we read at once his existence and his praise, in pages written by his own hand.

Who calls forth the tender buds on every bramble of the hedge, just at that period in which the reptile tribe, the brood of the extinct parents of a former summer, look up to them for food? or who was it that taught the parent insects to deposite the latent principles of a succeeding generation on the branches of that shrub alone, whose leaves are the food of the young? the butterfly who eats not, who knows not what it is to eat; whose sole business of life in that her fluttering period, is to deposite those eggs with which she feels herself distended; knows she that a voracious insect, wholly unlike herself, is to be born from them? Knows she that out of ten thousand species of plants which offer, without any immediate mark of preference to her sight, there is but one which the young she is to produce can eat? and is it by this knowledge she is directed to place her burden there?

Who bade the little songster of the woods, whose brood of craving young-ones must be hourly fed with the produce of that insect's eggs, select the very period for building her nest that will protract the time of hatching, just till the reptile progeny of the other shall be grown fit for their digestion? Could chance do this? Or even if it could, is it within the reach of so blind, so vague an agent, to bid the devastation made by these destroyers go just to an appointed length,

length, and step no farther; just serve to take off the redundancy that would have eaten up the verdure of the year, and yet leave so many as shall continue the species; nay, as shall continue it in so exact a proportion, that the ensuing year shall afford repast and sustenance for such another race of larger animals, and shall just in the same manner preserve its own species?

What but omnipotence, in its full scope, could have given being to the meanest of these reptiles! what less than a wisdom equal to such power could have preserved the regular succession of them all for so many thousand years! Could have provided that in all this time there should be no fatal redundancy of any kind; nor the defect of one out of so many thousand species left, as it were, to the wild will of one another!

They rise into being they know not how, and they perish without pain; they enjoy the moment of existence that is allowed them, bask in the sun's invigorating rays, and feed voluptuously on the growing herbage: though destined to sudden destruction, they foresee it not; a moment takes them, they know not how, out of that existence which they knew not how they received; a pain scarce felt before it is at an end, plunges them into a state in which they have no regret at all that they have lost;

If the ordinary provision for the animal and insect tribe, when fairly examined, fill us with this astonishment and admiration, what new scenes of wonder are there continually disclosing themselves to him, who will carry his researches farther, who will view the peculiar provisions made for the more singular species!

The origin of these observations has been no more than my observing, the other morning, the fate of a multitude of caterpillars, which were feeding as voluptuously on a cabbage-leaf at my foot, as myself was on the best produce of the garden, where I accidentally saw them. While I was regarding them

with

with thoughts that every moment carried up my soul in praise to their and my Creator, my eyes were directed toward a part of the plant, about which a little fly was buzzing on the wing, as if deliberating where it should settle. I was surprized to see the herd of caterpillars, creatures of twenty times its size, endeavour, in their uncouth way, by various contortions of their bodies, to get out of its reach, whenever it poised on the wing, as just going to drop. At length the creature made its choice, and seated itself on the back of one of the largest and fairest of the cluster. It was in vain the unhappy reptile endeavoured to dislodge the enemy. Its contortions, which had at first been exerted with that intent, soon became more violent, and denoted pain. They had been repeated several times at short intervals, when I at length observed that each of them was the consequence of a stroke given by the fly.

When the wantonly cruel insect, as it might naturally enough have appeared to an unexperienced observer, had inflicted thirty or forty of these wounds, it took its flight, with a visible triumph. The caterpillar continued its contortions a long time; but all efforts were vain to rid it of the mischief it had received. A prior acquaintance with the œconomy of this little world had informed me with the intent and end of all that had been doing: The wounds I knew were not given in sport, but the creature that had inflicted them, had deposited an egg in each, and there left them to their fate.

I ordered a servant to take up the leaf, and wiping off the other caterpillars that were feeding on it, conveyed it home with this wounded one upon it. The creature has been fed with care from that day, and I have had an opportunity of observing the progress of the eggs deposited in its body. They have all hatched with me into small oblong, voracious worms. which have fed, from the moment of their appearance, on the flesh of the caterpillar, in whose body they found themselves inclosed, without wound-

ing its organs of respiration or digestion, or any of the parts necessary to life: the unhappy creature has continued eating voraciously: they have by this means been supplied with sufficient nourishment, and being now arrived at their full growth, and at the destined period of their first change, they are at this time eating their way out at the sides of the animal in which they have so long lived, and that with sure presage of its destruction.

The caterpillar does not, under this circumstance, answer the general end of its existence: no butterfly can be produced from it; but it perishes, after having thus supported these strangers. One individual of a numerous species thus is lost, without answering the general end of the production; but, while multitudes of others miscarry under the same disadvantages, serving as food of birds, or the sport of children, this gives the means of life to thirty or forty other animals, which could have no otherwise been brought into existence.

The conclusion of the history is this: The worms that feed on the wretched creature are no sooner out of its body, than they spin every one its web, of a silk infinitely finer than that of the silk-worm: under this they pass the state of rest necessary to their appearing in their winged form.

It may be natural enough for us to pity the caterpillar that supports this foreign brood, at the expence of so much seeming pain: but things are not always as they appear to us. The creature shews itself much at rest during their living in it, and, till we are acquainted with its organs, and the nature of its sensations, we cannot be assured what may be the effects of that which we see it suffer.

He whose tender mercies are over all his works, allotted all we see in this strange scene; and it is wisdom to suppose we are ignorant, while we know he cannot be cruel.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 65.

*Ex sententiis omnium nostra pendet fama.* CICERO.

IT is recorded of one of the greatest men among the ancients, that, that on hearing a fellow of infamous character say, as he passed by, *there goes the best man that ever lived*, he turned to his companions, and with a mixture of indignation and concern, said to them, "What can I have done that such a person should speak well of me?"

If I may be allowed to use the same method of reasoning. I shall be apt to conclude myself of more consequence than perhaps I should have otherwise supposed. I imagine it will not be understood as straining the analogy too far, to suppose that what was a just observation in regard to bad men, may be not less so in respect of bad writers; and, if this be allowed, I can with great justice affirm, I have been honoured with so considerable a share of the ill word of the ill writers of my time, that it would require more than the moderation of a Socrates not to be proud of it.

I do not know how I shall keep my modesty in countenance under a declaration of this kind; but I cannot prevail with myself to suppress the triumph of informing the world, that of all the writers whom no body reads, who at this period of time the printers and publishers are well convinced are considerably numerous, there is not a single man who has not, to use their own phrase, *had a flap at the INSPECTOR*. That I have been silent under all the severity of their censures, I know they are not so much surprised, as concerned: to have been chastised, had been to be made considerable; and I have the charity to believe of them, without so much as one exception, that the

intent of their severities was not to injure the INSPECTOR, but to lead him into the saying something that should inform the world of their existence.

I am not apt to transgress on the favourable side in the opinion I entertain of my own productions: I think I know the utmost merit it is possible that essays written in this hasty manner can attain; but I must confess, that while I see them received favourably by every great or good character in the kingdom; while I receive from the hands of almost every man who is capable of giving praise, a tribute that would make many a writer vain, and at the same time am honoured with the abuse of every author, by whom one would be ashamed of being praised, I am almost induced to believe, that original thoughts, though ever so loosely delivered, have a claim to praise.

I must confess, that, with all the philosophy the world seems willing to allow me, I have felt so much of the man in me on some of these occasions, that when attacked with known falshoods and concerted misrepresentations, I have been sometimes almost provoked to an answer; but I am glad I have let it alone. Entering the lists with people of this stamp, is like fighting with chimney-sweepers; one cannot beat them without dirting one's fingers.

Though I confess a pride in the censures of these my cotemporary writers, and if I thought I had interest enough with them to obtain a favour, would request it of them to continue to assure the world, that I am as unlike as possible to themselves; there is another set of Gentlemen, about whose character of me I have really sometimes been in pair. It is an odd circumstance for a man to be fond of his enemies and afraid of his professed friends; but this is exactly my present situation. While the former throw in their little mite in the only way they can do it to any purpose toward the advancing that reputation of which they suppose I am ambitious, and of which they are very earnest in these attestations to rob me; the latter take a much more effectual method of filching it from me,

me, while they allow it. The Gentlemen I now speak of are a set of very intimate friends of mine, whom I never saw; who are very goodnatured in assisting me with pieces which nobody, except myself, ever saw; and who, on the strength of this, never hear one of my papers more favourably received than the rest, but one or other of them assures the circle of his acquaintance that he wrote it for me.

The person of the INSPECTOR is at this time so well known, that a pretence of this kind could hardly be kept up without the appearance of an acquaintance: to this I owe the impertinence of a number of salutations in public places, and am often disturbed in the enjoyment of a sensible conversation by a man who thrusts his lips close to my ear to tell me, it is a bad evening, and immediately runs back to his acquaintance, and assures them of a *hellish funny thing* they'll see soon; for that I have promised to let it appear in a day or two.

I should do these Gentlemen some honour for this artful way of shamming an acquaintance, if it were original; but I cannot help suspecting that it is no more than a copy from the ingenious Doctor Richard Rock, who speaking very politely one day to a well-dressed man he had never seen before, as he passed by his chaise, no sooner had received a commonly civil answer, than turning about to his audience, "Ay, says he, friends! 'tis very well 'twasn't I as robbed the mail, I should be soon taken up i' faith: you see every body knows me."

I must not omit, amidst my general acknowledgments on this occasion, to signalize one in particular of this list of intimate and useful friends of mine, who has hitherto lived so much out of the world, as not to know the figure of the man of whose works he has so often been the author. This modest Gentleman was, the day before yesterday, informing the people of two or three tables at one of the coffee-houses near the Exchange, that the letter from a young physician, in one of these papers, was of his writing, and that

he drew it up as the character of a person whom he then named, and whom, I solemnly profess, I do not even at this time know. I would not put the Gentleman to the blush before his friends, by discovering myself; I cannot but now tell him, however, that no particular character was attacked in that paper; and it may not be improper on the same occasion to inform those who are so ready to believe a man can write, though they are convinced while he tells them so, that he cannot speak, that these pretensions are all false ones; that the INSPECTOR is a character supported by one person, not by a multitude.

I am sensible this declaration may not at first sight appear a prudent one; but I have considered it before I made it. I know it is a general opinion, that many authors of different turns are necessary to keep up the spirit of a performance of this kind; but I am contented with the reception these papers have hitherto met with; and I have experience to confirm me, that the general opinion on this subject is not without its exceptions. It would be a difficult task to persuade me to be vain upon the foundation of any thing that has appeared here; but such as it is, such as the world has candour and indulgence enough to be satisfied with it, it is the work of one person; of one who had no fund of materials prepared for it when he set out, who finds it as easy to continue, as it was to begin it, and whom habit will probably render more and more familiar in its management.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 66.

*Rusticus est fateor, sed non est barbarus Idas.*

TIT. CALPHURN. Eclog. 2.

## To the INSPECTOR.

MR. INSPECTOR,

I AM a young fellow of between two and three and twenty, who have passed some years at College with no bad character, and am supposed to have not very much misapplied my time there. Some business of the family brought me up a few days ago to town, and I had flattered my imagination that, according to the reputation I find myself possessed of in the university, I should have been able to make some figure among my acquaintance here; but I find a man of learning, or of knowledge, is not the fashionable character at this time in town; nothing goes down, I see, but a man of wit.

I don't pretend to be without my share of ambition to appear considerable in company; but I had formed such a terrible notion of wit from the writings of the people who have been possessed of most of it, that I fairly despaired of succeeding in any attempt upon it. While the most accomplished authors in the world had declared they did not know how to tell any body what it was, I had no great prospect of falling into a casual acquaintance with it. But, alas! Sir, I now begin to perceive I was quite deceived; the wit of one age and country, I find, is not the wit of another: The wit of Terence is, at this time, read by twenty people, who wonder at the Romans for allowing that he had any, for one who feels it; and, on my con-

science, I think the wit of the present period is no better than what was twenty years ago called lying.

I enquired among some smart young fellows of my acquaintance, the very people who had told me, that nothing was regarded at this time but wit, what were the principal resorts of the people who were most famous for it: George's coffeehouse was mentioned to me as of the number of the capital ones; and I made it one of my first businesses to visit it.

By great good-fortune I stumbled upon a man of my acquaintance there, whom I had dined with the day before at an uncle's, with whom I live while in town. This Gentleman, as I am since informed, is one of the greatest wits of the age; though I really took him, at that time, to be as dull a fellow as I had ever conversed with. He accosted me with great good-nature, *Mr. Thomson, your humble! How does the old Prig do?* and twenty other detached sentences of a like kind made up his conversation. He asked me if I would sit, and entered into discourse with me about indifferent things: I watched for wit in every sentence that he pronounced; but whether it was my fault or his I can't tell, I watched every sentence in vain.

We had not sate long before a little party joined us, and, in a few minutes, our number swelled to at least a dozen, by the addition of some stragglers from different corners of the room. I was now all attention: I made no doubt but I had fallen into the very centre of what I was in search of; but I don't know how it was, I could distinguish nothing but an unintelligible jargon among them, in which the words *hedge, bol-low, cut*, and some more monosyllables of a like kind, were used in a sense in which I by no means understood them. I heard of *sinking hundreds*, of *taking in for thousands*, and a quantity of other equally unintelligible phrases; all which I swallowed with great voraciousness, though I did not find myself in a condition to digest any of them.

My

My great attention to every thing that was said, was remarked, and the meaning of it was misunderstood; the eyes of all the company were upon me as an interloper, who was listening to things I had no concern with; and one of them, after a very significant *O! ho!* to a companion, broke in upon the conversation, by saying, "But why the plague could not they take the man's money without murdering him!"—"Murder! a pack of rascals," replies another, "Such butchering's worse than murder fifty times.—Why is he not dead?" exclaims a third with vast earnestness.—"No!" replied the person, who had occasioned the question, very sedately, "I left him just now at Cæsar Hawkins's, the Surgeon's; he was alive then; but, in my opinion, a man would wish to die rather than live in such a situation."—"His nose is quite off, I think, cries another.—"Yes," replies the person, who seemed to have the freshest intelligence, "one of Hawkins's young men brought it in, a chairman had picked it up in the street."

This discourse was continued on all hands, and a very warm debate was rising as to the possibility or impossibility of replacing the nose, in which Talicottius's way of forming this part of the face was mentioned, just as I got up, on hearing from some persons not concerned in the dispute, the name of *Thomson*, and the street my uncle lived in, too punctually repeated to give me leave to doubt of its being this worthy relation who had met with the accident.

I flew to the house of the surgeon, and not readily getting admittance there, to my uncle's. I found him very well in health, and roasting some oysters for his supper. I did not stay to tell him the occasion of my calling in, but hurried back to the place where I had received my intelligence. I perceived a smother'd laugh at the table, as I entered the room; and going up to ask a farther explanation, my very good friend, who had been the occasion of my falling into the company, got up, and with a great deal of concern

cern in his face, " Bless my heart and soul," says he, " Jemmy ! I'll be hanged if you have not been home about this matter : why, it is not your uncle ; 'tis one Thomson of King's County in the west of Ireland."

He was making way, as he spoke this, for my sitting down among the company again ; but a Gentleman, who had seen me at a friend's, and who accidentally sat at the next table, pulled me by the sleeve, and taking me to the other end of the room, told me, " Young Gentleman ! you don't know these people : they are wits : they have humbugg'd you, and they want to laugh at you for it."

I pardoned them the offence, for the sake of the instruction I had gained by it : I left the room full of satisfaction at the discovery I had made of what wit was ; and set about making myself considerable from that instant, by exerting it upon all my acquaintance.

The first hum I played off was upon our cook maid, who being married, and her husband in the West Indies, I told her, he was just come to England, and had sent for her to the Dog and Jew's-harp at Ratcliff-crofs : this succeeded very happily, and cost us no more than the spoiling our dinner : after this I sent a chairman with a message to an imaginary person two miles off, from a coffee house I never saw before, and which I took care to leave before he returned : I made an old woman, who was going to church, turn back to a deep puddle, and kept her half the time of the service, groping up to the elbows for a fixpence which I pretended to have dropped there : after this, I directed a country fellow, who was carrying the furniture of some neighbour's apartment upon his back to Pye-corner near Smith-field, into East-Smithfield, by Tower-hill : and the succeeding afternoon, I gave a bad fixpence to a blind beggar, and took five-pence-halfpenny out of his hat for change.

Thus far I succeeded to my utmost expectations ; but as these were but attempts in low life, to assure myself

myself of my success among the polite, I now grew ambitious of making a figure, as a wit, among people who would be able to do me the proper honour.

A Gentleman dined with my uncle one day, and would not be prevailed with to stay tea, because he had a draught upon a banker in the city, and was afraid he should be behind the hour, and the shop shut before he got thither: "Mess. \*\*\* and \*\*\*'s shop shut, Sir," replied I, with a stare! "yes, I believe it will indeed: why you don't know, I suppose, that they were declared bankrupts in the Gazette last night!" My uncle was astonished; my aunt exclaimed, "Ay, ay; see what your coaches and fix, and your country houses come to!" I hummed the whole family; and our visiter staid to sup with us, with a concern and uneasiness at the loss of his money that added not a little to my triumph.

A Lady was talking very seriously, the day afterwards, to my aunt, on the subject of her daughter's marrying a young Gentleman of whom she had heard a very favourable character, at a visit she had just been making: you would never have forgot it, Sir, if you had seen how the Lady was thunderstruck, at my telling her I knew the Gentleman perfectly well, and that he had a wife and two children at Cambridge.

I left these old women soon afterwards, to take a walk in the Mall: I joined some young fellows on the strength of knowing one of the party; and, on their saying some very civil things of a young Lady that passed by us, I told them very sagaciously they did not know half her perfections. A young Gentleman who was next me seemed extremely pleased with what I had said, and told me, he was surprized he had not known that I was of her acquaintance. "Why, I think," replied I, looking very grave, "I may claim that honour; for I slept in her arms last night." "Sir," rejoins he, with great earnestness, "why that Lady is my sister!" "I know it very well," replied I, with all the composure in the world, "and I thought

thought you had known the other." (Would you imagine it, Sir, the answer to this hum was a blow that knocked me down. I was conveyed home in a chair, and am now under the care of a surgeon for the bruise: during the time I have kept my room on this occasion, I have received a challenge from the Gentleman whom I married at Cambridge; and have notice of a law-suit being commenced against me by the bankers, who lay their damages at fifty thousand pounds.

I beg, Sir, if you have any value for brilliancy in conversation, you will print this letter, by way of informing these several people, that all this was only a hum; and get them to desist from their resentments. If a man cannot be witty without being ruined at law, or having his brains knocked out about it, I think it is better to be a fool, as one used to be.

I am, Sir,

Intirely yours,

JEFFERY HUM.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 67.

*Patriam tamen obruit olim*

*Gloria parvorum & laudis, titulique Cupido.*

MARTIAL.

To the INSPECTOR.

S I R,

**A**S I do not meet with any body who seems so nice a judge of decency, and what the world calls decorum, as yourself, I cannot do better than to enter my remonstrances with you against an enormity that

that is too frequent in the behaviour of my country-women, and offer my admonitions as to its redress. I was invited, Sir, one day last week to a *City Feast*, after which there was to be a *Ball for the Ladies*: I had seen so much of the cookery, and of the complaisance usual at these sort of entertainments, that I excused myself from the dinner; but, as I am fond of dancing, I reserved my ticket for the entertainment of the evening.

I entered the hall just as the minuets were beginning. How the company had adjusted the matter of rank and precedence at table I am not informed; but I had the ill fortune to be at this time very near the scene of a dispute on this head, between a *Spring-maker's Lady*, as she distinguished herself, and the *Wife of a Watch-case-joint-finisher*, which disconcerted the whole evening's entertainment: the master of the company not finding himself able to determine which of these rival dignities had a right to be taken out first.

I abominate all wrangling: when I found arguments and intreaties to both parties had been used in vain for about three-quarters of an hour, not being able to reconcile myself to this exercise of the tongues in place of that of the heels of the company, I left them to decide it at their leisure. Notwithstanding the disappointment I was forced to submit to on this occasion, I am public-spirited enough, Sir, to endeavour to turn the incident to the advantage of the rest of the world; and shall be at the pains of not only advising these people of distinction to adjust their several orders from henceforth for their own sakes, but of recommending to them a model on which it will be easy for them to execute the proposal.

I am very sensible, Sir, that all real honour is derived from the Sovereign; and that his Majesty, who bestows it, establishes its several ranks. In the keeping these there is no difficulty: the embarrassment lies in the settling the degrees of imaginary eminence, or adjusting the peculiar places of those honours  
which

which people confer upon themselves : in this it is easy to suppose every one will expect to be first ; but I shall produce you an instance, in which a subordination, full as intricate as this, is adjusted to the utmost nicety, and beyond all possibility of dispute, only by leaving it to one indifferent person : and I beg leave, by your means, to propose this to the community I have just mentioned, as a means of avoiding all disputes on this head for the future.

I had the pleasure, Sir, to spend two hours one afternoon in company with about forty of the handsomest women in town, who on that day of every week enjoy so much of one another's company with great satisfaction ; and though every one of them has a very high rank in her own estimation, and no rank at all in every body's else, yet there never has been known a single dispute about place during the whole period of the establishment.

The scheme of the community was on this double principle, that there is one day in the week in which, for want of public diversions, people do not know what to do with themselves : and that there are a set of females who, as no body else will keep them company, must naturally be glad of meeting with one another. On this foundation the judicious Mrs. Sage erected her Sunday afternoon's Assembly. She hired a room in Pall-mall, provided accommodations for forty or fifty people, and sent cards to all her female acquaintance, to inform them, that they might drink tea, and converse for the evening at her room, at sixpence a head.

The good old Lady took sufficient care that none of your prudish people of reputation should be admitted ; and wisely foreseeing the endless and indeterminate quarrels there would be among her friends about rank and precedence, unless some previous care were taken on that head, she received every Lady for the first time, alone in her parlour ; and there told her, that there was but one thing she insisted upon, which was the placing every person where she pleased.

After

After a general compliance to this rule, she led them severally to the appropriated seats, and not one of the members has ever been known to dispute the justice of her disposition.

The room, Sir, is arranged into six divisions, each distinct and separated from all the others, and each illuminated by its own lustre. In the first, which is the smallest, and is placed across the top of the room, sit those Ladies who are under the settled protection of men of great fortune, or the heirs of noble families; these are looked upon as *married in conscience*; and it is the generally received opinion, that nothing but cruel parents, or other worldly views, prevent their friends from owning them as wives. These (as many of them as can write) sign letters indeed with their own names; but as courtesy gives, among the sons of the Great, the title of *Lord* to those who can only call themselves simple Esquires; so these happy females are universally saluted under the title of *Lady*. This, or the *Countess* of T'other, according to the title of their *Friend*; and when mentioned on the annual subscription to the room, or on parties for Exeter Exchange assemblies, or the masquerades at the Red Lamps in Westminster, they are always written Miss P—— or Miss W——, commonly called Lady \*\*\* or the Countess of L\*\*\*; this rank consists of much the smallest number of any, and it is an unlucky observation that, in spite of that bubble expectation, the same faces are always seen in it for a long time together.

From the extremities of this seat there run two parallel ones, lengthwise of the room: in that on the right-hand are placed those Ladies, who are under the protection of men who have titles, from the Duke down to the simple Knight, though they are not publicly owned by those honourable friends; all these take their places in the order of the dignity of their protectors: in that on the left sit the mistresses of Esquires, Captains, Physicians, Justices of the Peace, Counsellors at Law, and Knights of the Industry.

It

It often grates the soul of the embroidered favourite of a gamester to see a Trapes in lustring seated in a superior rank to her, because the beggar who supports her has a title; but submission, in this respect, is the first law of the house, and it is never violated so much as by a sigh.

In the midst, between these two ranks, there stand a double row of chairs, back to back; in these are placed the favourites of *Foreign Ministers, Residents,* and *Chargés des Affaires*. It has been long a dispute among the curious in these particulars, what rank these *Excellentes* hold in the community, nor has it ever been determined, whether the station in the room places them above or below the two series that run parallel with them. You will easily imagine the old Lady obstinately holds her tongue on this head; and perhaps you will allow it no trivial mark of her prudence, if she left the matter purposely not to be determined.

At the foot of these three rows there runs another transverse one, facing that at the top of the room; on this are seated those Ladies, who have made themselves easy fortunes in time, and who determining not to be the slaves of any man for the future, either have no gallantries at all, or do not think proper to declare them. The large portion of the room below this seat is formed into a compleat circle, with a vast number of seats; on these, as there is no post of superiority, sit indiscriminately the numbers of unprovided fair-ones, who on other evenings hunt singly or in pairs in the Park, or at our public places of entertainment, and who live in continual hope of arriving at one or other of the higher divisions.

It is a very entertaining observation for a person who visits the resort of the beauties, as frequently as I do, to see the same face occupying, in such swift successions, the different parts of the room: a step from the circle to the second or third seat is always accompanied with a pleasantry of countenance that speaks the triumph in a very agreeable manner; and a gloominess

gloominess of aspect as readily claims one's pity in behalf of the fallen angel, who has for the first time descended to this place of the vulgar.

But this and a thousand other observations that crowd in upon me, are beside my purpose. I only meant to tell you, that as I don't doubt but the city company I mentioned in the beginning of this letter, can as easily set an old woman at their head, as this court association, I would earnestly recommend it to them to adjust all their differences about rank in the same easy manner.

*I am, S I R,*

*Your very humble Servant,*

\*\*\*\*

Four asterisks do not inform me whether the writer of this letter be a man or a woman; nor do I find any evident testimony to determine me in this point, in any part of it. This, however, is so material a circumstance that, till I am informed whether men are or are not admitted into the assembly, I shall not take upon me to determine, whether the consideration of it fall under the civil magistrate, or

*The INSPECTOR.*

I should not omit to add, that my correspondent has favoured me with a draught of the room and a list of the names of the Ladies who filled the several seats; but I shall not publish this at present.

THE



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 68.

*Natura sequitur semina quisque suæ.* PERSIUS.

THE little excursions of the INSPECTOR on parties of pleasure generally furnish the town with something extremely different from what might have been expected as the result of such expeditions. If another man had attended the *sailing match* the other day to Gravesend, the world, if they were to be afterwards acquainted with the result of his observations, would look for something about navigation: I am not without a relish for the entertainment which I see people about me receive from these occurrences; but I am not so easily satisfied: the observation of the productions of nature is ever infinitely superior to all art has to recommend it; and as there is scarce any place which does not afford the means of entering into new disquisitions in regard to these, the INSPECTOR hardly misses any opportunity of improving them.

I ordered the barge, in which we had, on this occasion, followed the vessels to the extent of their course, to fall some miles farther down the river; and, while we dined under the shelter of an old mound, ordered our people, who were provided with an instrument for that purpose, to rake up from the bottom whatsoever accident should throw in the way of their search. To describe the variety of animals and plants which a half-hour's labour of this kind had spread upon the farther part of this vessel, by that time we had done our repast, would take up the quantity of a volume. I think it a duty upon me, while I am amusing myself, to provide for the entertainment also of those who pay me the sensible compliment of a quarter of an hour of their time every morning: I selected with this intent

intent, one of the many animals which offered, and took some care of the having it conveyed home alive, and without injury.

The creature was one of those shell-fish commonly called *Sea-Eggs*, and by authors *Esbini Marini*: it was one of the round kind, but not of the most common species. We are used to meet with the empty and naked shell of this animal in the cabinets of the modern collectors of natural curiosities, and we admire the structure of it even in that state, while we observe the multitude of regularly-disposed prominences, and the several series of elegant perforations which adorn its surface.

It is laudable to admire every object of the creation, even for its form and external structure; but we ought to distinguish between natural history and natural philosophy; and to know the vast difference there is between recollecting the exuviae of animals, and the investigating the natures, properties and qualities of the creature to which they belong, before we suppose ourselves in a condition to judge of the utility of those studies. The admiring the superficies of objects is the delight of children: the investigating the nature and economy of the creature, and the structure and use of its several parts, is an attempt to which the human understanding, at its utmost extent, is hardly equal. Every man who has leisure, to whom accident has given opportunities, or who has but money at his disposal, may get together a collection; he only who has judgment can use one.

I have thought thus much proper to say on this subject, in an age in which natural history seems to be coming into repute, but in which most who engage in it seem to float only on the surface; and, out of a love and esteem for those studies, I would caution them not to mistake the means for the end: to know that natural history, in the limited sense in which the term is now understood, is but the servant of philosophy; and to understand, that though collections of natural bodies are the essential means of arriving at the

the depths of this study, yet they are no more than the means: in the hands of those who content themselves with admiring the pretty forms of the things they get together, and cannot even call them by their names, much less give any rational account of the creatures to which they belong, they are but knick-knacks and play-things; and this kind of attention to them deserves the severity with which men of sense have at all times treated it.

I have a great while intended to say thus much to the people who, at this time, on no better principles than these, call themselves Naturalists; and am happy in an opportunity of instancing the justice of the observation in the history of this animal; a creature so generally supposed to be known, but so little truly understood.

I will not doubt but the collectors of shells have heard that the shell of this animal, which appears naked in their cabinets, is, while the creature is living, covered with spines or prickles; but my acquaintance among them never gave me the least reason to suspect they know any thing more of it.

The creature brought to town on this occasion was yesterday put into a large earthen vessel, with a flat bottom, filled with clear salt water: It was alive, and I had a happy opportunity of explaining all its parts to my little auditory. The whole shell is of a figure nearly globular; but in the center of the base, or that part which is always next the bottom, there is a large opening, in which is placed the mouth of the animal; and on the very summit, or top of the shell, there is another, somewhat smaller, at which the intestines terminate; and by which the remains of the food, after it has served the purposes of digestion, are discharged. This seems, at first sight, a strange situation for these parts; but as the creature feeds on things which it finds at the bottom of the sea, and its digestive faculties are weak, and perform their functions but slowly, no other position of them could have answered the purpose.

From

From the top of the shell to the edge of the opening in the base, there run, at equal distances, five broad lines: these are of a different appearance from the rest of the surface, and are full of almost innumerable perforations, or little holes. These in the dry empty shell, as preserved in collections, are easily distinguished by their letting through the light; but while the animal is living in it, they are only discovered by their uses. Between these lines there run about thirty distinct series, or rows, of little eminences, of different figure and size in the dried shell; but, in the living animal, each of these supports a regular spine or prickle, like that on the skin of a hedge-hog, and from these the creature had its Latin name.

These were all entire on the living animal, which was the subject of our observation, and the several series of them were longer and shorter, according to the differences of the eminences on the surface of the dry or naked shells. These spines hung flaccid, when we took the creature out of the bladder in which it had been brought to town; but the first thing it did on being put into the fresh water, was to erect them all; so that the surface appeared as if thick set with needles with the points outward. We had the patience and attention to count the spines of one division, and found by this the whole number to be not less than four-and-twenty hundred. The creature, by the vibratory motion it first gave them, shewed us that they were much at its command, and, on examination, we found that each of them had its separate muscle affixed to its base, and running thro' a small aperture in the head of an eminence, on which the spine turned, as the bones of our bodies at their joints, What an apparatus is this for an animal esteemed so inconsiderable! the muscles of the human body are hardly five hundred, and here are between two and three thousand in this creature!

One of the uses of the spines or prickles of this animal, is evidently the defending it from those fish which feed on many other of the testaceous animals; but it

soon shewed us another very important purpose for which they were bestowed; it suddenly bent a multitude of those of the lower part of the shell, all in the same direction downward, and used them as legs, performing its progressive motion by means of them. It was easy to perceive, that the smooth bottom of the vessel was troublesome for it to walk on: after throwing itself sideways, and bringing others of the spines to bear, and using them as legs, as it had done the former, it found motion any way inconvenient, it placed itself on the base again, and prepared for rest.

'Tis easy to conceive, that a creature of this globular form, if it had no better means of keeping its place than had hitherto appeared, must be rolled about by every motion of the water, and have its armature of spines soon destroyed. We quickly found, however, that nature had not left it unprovided with a security against this danger: it had no sooner placed itself for rest, than we saw a multitude of long and slender white fleshy filaments, resembling the horns of snails, playing in the water all about its surface: these were considerably longer than the spines, in their ordinary state, and the creature extended them beyond that at its pleasure. One of these, we found, proceeded from every hole in the five lines before-mentioned, on the surface of the shell, and their number in the whole was not less than thirteen hundred. After these had been waved about in the water for some time, we were let into their use: they were directed from all parts toward the bottom of the vessel, and fixed themselves so firmly to it at their extremities, that we found it afterwards very difficult to move the creature.

On throwing a living worm into the water, all these filaments were drawn back in an instant: and we had the pleasure to see the animal move toward the prey, seize on it, and eat it. There was not much cruelty in killing a creature, which it was impossible we should keep alive. After seeing all that it could shew us while living, I dissected it. The mouth we found  
very

very large, and armed with five sharp and strong teeth, fixed at the extremities of as many bones, which were each perforated all along, to give way to a muscle inserted into the base of the tooth, at the extremity, and serving to move it. These bones are covered externally with membranes; they form a cavity, in the centre of which is placed a fleshy tongue, of an oval figure, and behind it lies the throat, opening into the stomach: the intestine is continued from this, and forms a spiral of five turns round the inner surface of the shell, which has a cavity of the same form to receive it, and in which it is suspended by numerous filaments.

It is doing no more than justice to the antient naturalists, to assert, that Aristotle, though he knew nothing of the parts I have been describing, had a more accurate knowledge of the nature of this creature than many who have since written about it. Gesner somewhere quotes one Gellius for an account of these animals being beautifully variegated with red, and green, and blue, while living; but that these colours go off when the creature is dead. We saw nothing of this, and I believe there was no more foundation for the assertion, than that the shell, which is originally reddish, grows white by lying to bleach on the shores.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 69.

*Majus opus mores composuisse suos.*

OVID.

**M**ODESTY seems to have been a favourite virtue of Cicero's: we find him, in a number of passages, recommending it as the way to approbation, and the good-will of all the world; and pointing it out as the constant mark of virtue in the breast of the man who possesses it. But even this strenuous

advocate in its cause took occasion to throw by all tincture of it, on some occasions, himself; and, in his highest strains of rapture about it, while he is exalting it to the skies for hindering men, even of ill principles, from committing a thousand outrages on society, he cannot but own that it frequently also stands in the way of virtue, and prevents peoples exerting themselves in many excellent and useful qualities.

As fond as I profess myself of this prince of oratory and reasoning, I shall never be in a humour to give up my own private sentiments implicitly to his, or indeed to any man's; and, in the present case, I am to declare it as my opinion, that the affections of the mind, which deter men from ill actions, and which prevent their executing good ones, from the same principle of backwardness in exerting themselves, are in reality two distinct principles, and not one, as this usually accurate writer seems to make them. Demosthenes, I remember, on a like occasion, separates them, and I hardly know any distinction in the moral world with which I have been more struck than I was on the first meeting with that passage. The Greek, indeed, as well as the Roman, uses but one word to express both these affections; but he distinguishes them by epithets. More than this, however, might have been done: they are, in themselves, qualities wholly distinct, and are often found so separate, that the man who abounds with the one, has no tincture of the other.

That backwardness and reserve which sometimes happily deters people, unawed by other considerations, from doing things which they are conscious are in themselves wrong, and for which they know the world must censure them, is a virtue, and a very amiable one, though in bad company: this is truly *modesty*, and it always deserves the applause of others, and the utmost encouragement in the breast of the possessor. But, on the other hand, that sensation of the same turn which awes and prevents a man from doing publickly an action which he knows to be right,  
and

and by which himself or others would be profited, is not the virtue which acts in the other cause, but is a mischievous counterfeit of it, which we ought to distinguish from it by the name of *Diffidence*, and which it is every man's interest to get the better of, and every body's advantage, who has any concern with a man, that he should banish for ever from his remembrance.

As we are apt to confound the sense of the words *Modesty* and *Diffidence*, we add to the perplexity by using in the same manner two others, which are indeed their proper opposites, and which, under just regulations, would serve very happily to distinguish them, and to keep them separate for ever: we generally use the words *Assurance* and *Impudence* as synonymous terms, and employ them indifferently to express the same ideas: but this is great injustice; as the one is a naturally and eternally odious and distasteful quality; the other, if not an amiable, at least is a good and useful one.

As I would distinguish *Modesty*, as that quality which represses us from being eminent in ill; from *Diffidence*, which deters us from being considerable in any thing: I would separate the ideas conveyed by the words *Assurance* and *Impudence*; by understanding the former to express that freedom of deportment, and sense of consequence, which arises in a man's breast, from the consciousness of what are his real merits and qualifications; and the latter, that boldness and importance which a man assumes, from a pretension to qualities of which he is not possessed.

*Assurance*, in this sense of the word, is the opposite of *Diffidence*; an active, valuable quality; and the contradictory one to a blameable habit: and, on the other side, *Impudence*, a detestable habit, the contradictory one to a very amiable and useful virtue. As contrarieties cannot exist at the same time in the same subject, it is easy to see, that *Impudence* and *Modesty* will never be found in the same person, nor *Assurance* connected with *Diffidence*: But, on the

other hand, as there is nothing of this natural opposition between the other qualities and habits, unless from our confounding the terms, we are not to wonder that we sometimes see the boldest pretensions, when not supported by merit, sink, in an instant, into the most sheepish bashfulness; nor are we to suppose the character to be formed of contraries, when we see the man who is most assured and firm on subjects he is acquainted with, and in occurrences he perfectly understands, become reserved and humble in such as he is conscious he is not prepared for, nor a master of their whole scope.

In these distinct senses of the words, *Impudence* and *Affurance*, we shall find some of the most useful and most amiable characters in the world, and some of the most distasteful and contemptible, confounded by the unthinking, under the same general term of censure; and when we can divest ourselves of those two troublesome and mischievous qualities, partiality and envy, some slight tincture of which is inseparable from self-love, and consequently is inherent in us all, we shall find infinite pleasure in separating the good from the bad, and real advantage in the conversation of the friends whom we have so selected.

A consciousness of whatever degree of merit a man possesses in whatever way, is inseparable from the possessing it: some men may have more artifice and address to hide it; or they may have a greater love for dissimulation; or they may, finally, think it more worth their while to conceal it; but to destroy the consciousness of it, while the thing itself exists, is as impossible as to separate the shadow from a body in the sun-shine: the man who has a sense of his own superiority in any thing that is in itself valuable, cannot but be pleased with that sense; this pleasure will diffuse itself through all his discourse, and will be seen in any of his actions that are connected with the subject of this honest pride; and as he will be convinced, that he is above the reproof or contradiction of those who are less acquainted with it, he will talk and act with  
an

an openness and freedom, at which he who is in terror about the truth of every thing he advances, and in continual hazard of being convinced of error in his assertions, will find it as imprudent as impossible for him to arrive.

Such a deportment, so founded, is what we ought properly to understand by the term *Affurance*; and such an assurance is at least an allowable, if not a desirable quality: He who presumes so far upon the ignorance of those with whom he converses, as to assume this behaviour where he has not that inward consciousness to support it, places Impudence in the seat of Assurance. Few people are able to judge, in many cases, whether this easy boldness have a just or false foundation; and as superiority, in any respect, is a thing one man is very ill satisfied with allowing to another, 'tis not a wonder, that the two qualities, tho' such perfect and direct opposites in themselves, are unavoidably confounded by the generality of the world, and purposely, tho' very disingenuously, by too many of those who are able to judge of them. We find Cicero and Demosthenes very frequently declaring, in very express terms, a consciousness of their own abilities, which the ingenuous candor of the times they lived in, never accused of impudence; and Ovid and Horace talk in the easiest manner in the world of their having procured themselves immortality by their poems. I reverence the age in which a well-grounded Assurance was thus in fact, tho' perhaps not exactly in name, distinguished from Impudence; and am apt to believe that a great deal of the spirit of these inimitable writers would have been lost, if they had not been conscious of living among a people of judgment, who allowed them a reputation which it was their duty to support.

I am well assured, that Impudence would never have produced one good line, or one just sentiment from any of these authors, in consequence of a false applause given by an injudicious rabble; but it is most certain, that the spirit such a deserved fame kept up

in these authors, has given birth to many of the passages which have been admired in them for so many ages, and will be so as long as good-sense and judgment live in the world.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 70.

*Nam quoniam variant animi variabimus artes;  
Mille mali species, mille salutis erunt.* OVID.

To the INSPECTOR-GENERAL of Great-Britain.

From behind the Curtain, at  
Rawthmel's Coffeehouse.

S I R,

THE honour you have done the philosophic body meeting at this place, under the character of your electrical cook, will never be forgotten. We drink a bumper extraordinary every night to the health of the INSPECTOR; and I am ordered to inform you, that we have broke through the original rules of the institution, which suffer no man to come into our body, but in consequence of his desire and personal application, by proposing you, *Nem. Con.* for election, without your consent or knowledge.

Form and length of time stand in the place of difficulty on this occasion: these you will not, we flatter ourselves, object to the submitting to; and till the period of your taking your place among us arrives, I, who have the honour to officiate as perpetual secretary to the body, and who never ventured to write to an author before (therefore pray correct all faults) I am commissioned to transmit to you, from time to time, the more remarkable things which pass among us, in order to their appearing in public, under the sanction of your authority.

As

As we have always had a more exalted opinion of philosophy, than to suppose it ought to be debased by the consideration of things that might be of use; and have always as invariably shewed our sense of the pre-eminence of those subjects of inquiry which it has appeared impossible to understand, electricity pleaded a double claim to our regard, and it has been honoured with a proportionable share of our attention: we are not sorry that the interloper you have already celebrated turned to his own emolument and the use of the public the observation he heard on the tenderness of fowls killed by this manageable lightning, tho' it would have been beneath our dignity to have done so; and in the same manner our body leaves it to the inquisitive of a lower order to find the means of turning to public advantage a later and more curious discovery, which has been laid before us by one of our favourite correspondents, and of which you seem to have been in some degree informed: all that we propose is the giving you a more circumstantial account than you can otherwise obtain of facts; and, after this, if you chuse to publish the truths, which I, as secretary, may condescend to take notice of, though the whole body will not, we shall think you also have done your duty, and may leave the world to the dirty consideration of any farther utility.

We all know very well how necessary physic may be, at one time or other, to the best constitutions in the world; and we also know how insupportably offensive the usual way of administering it is, to every body of any tolerable degree of delicacy of either sex. I give you so much by way of hint; though this also I must carefully observe is from myself, not from the body, and hence shall proceed to inform you, that the *Sieur Gascoign*, a native of France, but now resident in England, has found, that medicines of all kinds, put into the glasses of the electrical apparatus, transmit their essential parts through the pores of the skin, and the coats of the blood-vessels of such persons as receive the shock from those glasses, and perform

all their operations in a surprisingly more perfect manner, than if the patient had gone through the nauseous ceremony of pouring them down his throat. The strange efficacy of medicines, thus given, you will see by the following cures:

A certain general officer, who received this way the effluvia of a powerful sudorific, was no sooner put to bed after it, than he was covered with a most profuse exudation of a gold-coloured-sweat. He was, by this operation, cured of a *canine appetite*, which had before raged to so violent a degree, that he had, for four years together, eaten up all the cloaths of his regiment.

The wife of an eminent person, one of the best individuals of one of the best orders of men in the world, the English clergy, but who had lost his health and bloom by a gradual decay, seeming to arise from some hidden discontent of mind, having been prescribed, on a different occasion, a powerful diuretic, to be communicated under the advantages of this apparatus, voided, to the inexpressible surprize of every body present, a fee and three parish churches, and the good man, from that instant, began to recover, and is now in as perfect a state of health as any man in the diocese.

An agent of very considerab'e fortune, after having been for six years subject to frequent tremblings, sudden terrors, and other nervous complaints; on receiving, by this means, the purgative qualities of a moderate dose of jalap, from an opinion that his entrails wanted cleansing, discharged one hundred and eighty-seven dead sailors; and, after doing the subsequent office, with as many *wills* and *powers*, retired to his new-purchased country-seat, and at this time enjoys his health in perfect tranquility.

The mistress of a very worthy and good-natured fellow of this town, whose happiness with her had been subject to frequent interruptions, from qualms and sickness at the stomach, with some difficulty, prevailed with him at length to submit to the assistance of

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an electrical vomit. She held his head during the time of the operation, and often examined the naughty phlegm that had given him so much uneasiness: she was observed to renew his draught of water-gruel incessantly, and to continue her attention a long while on this subject; but, toward the end of the working, she no sooner saw, after a very hearty keck, a wife in the pail, than she called for the burnt wine, and put him to bed with great tranquility.

A Gentleman of the law, whose volubility of tongue had used to excel that of every rival at the bar, was observed, during the three days which a remarkable hearing lasted, to be troubled with falterings and hesitations in his speech, that confounded the whole court. It was at one time advised to send him to Mr. Angier to be cured; but a physician, who was concerned in the cause, having over-ruled the motion, and prescribed a celebrated antispasmodic, to be administered by the way of electricity, he had not received the salutary stroke ten minutes, when the fingers of his left-hand, which had been all this time clenched, opened of a sudden, and there no sooner fell from between them twenty moidores, which he had received from the opposite party, than he recovered the free use of his speech, and the cause was in two hours determined in favour of his client.

It will be endless, Sir, to enumerate to you the whole series of cures which now lie before us, and are all as well attested as a late miraculous one of the King's evil, by touching, at Birmingham. I shall only add, that the next which opens itself before me, is that of a beau, who, after having been troubled five years with a contagious distemper, that frightened every body from coming near him, became perfectly well, and was admitted into company again, after slabbering out eighteen broken contracts, during an electrical salivation; and that, immediately under this, I see that of a Lady of quality, who, when she had carried about her just nine months something that she knew not how to bring to light, after she had, by the

advice of her friends, taken several doses of forcing medicines by the means of electricity, was, on the eighteenth day of this instant August, delivered of an INSPECTOR, which she named *Eliza*, and which there are very heavy complaints against you for having suppressed these three weeks.

I know your candour will pardon me for giving you the sense of some people, who are perhaps more your friends than you imagine on this occasion. You will wonder how such a piece of secret intelligence came from so distant a quarter of the town; but you find the conduct of the INSPECTOR is not easily kept a secret.

I beg leave to recommend our society, and, with it, my humble self, to your regard, and have the honour to be,

S I R,

*The most faithful of thy servants,*

H E A U T U S.

\* \* \* The INSPECTOR makes no doubt but all the cures mentioned in this letter, are as punctually and literally true as the assertions which gave origin to it; but he intends to decline the making himself one of the body, till they shall think discoveries which may be of use to the world worth their notice.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 71.

THE following is the INSPECTOR, of which a Lady was delivered about three weeks since, and which was at that time sent to me, signed *Eliza*.

I do not know whether I have not been more unjustifiable in hitherto suppressing it, than I should have been in frankly publishing it at once, without any scrupulous fears about possible misconstruction.

So

*So may thy passion last for me,  
As I a passion have for thee;  
Greater and fiercer much than can  
Be conceiv'd by thee, a man.*

DRYDEN.

S I R,

**G**IVE me leave to insist upon it that nothing prevent your publishing this Letter. I am not against acknowledging that I shall have a peculiar satisfaction in paying a public tribute where it is so eminently deserved; nay, I will not deny that to be the principal motive to my writing: but you will be sensible, as well as I, that my letter may be of public utility, in spiriting up the people, who are to make a figure in the world, to employ themselves in worthy pursuits; and, in that light, I know you will not imagine you have a right to deny it to the public.

Woman has been the source, I am ready to allow, of a thousand unjustifiable pursuits; pray, give us the opportunity of telling the men, that if they will make themselves masters of such qualifications as will be an honour to their families, and an advantage to their country, they will find themselves at least as effectually recommended to such of us as are worth their regard by these, as by the most promising of the others.

You have said that nothing has a greater right to be attended to, than what people speak of their own sentiments, provided they deliver them candidly and ingenuously: I shall, in this manner, attempt to inform the young men of this age what it is that will most successfully recommend them to the women, by telling them what I have found the greatest recommendation to myself.

I am to tell the world, Sir, that I am the only daughter of a man of worth and honour, and am possessed of a considerable fortune, independently of his or any body's pleasure; the donation of a deceased friend:

friend : my age is that at which women are generally solicited to marriage ; and my person, if I may take the opinion of the world, not disagreeable. A woman, under these circumstances, you will easily imagine has not been without solicitations : I have been attacked in form by, I think, half the young fellows of the present time who have a good opinion of themselves ; and I cannot enter a public place without facing so many discarded pretenders, that I sometimes think it must either have been a fashion to be in love with me, or else that some unaccountable fate throws every body, whose sight has been once disagreeable to me, into my way on every opportunity afterwards.

When I have informed you, Sir, that one of these Gentlemen recommended himself to me on account of his face ; a second, by his dancing a minuet better than any man in Great Britain ; a third, by his good leg ; a fourth, by the elegant manner of his putting on his hat ; another, for I am ashamed to go on numbering them, by his taste in a sword-knot ; another, on the credit of his employing the best taylor in Europe ; and the boldest of them all, on no earthly pretence that I know but his being two inches taller than any other man who ever paid his addresses to me ; you will not need to be told, when you know the strength of their several claims, that I had no share in continuing any of them in their fetters.

I had hoped, in the conversation of men, whom I had always envied the advantages of a learned education ; whom I had supposed as regularly instructed in knowledge and literature, as our unhappy sex in dancing and embroidering, to have improved my mind, and to have grown wiser. Of which, whether all young men are now as ignorant as ourselves, or whether fate picked out maliciously the emptiest part of the whole sex for my admirers, I know not ; but most certain it is, that a vacancy of ideas seemed to me, from all I heard from the several pretenders, to be the distinguishing characteristic of this part of the species.

species. A lifeless insipidity was the reigning principle in most; and of the few who departed from this, some erred into pertness, in the place of wit; and the rest, either uttered, by way of conversation, the same settled form of words every day, on the same occasions; or fell into the much more unpardonable blunder, of mistaking oaths and imprecations, softened in the pronunciation of the vowels, for embellishments of conversation; or ribbaldry and coarse double entendres, for sprightliness and the quintessence of wit.

My ideas of marriage, which I had heard so much of, that I could not but think about it, were such as pointed out to me an honourable and inviolable friendship; a source of improvement softened under the appearance of entertainment, you will not wonder that, as I found such an utter absence of all the requisites to these considerations in the people who had proposed themselves to me with this view, I declined the thought of entering into the state at all.

I found a happy tranquillity in the settled plan of life I had now entered upon; but it was my fate not to enjoy it long: I have been disturbed in it by one who has given me proof that there is a state vastly superior to it; and who has been at so much pains to convince me, that I am formed for social not retired life, that I hope it is not being too sanguine in my imaginations to suppose he intends to make his advantage of reclaiming me.

I met with this Gentleman by accident in public; he made himself of my acquaintance in a manner that at first gave me offence; but he had the address to soften it in such a manner, that I don't know whether I first found it my interest or my inclination to pardon him: I was in company with a female relation, a woman of great good-sense, and of a peculiarly sober turn of mind; he recommended himself to her by a professed reverence and esteem for the religion of his country, and for those writings on which it was founded: it was easy to see that what he said

on

on this subject was not affected, but was his real settled sentiments; with me, whom he saw of a lighter turn, he entered on my favourite subject, poetry, in such a manner as shewed him a candid critic, and a spirited author. If I attended to the music, that science seemed to have been his peculiar study; and when it was time to have done with that, the building (for we were at Ranelagh) gave him an opportunity of making his knowledge in architecture of use to me, by letting me into a thousand beauties in it, while I had seen it a hundred times before without having any idea of. Just as we were going out, he had the address to recommend to me a poem which I could not have but by his means; and as he handed me into the coach, ventured to press my hand, though so gently that I could hardly say whether it were so or not, while he begged to know where he was to send it.

I was offended at his waiting on me the next day with it; but he found an excuse that I could not but allow a fair one. I received him in company with my father, who was as much charmed with his conversation as I was; he pressed him to make it a visit of friendship rather than of form, and I could see it was with pleasure that he consented to dine with us. To give him more time for conversation, was to give him opportunity of laying a stronger claim to our esteem. We became acquainted from this visit, and he paid us the sensible compliment of passing the greatest part of his time with us. We make frequent parties in company with my relations, in which, while they seem to find the principal pleasure of the excursion in eating and drinking, every thing is to me a subject of improvement: if I cast my eye upon the beauties of a flower in the gardens, he explains to me its nature and origin; if I admire a piece of painting, he tells me what it is in it that strikes me; if I seem pleased with some antique gem, he informs me of the manner in which the artists of old executed, by their unassisted sight, things of which we require glasses.

glasses to discover the beauties; and if I am struck with the features in a Roman bust, he gives me the virtues or the successes that intitled the man to fame whose face it perpetuates. As we were angling the other day, he took occasion, from my surprize at seeing the myriads of the young fish that covered the surface of the water, to explain the œconomy of nature in their production and preservation; and as we returned, while the other two, who were in the same coach with us, slept away the tedious hour of the journey, the shining of one of the planets in our faces gave him occasion to make me acquainted with the number, magnitude, revolutions, and the attendants on that and the others, and with the whole system of the universe.

If I gloried in the place I held in the opinion of this Gentleman, while I was a stranger to his character, what was my triumph on hearing afterwards that the world thought as highly of him as I did! It is impossible for me to describe the pride and pleasure with which I receive the handsome things that are said of him, or the glory with which I heard the other day one of the people of most taste in this age, give a character of a favourite antique to some company who were viewing his collection, by saying Mr. \* \* \* declares it one of the best he has seen.

You will discover that I write in raptures, but you will allow that I have reason. There is nothing a woman ought to be so proud of as the being esteemed by a man of sense. You will be curious to know whether matrimony will not be the end of this acquaintance; I suppose it will: when it has happened, you shall, I flatter myself, hear from time to time, what satisfaction attends so rational an union.

*I am, Sir, Your very humble servant,*

ELIZA.

P. S. If you should think this letter written in your own manner, you are to know I attempted it. I have a mischievous pleasure in hoping people will think you wrote it to yourself.

THE



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 72.

*Virtus est vitium fugere, & sapientia prima  
Stultitia caruisse.* HORACE.

IT is a custom with me to turn over, in an evening, the papers of two or three days before, and weigh, with as much disinterestedness as an author is capable of, their merits and their imperfections, against the good and the bad things that I have heard of them; whatever farther end this may answer, the world is sure of thus much at least from it, that they will have a greater number of the succeeding papers of the nature of those which have been more favourably received than I could have been influenced to have given from any other motive.

One of the last parcels that passed under my review in this light, was that containing an account of the electrical cures. I was concerned to recollect, there could have been occasion for such a piece of raillery; that England should, at this enlightened period, afford men who pretend to a philosophic turn who could receive, as truths, accounts of the effects of medicines communicated through the body of glass, while the medicines themselves remained unaltered in the apparatus; and which the authors of them, in subsequent letters, confessed they gave only as embellishments to their discourses.

This species of philosophical *humbugging* I look upon to be at least as scandalous in its own nature as the common cant practice of that vice in our coffee-houses; and it has this additional mark of infamy about it, that it brands both sides. In the ordinary *bums*, the person who is deceived, merits no part of the censure; but, in this, I know not how to determine

mine which has the fairest title to contempt, the person who reports an impossibility as a philosophic truth, or the people who, under the assumed character of philosophic inquirers, swallow it.

The consideration of the idle credulity of these modern virtuosi naturally led me to the writings of an author who ought to have lived at this time, Albertus Magnus: I dipped into a part of his wonderful work, in which he tells the world, that the affections of the soul depend on a subtile fluid, received with our breath, and mingled with the animal spirits; and the redundancies of which are discharged, every morning in the third expiration, after waking from the last slumber. As it is my custom to read myself to sleep, the page became obscure and confused under my eyes, while they were upon this passage. Dreams are, in general, formed from the occurrences of our waking moments: this train of thought continued, in that irregular way in which that action of the soul exerts itself in these visionary scenes, threw me into a whimsical but very agreeable one.

I found myself at the head of a little body of disciples, the faces of five or six of which were very like those of so many of the people who usually make up the parties for my little excursions; before us stood an electrical apparatus of a new form, over which I fancied myself dictating to my little audience, in the usual way. After explaining the impossibility of the gross particles of medicines, on which their operations depend, pervading the pores of the glais, and, after their going off, still leaving the substance in its full weight, and possessed of all its qualities, I declared my opinion, that it was much otherwise in regard to the *aura* or subtile fluid mentioned by Albertus as the vehicle to affections of the soul: this I convinced them, was no other than a portion of that universal fire which invigorates and keeps alive all nature, and which, as it is the finest of all fluids, easily pervades all the most dense and solid substances, and makes its way through glais like light, magnetism, or whatever other of its  
appear-

appearances the philosophy of the world had been pleased to honour with peculiar names, under a supposition of their being distinct existences.

Tho' the diseases of the body were therefore evidently placed beyond the reach of medicines inclosed in these vessels, those of the mind, which are as numerous, and at least as mischievous to the world, I observed, very evidently within the influence of this *aura*, thus directed to them; and consequently, that all the disorders of the moral world would find remedies from the effects of such sanative qualities, administered by the means of such an apparatus.

In an instant, every man among my audience prepared himself to receive my commands: the general orders were the same to all; they were directed to wait on the several possessors of good qualities, who should be named to them, at the proper time, each with an electrical tube in his hand, hermetically sealed at one end, and furnished with a ground stopple at the other; they were to receive into the opened end of the tube the third breath of the possessor of the good quality, after the morning's waking; and having summoned the persons who had occasion for its influence to my apartment, the tube was to be there electrified by the apparatus, and the *aura* delivered to the patient by the stroke.

One of my favourite attendants was first dispatched to Kensington, with orders to receive carefully, a quarter before five in the morning, a portion of that genuine and pure spirit of royalty, which, in the midst of its greatest purposes, remembers that its subjects are its children, and all of human kind its brothers; that public faith is richer than interest, and virtue more glorious than ambition. This was no sooner received, than a special messenger was dispatched with it, in a pocket apparatus, to the other side of the water, with directions to apply it to the head and heart of a turbulent monarch there, to cool the contents of the one, and regulate the motions of the other.

A second received his orders to be ready against the same hour, at the bed-side at Lambeth, to bottle up a quantity

quantity of christian humility, impregnated with a just reverence for heaven, and a benevolence to every thing on earth. This was afterwards ordered to be communicated to the clergy of another nation, who seem, in the pride of secular power, to be forgetting, despising, and banishing every quality that could make a character, naturally sacred, amiable.

An hour later, a third was informed would be time enough for him to watch at Esler the dissipation of the tranquil sleep of him, who, when his country is at rest, feels nothing to disturb it; who, in one breath, delivers out enough of ingenuous candour and integrity of heart, enough of that content which flows from the sense of good and happiness bestowed on millions, not from the ambition of being known to have done it, to calm the busy spirit of that opposite statesman, whose ideas of his own importance arise only from the ostentation of combating difficulties, and who would involve his country in confusion and distress, rather than want the praise of having found a remedy.

Attendants of an humbler rank were commissioned to wait, at noon, the first waking breathings of the fair, to catch from the ambrosial lips of either Gunning, that happy consciousness of their own charms, which is all that the diffident Plaistow wants to raise her almost to rival them; to snatch warm, from the soul of Weimondsell, that spirit, that pure fire, which would animate the coldness that throws a veil over ten thousand amiable qualities in the soul of Nevill; and to receive from my *Eliza* (let not the term be misunderstood, I mean no more by it than my correspondent *Eliza*) an emanation of that true discernment, which would diffuse through the whole sex a contempt of foppery and folly, that would banish them for ever from the world.

The over-attention I paid in delivering the last commission threw Albertus from the bed-side to the floor; and the noise put an end to all the sanguine expectations I had formed of the success of my project.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 73.

*Deponas animos truces monemus.*

MARTIAL.

WE do honour to our nature, when we express cruelty by the term inhumanity: we declare it unnatural to man, while we call it by this name; and there is indeed no character so amiable as that of him whose heart is most perfectly free from all tincture of it: there is a false pride that sometimes keeps this hateful passion alive in tempers otherwise thoroughly averse to it; and, under the influence of this, men, naturally compassionate, are barbarous. The sense of an injury excites in them a desire to inflict a greater on the person from whom they have received it; and they suppose they own a superiority in him, from whom they suffer the severity which they do not return. Pride thus becomes the parent of cruelty, and cruelty of a passion still less justifiable, even in the eye of reason, than itself, of revenge.

The man who supposes he appears great by returning an injury, and who, against his very nature, nay, at the expence of pain to himself, revenges it, that he may appear great, would assuredly omit this, if he could be convinced it missed the intended effect: how then will he look upon himself, when, on a fair scrutiny, he finds all the eminent men in the world agreed in asserting, that true greatness of mind is shewn in despising an injury; and that there is no man so weak, but can revenge one? The Romans, one of the wisest, as well as greatest people in the world, abjured all barbarity of this kind: they gave cruelty its true origin, when they declared it always proceeded from fear; and revenge from poorness of spirit. Their actions countenanced their words:  
after

after fighting, at all disadvantages, the people who had rebelled against them, or had offered them the greatest indignities, they no sooner saw themselves conquerors than every hostile passion vanished, and they received, as children, those whom they, a moment before, had treated as parricides. They could not condescend to destroy a vanquished enemy, lest it should have been suspected that they feared him; and they were too proud to revenge an injury, while that act would convince the world they felt it.

The opinion of the great men of all times has countenanced the system of these truly noble people, by declaring all cruelty the genuine effect of cowardice, all revenge the legitimate child of fear. Tyrants and usurpers have ever been the most bloody in their reigns, because they have feared every body who had, or who was but suspected to have, power to hurt them. Civil wars have always been more bloody than others, because fought by cowards; by people who had no notions of honour, and who were in continual fear of one another: and women, from the natural timorousness of their dispositions, are induced to murder, whenever they are concerned in robberies.

It was gloriously answered of our Duke of Marlborough, when he was warned that an officer, whom he had broke for ill behaviour, would take some opportunity to do him a mischief privately, "I am in no apprehension on that head, because I know him to be a man of courage." And I have been greatly struck with an opposite observation of the father of Philip, who, when he was told that Phocas had laid a design to murder him, replied, "I believe it: I know him to be a coward, and there is no doubt but he can be cruel, and a murderer."

Revenge, which indeed is but cruelty under a certain form, is as constant an attendant on the same contemptible and abject disposition, as that passion in its more general appearance: we always see the weakest minds the most malicious and revengeful: the

the great, who despise it, avoid a torment, which cheats those who embrace it under the name of a pleasure. It is one of those crimes which nature has made its own avenger : it never is harboured in any breast, but it gnaws the very heart that fosters it ; nor is it ever exerted but it gives more pain to the person who employs, than to him who is the object of it. Many uneasy days, many watchful nights, does he who meditates revenge suffer, while he against whom he is levelling it goes free ; and, to add to the anguish, perhaps sees the distress in which his enemy is involved, and makes it the subject of his mirth.

When the scheme is laid, the execution is attended with more pain than the projecting it, always with guilt, and often with immediate danger ; the blow seldom takes place exactly as intended ; the overcharged mischief often retorts with a fatal fury on the head that designed it ; and even if it succeed, the consequence is worse than that of the miscarriage : no law divine or human protects it ; the eye of justice will view the act without entering into the consideration of its causes ; and all that is gained by having, at the immediate hazard of life, obtained the end that was desired, is, that the person who has succeeded, finds himself banished, by the action, from his country and his friends, and doomed to wander among strangers, attended only by a wounded conscience, a testimony written in his heart, that what he suffers is not a misfortune, but the punishment of a crime.

When we are too violent in our pursuits, we overrun the goal : the cruelty which urges us to kill the person on whom we would revenge an injury, destroys the very possibility of the end at which it aims. What pride, which is the genuine source of this passion, dictates to us, is to make the man who has wronged us stoop to us, and groan beneath the effect of our resentment, to give him pain that he cannot avoid, and to increase the bitterness of it, by telling him

him from time to time, This you suffer for having injured me. Unjustifiable as all this is, it is the natural result of vengeance, and is the point at which the temper that employs it aims; but this is prevented, not accomplished, by murder. The person who has given the original offence is, by this means, set at rest, is plunged into a state in which all power of farther hurting him is over; and he who before thought himself so injured, that the pain of it was not to be supported, now finds he has given his enemy rest, but has heaped on his own head more than all the distress and anguish he could have wished to inflict on that of the other.

As difficult and dangerous in the execution, and as painful in the consequences as revenge in its nature is, so easy and safe, so peaceful and secure is the opposite quality of forgiveness. If we would study true greatness of mind, this is the path by which we are to hope to arrive at it: nothing is so easy as to resent, but nothing is so noble as to pardon. To be above the reach of an offence, bespeaks more greatness than the most effectual revenge; but to feel it, and afterwards to forgive, is greater. The man who does but intend vengeance, confesses, in that intention, that he feels himself hurt; he gives a certain triumph in this to the person who aimed the mischief against him, and it is fifty to one that himself never can attain so essential a triumph. Injuries levelled against a man who despises, or who only will assume indifference enough to say he is not hurt by them, retort upon the person who offered them; nor can there be a severer punishment on him who makes the world a witness to his attempt of giving pain to another, than the shewing the same world that he is too inconsiderable to effect it.

The generality of injuries are of this kind; they call for contempt instead of resentment, and there is more triumph in baffling than there possibly could attend the returning them. It must be allowed, indeed, there are some of a higher nature: some that it is

impossible to despise, and that the world could hardly blame us for resenting; but would we think justly in regard even to these, revenge is not the conduct that would be dictated to us by reason. Would we arrive at true greatness of soul in this point, we should consider, that by how much the greater the wrong is, by so much the nobler it is to pardon it; and by how much the more justifiable revenge would prove, by so much the more honour there is in clemency.



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 74.

*Exit in immensum fœcunda licentia vatum.* OVID.

THERE is not any thing so whimsical as the connections and relations which a man, who gives full scope to his fancy, will sometimes form between the objects that present themselves before his eyes, and others that live only in his memory.

I make a point of it to indulge these roving of imagination, in the hours which I devote to dissipation and entertainment. Many of these my essays are, when I don't tell tales about it, the result of occurrences at which a thousand people know of my having been present, and which have been the sources of very different thoughts in those who shared the pleasure or pain of seeing them. 'Tis thus, I am apt to fancy, with us in the matter of dreams. As I, on these occasions, sometimes mention and sometimes conceal the incidents that give origin to my discourses; so, in those flights of wildness, the soul sometimes gives us the connexion, by preserving some trace of the cause as well as the effect, so that we can deduce the one from the other; while, at others, the original source is sunk upon us; and, in this case, while we are able to recollect all the passages of a regular transaction  
I that

that we have imagined in our sleep, 'tis impossible for us to conceive how one thought of it came into our imagination.

I shall not at present reveal the origin of things, about which I had reason to be secret at the time when I wrote them, and which is now so lately elapsed; but when I have observed, that the following observations on the authors of the earlier and of the present times, which I might have published in some other form, without the allusions, had their origin from my being present last night at some fire-works, many a man will acknowledge, that the suppressing a similar circumstance that has given rise to a dream, may have left him strangely in the dark as to the occasion of it.

I should be wanting in common justice to the engineer at Cuper's Gardens, as if I did but casually mention my having been present at the playing off the fire-works there, and not add, that they greatly exceeded what it was possible for any body to expect on such an occasion; that a masterly skill was shewn in every part of them; that the several pieces answered, in a surprizing regular manner, the intent of the contriver; and that the very people in office under him were so well instructed in their business, that, tho' the disposition and order of the whole was very intricate, every part was executed with perfect regularity.

While the croud about me were admiring the blaze, or computing the expence of the powder, my thoughts soared or sunk with the artificial fires, and connected the towering flights of genius, or the humbler imitations of it, with the more pompous or the less eminent parts of the composition.

The rocket, throwing itself from its stand with a roar of fury; piercing the air swifter than the eye could follow it; towering amidst the skies; and marking its course with a full blaze of majesty, called to my mind the Grecian Homer, impetuous, violent, rapid beyond the accompaniment even of wonder; and soaring to the heavens on wings of fire.

The *Pyramids* of vivid light, steady tho' glowing to the height, and warming the heart with a pleasing transport, called up the shade of Virgil to my thoughts; great without noise, and radiant without blazing; ever equal to itself, ever captivating the mind, ever commanding admiration.

The *Caduceuses* seemed to me to carry up with them the soul of Claudian, to what height they could; glaring with an affected whirl of brightness as they set off; noisy, but not sonorous: and, after raising the utmost expectation in people who were not in the secret of their nature, gaining with difficulty a little height, and when they had arrived at that, after fading all the way they travelled to it, finishing their course with a blast of nothing.

The bright *Balloon* described the immortal Milton: the eye, with admiration, follows the glowing ball in its rapid ascent into the regions of unbounded space; it burns the more intensely as it rises higher, and, when it has gained its height, bursts into a blaze of splendor, that spreads its light through the whole ambient region, dazzling all that gaze upon it.

The *Sun*, upon the summit of the building, bursting at once from darkness into so full a state of splendor, spreading its rays so far into the night, that the eye ached to comprehend them, but, amidst all this lustre, obscured at times with its own smoak, reminded me of Spenser; great to amazement, spreading the wings of fancy through the wide expanse so boldly, that we scarce see the extreme feathers; burning with a continued, an unfading fire, but often obscured so much with his own cloud of smoak, that none but a discerning eye can trace the ray through its whole extent, or see its connexion with the illumined body.

Congreve appeared to me in the fountains of glittering fire, pouring their floods of brilliance from every mouth at once; overwhelming the imagination with a profusion of prettinesses, succeeding one another in such swift succession, that one has not time to admire them severally.

In the mutable pieces, methought, I saw the soul of Shakespeare; varying, by sudden starts, from blaze to sparkling; throwing himself, by swift returns, into a multitude of forms, but bright and great in all.

As on the stage every person of the Drama is not a King or Hero, nor, on the theatre of the world, every man a Monarch or a Pontiff; every thing was not blaze and majesty in this scene of fire: humbler pieces were thrown in between the more splendid ones; and as these last had, by their radiance, called into my memory the illustrious dead among the list of authors, I could not hear all the bouncing, whizzing, puffing and crackling among these humbler portions of the entertainment, without being reminded of those who had succeeded them.

*Chubb*, *Toland*, and a long etcætera of writers in their cause, called irresistibly for a smile, when I heard half a dozen pocket-pistols discharged under the name of cannon. The *Pots d' Aigrets* reminded me of the modern writers of private scandal, under the names *Novel* and *Romance*, scattering about a quantity of glaring fire, raising vast expectations of something pretty, calling together all the idle people who are placed about them; but often burning the fingers of one or other of their admirers.

The *Tourbillons* sputtering a world of vehement rage and fury when first lighted; promising a deal, and executing nothing; rising with difficulty from the ground, and, after a strange confused blustering, whirl near the earth, on a sudden, when something is expected from them, ending in stink and darkness, described the present numerous race of critics; affecting to set themselves out as greater than every thing that is deservedly praised; noisy without breath, obstreperous without force, promising wonders, and vanishing into nothing.

To conclude the whole, the name of the *Grand Girandole*, formed of a hundred rockets, aptly calls up the series of monthly Magazines: in name and number making a formidable figure; but no sooner

appearing, than they are gone; and we are asking were these they, and what is become of them?

I was sorry to find, among the croud at Cuper's, as large a proportion of the admirers of the little squibs, as in the world there are readers of these idle and useless writings: I wish, for the sake of mankind in general, that it were otherwise; but while there are people of depraved appetites for buyers, the trash will be brought to market.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 75.

*Pietas maxime & religio versatur in animis nostris cum studio Naturæ animam & operam damus.*

CICERO.

A PERSON, whose dictatorial gravity and importance of face are happily formed for creating attention and respect in those who are not apt to trouble themselves with examining farther than appearances, was very lately haranguing at a coffee-house, to an audience of boys, and people of boy-like understandings, on what he called the immediate hand of God, holding forth his portents and prodigies in the heavens, to threaten us with the mischiefs and miseries that must attend our *sinful courses*. He seized on the instance of the last comet that appeared, and from that *heavenly warning*, as he was pleased to call it, deduced a chain of public accidents, all which he declared to have been foretold by its appearance; and added, that its influence was not yet at an end, but that, before the expiration of the succeeding summer, we should see fatal effects of its farther presages. He had been at no little pains to furnish his memory with all the public calamities that had happened in the period of time he included, and delivered

delivered these in so regular a succession, and with such a punctuality as to the attendant circumstances, that the credit this part of his oration gained him with his audience, sent them away with faces that very visibly declared the terrors they were in about the event of his prediction.

It is impossible that the course of a year should pass, in this busy world, without events that may be construed into unfortunate ones; and whatever of this kind shall happen, the obscurity of the prophecy will draw them within its compass, and the person who pronounced it will, in all probability, be declared to have known of them, and to have foretold them though he did not think it safe to enter into the particulars.

That appearances, which ignorance will mistake for portents, will be observed from time to time, is as certain, as that, of the number of the continual succession of the events of consequence to the world, some or other will probably happen in that period which follows them, as they may as well happen in that, as in any other: if it chance that nothing material occurs soon after, as Lord Bacon very justly observes, the phænomenon is forgot, and there is an end of it; but if any thing observable does, the mouths of half the people in a nation are full of it, and the Majesty of heaven is affronted with the false praise of having foretold it.

Whatever weak minds may think of this kind of awe and reverence for things in their own nature indifferent, they are to be told, that it is not religion, but superstition, one of its most fatal and mischievous enemies. Nothing can be so worthy a rational creature as to adore the divine hand of the Architect in every portion of the fabric of the universe; but it is having an infinitely nobler idea of him to suppose, as is the real case, that he has given to every part of it its laws and regulations, which never have, nor ever will be broken, than to imagine him hurling at random stars and worlds about, and disordering the

system of the whole glorious frame, by forcing parts of it out of their place, to tell us, what ? and with what intent ? That something is to happen, which, as we are not particularly informed of, we can do nothing to prevent.

Ignorance, and a narrowness of mind, are the genuine sources of this unlucky turn, which, under the pretence of interesting religion in every thing, dishonours it, by making it the pretended parent of false fears, and groundless apprehensions. Superstition turns pale at every incident it does not understand in the usual course of nature ; it forms ominous presages from the lambent blaze of every meteor of the night ; it dreads every thing, whose origin it cannot, or will not inquire into : and it is a truth of the highest importance ; a truth which any honest and wise man would wish universally known, that it is not religion, but this mean and mischievous counterfeit of it, which has so falsely and so unhappily branded philosophy with the name of infidelity.

Religion glories in the test of reason, of knowledge, and of true wisdom ; it is every way connected, and is always elucidated by them : but while such studies explain away false miracles ; while they rob superstition of its arguments, zealous ignorance will be sure to stand up in the defence of its offspring, and will brand their researches with the name of impiety, and their discoveries with those of atheism and irreligion.

Instead of the confined ideas of those who call it profaneness to inquire into the causes of any thing that alarms us, that bids us reverence the Deity, without daring to inquire wherefore ; and to praise his mercy, or deprecate his vengeance, on occasion of things of which we know not, nor will give ourselves leave to be informed, whether or not they are such as we apprehend them ; philosophy points us to the very words of his mouth, who has commanded us to admire him in his works : it tells us, that the more these are understood, the more their author must be adored ;

adored ; it throws us freely into the fields of nature, and bids us stretch our utmost comprehensions to discover his infinite greatness in every part of it. His power and wisdom, as much expressed in the smallest mite as in the elephant or the leviathan ; his superintendency over every portion of his works, more clearly and more nobly expressed in their unvaried course, than in ten thousand intended deviations from it.

While the world was in ignorance of the dictates of true religion, as well as of real knowledge, we are not to wonder, that earthquakes and eclipses were supposed the immediate act of some superior power, which reason told them existed ; though unassisted reason could not inform them of the truths concerning him, which we owe to revelation ; that the flight of birds, and the configurations in the intrails of beasts, should be supposed presages of the destruction of empires ; or the casual crossing of a beast, be thought to foretell the bad event of a journey. As to all these which were the objects of the faith of priests and sages of old time, though, in truth, upon a footing with the prophecies from cards and coffee-grounds among our unhappy ignorants, we are not to condemn, but pity those, who, because they had not the means of better knowledge, gave credit to them ; but the superstition of imagining, in these enlightened times of reason and religion, that a comet which appears in its appointed course as regularly as the sun or moon, though at more distant intervals, should influence human affairs, or presage mischiefs to the world, would almost make one dread the return of those days in which Galilæo suffered the Inquisition for inventing a telescope ; in which it was determined heresy to believe there were Antipodes ; and in which the study of the mathematics was comprised under one common sentence with that of witchcraft.

To have the interest and honour of religion at heart, and to wish enthusiasm discountenanced and banished from the world, are naturally attendant sentiments

timents on one another : what a happiness is it to us of the church established in this nation, that all the superstitions which scandalized that from which our fathers separated, are disclaimed by it ! and what distraction must it be then to burden it with new ones ! Instead of dreading or discountenancing the investigations into which philosophy leads us, out of a mistaken reverence for the Creator and Author of those objects on which they are to be employed, would the superstitious zealot give himself leave to see things in their true light, he would know that the study of nature, as it lies before us, must fill our imaginations with such exalted, such magnificent conceptions of its Creator, as would cure that almost blasphemous abuse of his Majesty, by which foolish men attribute every event they do not understand, to his immediate and extraordinary interposal ; and though they don't seem to see it, make the God of mercy and justice the author of massacres and destruction.

'Tis but to examine, to be convinced : the ways to knowledge are open and easy ; and he who now dreads he knows not what, and believes he knows not why, will, under such conviction, find his religion as a Christian, do honour to his reason as a man ; and will see every apprehension, produced by this darksome ignorance, vanish before the appearance of real knowledge, as the imagined spectres of the night before the morning.

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

**T**HE world must own that, between your poets and your fireworks, you have given us a blazing paper.

*Yours, &c.*

BOB SMOAK.

THE



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 76.

*Interdum docta plus valet arte malum.*

OVID.

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

THE mind of the wise is as eager after knowledge, as the stomach of the hungry after food. as there is no dish so coarse that the latter will not feed upon, so are there no means of information so low, but the former will snatch at them with eagerness, when they are fraught with matters to the which he cannot otherwise attain. Pride was not made for man, nor is there any thing that robbeth him of more opportunities of improvement.

After these observations, I shall not fear to tell you, Sir, that, on throwing up my fash this morning, as I was taking my chocolate, in order to enquire into the nature of a loud sound which filled the whole area of the place where I live (and which, in reality, Sir, is not the narrowest or smallest part of this metropolis) I was very agreeably surpris'd to find that it conveyed to me the title of a folio half-sheet, printed in a very distinct and handsome manner, by Thomas Price, in the Strand; in which was contained a circumstantial and accurate account of a young woman, now in one of our hospitals, in whose belly the physicians and surgeons of the house, in company with several others, have discovered that there is a living animal. They suppose it to be a toad, and have found, by careful enquiries, that it has inhabited that dark and odorous region more than eleven years.

On the most diligent and careful scrutiny since made, I have the pleasure to find, that the account

given by the faculty is, in general, very conformable to truth. One article there is indeed in it, which contains an error that should be corrected: they say, that the *croaking* of the *toad* may be heard at twenty yards distance. Now, Sir, I am credibly informed, by the matron of the hospital, that it never has been heard more than eighteen yards and three-quarters: and in verity, at the experiment I had the honour to make, the utmost distance at which I could distinguish it, was only thirteen yards, one half, and four inches; and even there the sound died upon my ear in such a manner, that I could not tell whether it were positively more like the noise made by toads, or that rumbling sound often created by wind pent up in the *intestinal canal*, and called by the Greeks *borborismus*.

Whether this, however, were owing to any defect in my organs (for I have had a cold lately) or whether the hand of a male laid on the part (for it was one of the nurses who performed the operation when I saw it) might not have had a more invigorating effect, and have produced a somewhat greater noise, I shall not take upon me to determine.

I wholly agree with the learned Gentlemen who have enquired into the case, that this animal has in all probability been produced from the spawn of some of the same species, swallowed with water; though I profess there is, in Evax, a story which seems to hint at another method, by which it might possibly have found its entrance; and a very ingenious English author, Wanley, in his treatise entitled *Wonders of the Little World* (which I profess is a very happy rendering of the *μικροκοσμος* of the Greeks) relates the history of a female of his time, who having occasion to expose a part of her body, which I need not mention to a Gentleman of your penetration, naked and near the earth, under a hedge, received a full-grown serpent into her *Abdomen*, which proved very fatal to the person who applied the proposed remedy. The story at large will be found in that excellent author, Book 11. Chap. 19.

We

We allow it as a rule, that the knowing the disease is a great advance toward the cure. I agree with the Gentlemen of this charity as perfectly in the method of relief they propose, as in the nature of the complaint; and readily allow, that, as the animal is now too large to be evacuated by any of the natural apertures of the body, the opening of the *Abdomen* and *Colon* by incision is the only proper means; and I would be glad the learned would determine whether this may or may not be called a *Cæsarean section*.

The operation I am assured is to be performed on Thursday se'nnight, in presence of the full body of the royal society, to whose most rich and elegant museum the creature is afterwards to be a present: but as the whole world cannot be present at the taking out, and as this age of infidelity abounds with persons who will believe nothing unless themselves have seen it, I shall take the liberty, by means of your paper, Sir, to give the reasons which induced me to credit the fact, before I had ocular demonstration of it; and which, I doubt not, are the same that convinced the Gentlemen of the hospital; who, doubtless, did themselves great honour in admitting her, and will be immortalized by the success of the operation by which she is to be cured.

In the first place, Sir, that animals can live in our intestines, we have sufficient proof in the worms so frequently found there; not to mention, that, in the *Ephemerides of Germany*. Cent. 18. there are accounts of a bat, two moles, a small lizard, and the hinder legs of a weasel, evacuated by a woman, who had been bewitched, after taking a single dose of an *anthelminthic*: or, that our countryman, Dr. Tanner, the inventor of the anodyne necklace, gives us every day, in the public papers, figures of little serpents, eels, and beetles, voided after taking his pills, which he is so moderate in his demands as to sell only at a penny apiece. Doctor Mowbray also has convinced the world, in a treatise written expressly on the subject, that Dutch women are often brought to bed of footterkins,

terkins, creatures like rats, only larger, in the place of children; and a country woman of our own, we know, has not long since produced rabbits in the same manner.

When it has been thus evidently proved, that animals may live in the bodies of other animals (which indeed is no more than a parallel case with that which Nicholas Steno attempted to prove in his treatise *De solido intra solidum*, which was translated by Mr. Oldenburg, and from which, if you will give me leave to use a digression, a thing I am not apt to be guilty of, Dr. Woodward, I profess borrowed his whole system) all that remains is to consider, why these learned Gentlemen have determined, without seeing it, that the creature in the belly of this unhappy woman is a toad; its noise being indeed more like that of a frog, or, to say the truth, in my mind, much more like the grunting of a rhinoceros.

This, however, I am apt to believe, will be no difficult task: as to the latter mentioned animal, the mere *moles corporis*, or magnitude of the creature, forbids us to suppose it that; for tho' the patient's belly is indeed swelled, as they say (for that is a circumstance I did not discover on inspection) to an enormous size, yet it would assuredly have required a much larger space to contain a rhinoceros of eleven years old; that creature, according to Aristotle, arriving at its full period of growth at the end of the sixth year.

The reasons which have induced these Gentlemen to believe it a toad, beside the noise or croaking of that animal, which, to confess the truth, is not unlike that of the creature in the woman's belly, and which possibly many of these Gentlemen never heard, are, probably. 1. That the toad spawning near the water (of which we have undoubted proof from Gesner and others) its *ovula* may have been very easily drank down. 2. That the toad is an animal which loves to live in the dark, usually inhabiting some cavern in the earth. And, 3dly and lastly; that toads have

have been found alive in much stranger places than our intestines; namely, in the stumps of growing trees, in masses of cast iron, and in blocks of marble. Of the first we have a famous instance recorded by Michael Scotus; the second is related by Albertus Magnus *de secretis naturæ*; and of the last we have many instances in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

Convinced as I am, however, Mr. INSPECTOR, of the reality of the circumstance, and of the certainty of cure by the intended operation; yet, out of that humanity I have always felt for my fellow-creatures, I would propose some less painful methods to be tried before recourse is had to that severe, and possibly dangerous remedy.

In the first place, I would propose the causing the patient to sit over a large tub of the *Lactuca Ranarum*, or *Frogs Lettuce*, in water. Michael Scotus assures us, that the *toad*, as well as the *frog*, is very fond of that plant; and it is possible that, as a more voracious and dangerous animal, a *wolf* was, according to the relation of John George Ernest Augustus Henkman [See *Ephemerides Naturæ Curiosorum*, Vol. 28.] enticed, by the smell of a warm shoulder of mutton, to come out of the breast of a Lady of *Wolfenbottle*; the creature may possibly be attracted forth this way. If this should fail, I would recommend it to some of the pupils of the hospital to attempt her with the roots of the *Orchis Morio*, the stalks of the *Priapus Fuchsi*, and the buds of the *Arbor Vitæ*, given in large doses night and morning: and, finally, if all these should be without effect, the last experiment before the operation, should be the applying a *hydra* to her mouth, in order to the driving out the noxious animal by the contrary aperture.

Ælian assures us, Sir, that the *frog* (and I dare say, it will hold equally true of toads) hates and dreads the *hydra*; and always makes a noise, and runs away, when that creature comes near it. Βάτραχος ὑδρὸν μισεῖ καὶ δέδοικεν, &c. are his very words. Now, Sir, as the danger of the case is not emergent, it would be but com-

compassionate to the poor creature to send to the banks of the Ganges, where Pliny and Solinus assure us hydras are frequent, and to procure one or more for this and the like cases, if any such should hereafter appear. The animal would instantly be discovered, Sir, to be a toad or frog, by the croaking it would make on the approach of the enemy; and its hatred and terror of the serpent would probably make it use such efforts to get out of its way, that the woman would be freed from it.

If these methods appear rational to you, Mr. INSPECTOR, I beg you to recommend them to the Gentlemen concerned; if you know of any better, I hope your humanity will lead you to propose them.

*Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Candidus imperti; si non his utere mecum.*

*I am, with great respect,*

*Sir, your very humble Servant,*

HELLENUS.

The INSPECTOR thinks the only remedy proper in this case is Glastonbury water.



THE INSPECTOR. N. 77.

*Ut vidi! ut perii! ut me malus abstulit error.*

VIRGIL.

*To the INSPECTOR.*

SIR,

I WENT the night before last to see the greatest player in the world perform one of the most interesting characters on the British stage. You'll believe,

lieve, a man, who had sense enough to distinguish these circumstances, without taking up the opinion of the world about them, entered the house with considerable expectations. As I would no sooner lose an attitude of Mr. Garrick's, than a syllable of Shakespear's, in so finished a part, I went early; but you are to know, Sir, that with all my precautions, notwithstanding I fate the whole time of the representation, I know no more of the play than you do, who were all the while at the Bedford coffee-house.

I do not know that any body has a right to change one's entertainment at a place of this kind, or to run away with one's attention *vi & armis*, when one has no sort of inclination to alienate it from the intended object; but very certain it is, that I had the luck to fall into the way of a disturber of this kind; and used all my efforts to break the fascination to no purpose.

When I have told you that I fate next a woman, with eyes that sunk the lids of every other beauty that was near her; with a neck that, while it preserved its own form with perfect tranquillity, as, if conscious that no change could be made that would not be to its disadvantage, kept every male and every female bosom in eternal heavings, though from different passions; and with a bloom that put even painting out of countenance; you, I suppose, will know who it is that I am in all this rapture about, though I do not.

She was in company with two others of her own sex; but, from an air of easy, of polite superiority, one distinguished, in an instant, that she was something more than independent on them. I trembled while I looked upon her: if she spoke, I had no sense but that of hearing: when she smiled, a gentle chillness quivered through all my frame, as if it were threatened with instant dissolution. Distracted as I was, I resolved upon indulging the sensations that I felt from every motion, every the most insignificant incident that regarded this Lady, till the business of  
the

the night should relieve me. She saw it: there is no woman that is not pleased with seeing this: she indulged in the command she saw she had over my attention; and when the curtain drew up, and I would have received its motion as the signal for changing my place, she turned those mischief-darting eyes full upon me. It was now that I confessed her victory: my limbs refused to carry me away; my very heart denied its inclination that they should. *My nerves,* as Comus says,

*Seem'd all bound up in alabaster;  
And I a statue—Or as Daphne was,  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.*

I obeyed the irresistible injunction through the two first scenes: when Hamlet appeared, to break the enchantment I thought I should have conquered; but 'twas a vain fancy. Admiration had thrown a bulwark up behind me, that all the heroes of romance would have assailed in vain to my assistance: once, as she looked toward the part of the box where I was, without seeming to see that there was any body in it, I had mustered up resolution enough to make half a turn about; but a smile of conscious power, and indolent contempt, turned me in an instant back again. It was not five minutes after that, while she was curt'sying to a well-dressed fellow on t'other side of the house, I found one of my legs half up to the seat, as if in its way over; but on her pronouncing the word *Coxcomb* to one of her companions, it involuntarily sunk down again.

In short, Sir, I was for three-quarters of an hour a mere *Automaton*: a thing of wood and wire might have performed all my motions with as much sense of what it meant by them. I think I have heard some where among the Naturalists, that there is a kind of serpent, which, when it has a mind to feed upon a bird that it discovers on a tree over its head, only darts its eyes full upon the unhappy creature, and,

and, by a kind of unintelligible fascination, keeps it in continual alarm ; - till after a thousand fluttering movements, all which seem intended to carry it away from the destroyer, yet every one of them, in reality, only brings it nearer and nearer ; it gives up the fruitless endeavour, and throws itself into the mouth that gapes for its reception.

Nature, they tell us, has affixed to the body of this destructive serpent an instrument of noise, by which its motions are discovered, and every living creature has the signal for getting out of its way before the mischief arrives : but with these fair enchanters of our own species, it is otherwise ; they have all the means of mischief, but we who are to suffer it, have no more notice of our danger than power to avoid it.

My heart, Mr. INSPECTOR, made as many fluttering essays to escape the destruction during the two first acts, as ever the little choirister of the air to fly from the certain death it saw awaiting it ; but to as little purpose : at the close of the second act, it gave up the contest, clapped its wings to its sides, and, making a virtue of that resignation it could no longer with-hold, dropped into the bosom of the fair destroyer.

I did not, till the conflict was at an end, discover that she had perceived there was any : it was with no common joy I now saw she had marked the whole, and was not dissatisfied with the conclusion. The three succeeding acts were spent on my part in Elysium ; a pleasure in her conquest diffused itself over every feature of her face ; and mine professed, as Shakespear calls it, *a content so absolute*, that if the play had not engrossed the whole attention of every body but ourselves, every body as well as ourselves must have seen it.

Our entertainment was like that of spirits, which converse by intuition : words made no part of it ; the eloquence of a Cicero must have disgraced our sentiments : but, though our tongues were silent, every

ry muscle, every fibre of us spoke, and every studied incident threw itself in our way, to add to the enchantment. Sometimes she would half-smother a gentle sigh, that seemed to have owed its existence to the sole intent of its being thus half-smothered; sometimes she would throw back her head toward the part of the box where I sat, and would not discover that my lips were near it, till their involuntary trembling almost persuaded her they kissed it. Sometimes she would affect to pay her attention to the play, but that in such a manner, that it was plain she intended I should see she only affected it; and a moment afterwards she would pretend to catch herself looking toward me, and would cover her face with a crimson so elegant, that one hardly grudged the white of which it took the place.

Such were my raptures for more than two hours; but, at the end of the play, behold what a catastrophe! A Gentleman whom I had not seen before, asked her coolly if she would go; and she answered with a spirited *Yes*, that spoke her waking at that instant from a reverie, which she never intended to bestow one future thought about.

It was now I found my parallel went farther than I imagined; not only the means of my destruction were similar to that of the poor bird in the story, but the end the same; to be destroyed, and to be no sooner destroyed than forgot for ever!

I saw this too plainly to be mistaken, and my confusion was so powerful, that I forgot even to enquire who the Lady was: all my hope is in you: I heard her mention the INSPECTOR favourably; and if you'll honour this with a place, 'tis possible it may give me another sight of her.

*I am one of your well-wishers,*

SYLVIUS.

I shall close this paper with a letter of a very different turn.

To

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

**A**RE you sure you have been rightly informed in regard to the subject of the letter you wrote to yourself on the subject of the woman in St. George's Hospital? If not, I am afraid you have treated a serious thing too ludicrously. Beware of leading the world into errors, and excuse this friendly hint from one who loves you.

A. B.

\* \* Before I wrote that letter, I examined the woman myself, and my opinion in consequence of that is, that she is an impostor: she seems to have an artful way of counterfeiting hysterical complaints, and is glad to be supported in idleness by the deceit.

She has been subject to cholics at some time of her life, and the *Colon* seems to have been distended by these beyond its power of restitution: from this accident it has been in a condition to retain a great deal of wind, though with no real inconvenience to the person; and she has, by practice, arrived at a method of throwing the abdominal muscles into contractions, that put this wind in motion when she pleases.

I am to do the Surgeon, Mr. Bromfield, who was present when I was there, the justice to observe, that he joins in this opinion; and I may add, that, on giving it as my sentiment on the subject at Batson's, a Physician, whose opinion I shall be always proud to find mine agree with, confirmed it, by observing, that he had once seen, in the dissection of a person who had been subject to cholics, the *Colon* distended to ten or twelve inches in diameter.

*The INSPECTOR.*

THE



## THE INSPECTOR. N. 78.

*Qualis populea mærens Philomela sub umbra  
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen  
Integrat, & mæstis late loca quæstibus implet.*

VIRGIL.

THERE is a pleasure in venting our sorrow, where all hope of relief is denied it: I take this melancholy indulgence to have been the principal motive to the writing of the following letter, Though the remonstrances in it, however just, will, I am afraid, be of no service to the person who makes them, they may be of much use to the world: an example of distress, so undeservedly incurred, will, perhaps, go farther than all the precepts delivered by the moralists, toward warning that unhappy sex, whose best qualities are often the sources of their ruin, from exerting them in favour of those who intend to make no other use of them.

*To the INSPECTOR.*

S I R,

WITH what intent I should complain to you, I know not; yet there is a pleasure in complaining: why I should persecute with my remonstrances a man to whom I cannot wish to give pain, and whom I know it is impossible to recall to me, I am as much a stranger: but every tree bears its fruit, and tears are those of sorrow. My full heart would throw me at once into the midst of my complaints; but how can you feel them, unless you first know my story!

I am

I am a woman : I am barely twenty ; I am not handsome ; nor do I know to what I should attribute it, that the most amiable, the most deserving of mankind condescended to cast his eyes upon me. As there was no motive that could throw him under the suspicion of being interested, I don't know whether I was more surprized or charmed with my good fortune. Deceit, so little have I of my sex, is not in my nature : I did not pretend to be blind to his perfections ; I could not pretend to be an indifferent observer of them : I knew him generous, and I judged the most perfect security was in throwing myself freely under his protection. I confessed I loved him ; I more than confessed, I gloried in it : my acquaintance were informed of it, and warned me of the consequence ; the world saw it, and envied me.

Is it an error to fix one's heart, where judgment is the warrant of affection ? Can it be a crime to love that, which it would be ingratitude not to revere ? What right then have my cruel sex, who could no more than myself foresee the event of such a friendship, to upbraid me with their having advised against it ? With what justice can they, who never had an opportunity of the trial, arraign me of indiscretion in suffering by the fault of another ?

Those who for six happy months have attacked me in vain with their envy, now crush me to the earth with their pity. I am forsaken without a crime ; therefore you'll say I ought to bear it calmly. I know, in theory, innocence is the support under affliction ; but in our bosoms it is otherwise : the moralists say, we need not feel the sorrows we have not merited ; but the writers of these precepts were not women.

Oh, Mr. INSPECTOR, if you have a heart (and I read ill the language of the eyes, if you have not a feeling one) tell me whether it is possible to know a severer affliction than the being deprived of that which we have been conscious of not deserving to possess ; which, while we possessed it, called in admiration

miration to the assistance of content ; which ennobled esteem by the addition of gratitude ! Not to have enjoyed the blessing, might have given me pain ; the sense, however, of my not meriting it, would have checked the sensation under the name of insolence ; but to have known it undeserving, and to lose it one knows not why, is a circumstance of so much rational distress, that it might almost justify distraction.

You will not wonder that I could not retain what I wonder that I ever possessed : I cannot reproach myself for having lost that which all the charms of my sex could never keep. I don't accuse my lover of forsaking me ; 'tis what I ought to have expected ; but surely I may blame him of having made that loss which he knew I must some time suffer, in itself insupportable ! I, who was conscious I never could deserve him, cannot reproach him for quitting me for one who does : I, who wish him happiness more than I wish it to myself, cannot but be satisfied with his accepting it independently of me : I have only to accuse him of the distress in which he has knowingly involved me ; of suffering me to be blind to an event which he could not but foresee, till the moment of its falling with all its weight upon me.

I will not think upon the hours I have passed with him in retirement ; in solitude that gave me a contempt for company , I will not let myself remember days, to which all others must be years of anguish : I have had them, and I ought not to repine. They were freighted with more happiness than comes to one mortal's share ; and I have no right to exclaim, when I have so amply received my portion. I think there is nothing I could not bear, if it were confined to my own breast ; and even this, the sense of my undeservings would render supportable to me, could the world be strangers to it ; but to feel the distress where it is obvious to thousands, and imbibed with the taunts of all who see it, is a task too hard for me. We who used to meet with rapture, now pass by one another with a cool civility ; we who despised

despised the world for one another, now retort upon ourselves the contumely: politeness cannot stand in the place of that perfect satisfaction with which we used to see each other; nor can a dissembled tenderness deceive in those eyes where there once glowed a passion, no more to be disguised than concealed. Could I have known my fate in secret, hard as it is, perhaps I could have borne it; but to see every inconsiderable creature triumph in her contempt of me, is too much for woman; for one to whom nature has given love for her first passion, and for her second, pride.

I cannot blame him who accepts a fortune greater than he could expect; nor can I wonder, that a man, whose foible is that glorious fault, ambition, feels his vanity flattered with the idea of a titled wife; but when I remember times in which all secondary considerations were treated with that contempt they merited, I must have leave to exclaim with Torrismond:

*Love! what a poor omnipotence hast thou,  
When gold and titles buy thee!*

I would not expect a real contempt in any heart for objects which are every body's ambition; and with the very ideas of which the world has connected those of happiness: I do not call him back, Mr. INSPECTOR; but surely, in the end, poor œconomy may be better than rich extravagance: gratitude implanted in the heart of a wife, than a sense of obligation in the husband.

I tire you with these unconnected sentiments; but I'll have done. All I would ask is, why he, who might have made his choice among the whole female world, fixed it on me? Why the man who deserved the best, fixed on the most undeserving? It may be sport to him to play with the affection of an unguarded creature; to make me the tool of his observations, the means of his tracing the origin and progress of the

female passions! But tell him, Sir, humanity ought to have forbade it: he should have known that his amusement was to me destruction. Was it to this I owed his pretended fondnesses? But could they be pretended! Or did he use me as his instrument in his determined purposes; a saint to his destined attack? Did he take all pain (for, surely, to an ingenuous heart there can be no greater pain than dissimulation) to make himself the master of my heart, that he might compliment the Goddess of his new idolatry with the sacrifice of an unhappy creature who loved him? She ought not to accept it. I am told there are laws of honour even between contending nations, that advantages are disdained when they are disingenuously offered: surely creatures of the same sex are more naturally combined than Sovereigns made by policy. Ought there not to be between woman and woman rules as inviolable? It cannot hurt a new acquaintance to give up that of which she knows not either the value or the faults; but I think it must stamp a mark of inhumanity (and what infamy can be greater?) on her who accepts no more than that happiness she might find elsewhere, at the expence of what I feel, in the breast of one who has not injured her.

AMELIA.



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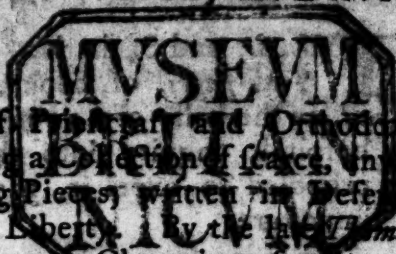
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